SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXIX MAY, 1921 NO. 5

SALUTE TO THE TREES

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

MANY a tree is found in the wood
And every tree for its use is good:
Some for the strength of the gnarled root,
Some for the sweetness of flower or fruit;
Some for shelter against the storm,
And some to keep the hearth-stone warm;
Some for the roof, and some for the beam,
And some for a boat to breast the stream;—
In the wealth of the wood since the world began
The trees have offered their gifts to man.

But the glory of trees is more than their gifts:
'Tis a beautiful wonder of life that lifts,
From a wrinkled seed in an earth-bound clod,
A column, an arch in the temple of God,
A pillar of power, a dome of delight,
A shrine of song, and a joy of sight!
Their roots are the nurses of rivers in birth;
Their leaves are alive with the breath of the earth;
They shelter the dwellings of man; and they bend
O'er his grave with the look of a loving friend.

I have camped in the whispering forest of pines,
I have slept in the shadow of olives and vines;
In the knees of an oak, at the foot of a palm
I have found good rest and slumber's balm.
And now, when the morning gilds the boughs
Of the vaulted elm at the door of my house,
I open the window and make salute:
"God bless thy branches and feed thy root!
Thou hast lived before, live after me,
Thou ancient, friendly, faithful tree."

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Shadows of power: the ministers of the Susuhunan of Surakarta entering the kraton to attend a council.

THE EMERALDS OF WILHELMINA

BY E. ALEXANDER POWELL
Author of "Fighting in Flanders," "The Army Behind the Army," "The New Frontiers of Freedom," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR AND ASSOCIATES

IN Singapore stands one of the most significant statues in the world. From the centre of its sun-scorched esplanade rises the bronze figure of a youthful, slender, clean-cut, keen-eyed man, clad in the high-collared coat and knee-breeches of a century ago, who, from his lofty pedestal, peers southward, beyond the shipping in the busy harbor, beyond the palm-fringed straits, toward those mysterious, alluring islands which ring the Java Sea. Though his name, Thomas Stamford Raffles, doubtless holds for you but scanty meaning, and though he died when only forty-five, his last years shadowed by the ingratitude of the country whose commercial supremacy in the East he had secured and to which he had offered a vast, new field for colonial expansion, he was one of the greatest architects of empire that ever lived. He combined the vision and administrative genius of Clive and Hastings with the audacity and energy of Hawkins and Drake. It was his dream, to use his own words, "to make Java the centre of an Eastern insular empire," ruled "not only without fear but without reproach"; an empire to consist of that great archipelago—Sumatra, Java, Borneo, the Celebes, New Guinea, and the lesser islands—which sweeps southward and eastward from the Asian mainland to the edges of Australasia. Though this splendid colonial structure was erected according to the plans that Raffles drew, by curious circumstance the flag that flies over it to-day is not his flag, not the flag of England, for, instead of

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being governed from Westminster, as he had dreamed, it is governed from The Hague, the ruler of its fifty million brown inhabitants being the stout, rosy-cheeked young woman who dwells in the Palace of Het Loo.

Though in area Queen Wilhelmina's colonial possessions are exceeded by those of Britain and France, she is the sovereign of the second largest colonial empire, in point of population, in the world. But, because it lies beyond the beaten paths of tourist travel, because it has been so little advertised by plagues and famines and rebellions, and because it has been so admirably and unobtrusively governed, it has largely escaped public attention—a fact, I imagine, with which the Dutch are not ill-pleased. Did *you* realize, I wonder, that the Insulinde, as Netherlands India is sometimes called, is as large, or very nearly as large, as all that portion of the United States lying east of the Mississippi? Did you know that in the third largest island of the archipelago, Sumatra, the State of California could be set down and still leave a comfortable margin all around? Or that the fugitive from justice who turns the prow of his canoe westward from New Guinea must sail as far as from Vancouver to Yokohama before he finds himself beyond the shadow of the Dutch flag and the arm of Dutch law?

Until the closing years of the sixteenth century, European trade with the Far East was an absolute monopoly in the hands of Spain and Portugal. Incredible as it may seem, the two Iberian nations alone possessed the secret of the routes to the East, which they guarded with jealous care. In 1492 Columbus, bearing a letter from the King of Spain to the Khan of Tartary, whose power and wealth had become legendary in Europe through the tales of Marco Polo and other overland travellers, sailed westward from Cadiz in search of Asia, discovering the islands which came to be known as the West Indies. Five years later a Portuguese sea-adventurer, Vasco da Gama, turned the prow of his caravel south from the mouth of the Tagus, skirted the coast of Africa, rounded the Cape of Good Hope, crossed the Indian Ocean, and dropped his anchor in the harbor of Calicut—the first European to reach the beckoning East by sea. For a quarter of a century the Portuguese were the only people in Europe who knew the way to the East, and their secret gave them a monopoly of the Eastern trade. Lisbon became the richest port of Europe. Portugal was mistress of the seas. But in 1519 another Portuguese seafarer, Hernando de Maghallanes—we call him Ferdinand Magellan—who, resenting his treatment by the King of Portugal, had shifted his allegiance to Spain, sailed southwestward across the Atlantic, rounded the southern extremity of America by the straits which bear his name, crossed the unknown Pacific, and raised the flag of Spain over the islands which came in time to be called the Philippines. Spain had reached the Indies by sailing west, as Portugal had reached them by sailing east. Though the fabulous wealth of the lands thus discovered was discussed around every council table and camp-fire in Europe, the routes by which that wealth might be attained were guarded by Portugal and Spain as secrets of state. The charts showing the routes were not intrusted to the captains of vessels in the Eastern trade until the moment of departure, and they were taken up immediately upon their return; the silence of officers and crews was insured by every oath that the church could frame and every penalty that the state could devise. For more than three-quarters of a century, indeed, the two Iberian nations succeeded in keeping the secret of the sea roads to the East, their betrayal being punishable by death. In 1580, however, the English freebooter, Francis Drake, nicknamed "The Master Thief of the Unknown World," duplicated the voyage of Magellan's expedition of threescore years before, thus discovering the route to the Indies used by Spain.

At this period the Dutch, "the waggoners of the sea," possessed, as middlemen, a large interest in the spice trade, for the Portuguese, having no direct access to the markets of northern Europe, had made a practice of sending their Eastern merchandise to the Netherlands in Dutch bottoms for distribution by way of the Rhine and the Scheldt. As a result, the enormous carrying trade of Holland was wholly dependent upon Lisbon.

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But when Spain unceremoniously annexed Portugal in 1580, the first act of Philip, upon becoming master of Lisbon, was to close the Tagus to the Dutch, his one-time subjects, who had revolted eight years before. As a result of the revenge thus taken by the Spanish tyrant, the Dutch were faced by the necessity of themselves going in quest of the Indies if their flag was not to disappear from the seas. Their opportunity came a dozen years later when a venturesome Hollander, Cornelius Houtman, who was risking imprisonment and even death by trading surreptitiously in the forbidden city on the Tagus, succeeded in obtaining through bribery a copy of one of the secret charts. The Spanish authorities scarcely could have been aware that he had learned a secret of such immense importance, or his silence would have been insured by the headsman. As it was, he was thrown into prison for illegal trading, where he was held for heavy ransom. But he managed to get word to Amsterdam of the priceless information which had come into his possession, whereupon the merchants of that city promptly formed a syndicate, subscribed the money for his ransom, and obtained his release. Thus it came about that shortly after his return to Holland there was organized the Company of Distant Lands, a title as vague, grandiose, and alluring as the plans of those who founded it. In 1595, then, nearly a century after da Gama had shown the way, four caravels under the command of Houtman, the banner of the Netherlands flaunting from their towering sterns, sailed grandly out of the Texel, slipped past the white chalk cliffs of Dover, sped southward before the trades, rounded the Cape of Good Hope, and laid their course across the Indian Ocean for the Spice Islands. When the adventurers returned, two years later, they brought back tales of islands richer than anything of which the Dutch burghers had ever dreamed, and produced cargoes of Eastern merchandise to back their stories up.

The return of Houtman's expedition was the signal for a great outburst of commercial enterprise in the Low Countries, seekers after fortune or adventure flocking to the Indies as, centuries later, other fortune-seekers, other adventurers, flocked to the gold-diggings of the Sierras, the Yukon, and the Rand. On those distant seas, however, the adventurers were beyond the reach of any law, the same lawless conditions prevailing in the Indies at the beginning of the seventeenth century which characterized Californian life in the days of '49. The Dutch warred on the natives and on the Portuguese, and, when there was no one else to offer them resistance, they fought among themselves. By 1602 conditions had become so intolerable that the government of Holland, in order to tranquillize the Indies, and to stabilize the spice market at home, decided to amalgamate the various trading enterprises into one great corporation, the Dutch East India Company, which was authorized to exercise the functions of government in those remote seas and to prosecute the war against Spain. When Philip shut the Dutch out of Lisbon he made a formidable enemy for himself, for, though the burghers went to the East primarily in order to save their commerce from extinction, they were animated in a scarcely less degree by a determination to even their score with Spain.

The history of the Dutch East India Company is not a savory one. It was a powerful instrument for extracting the wealth of the Indies, and, so long as the wealth was forthcoming, the stockholders at home in Holland did not inquire too closely as to how the instrument was used. The story of the company from its formation in 1602 until its dissolution nearly two centuries later is a record of intrigue, cruelty, and oppression. It exercised virtually sovereign powers. It made and enforced its own laws, it maintained its own fleet and army, it negotiated treaties with Japan and China, it dethroned sultans and rajahs, it established trading-posts and factories at the Cape of Good Hope, in the Persian Gulf, on the coasts of Malabar and Coromandel, and in Bengal; it waged war against the Portuguese, the Spaniards, and the English in turn. When at the summit of its power, in 1669, the company possessed forty war-ships and one hundred and fifty merchantmen, maintained an army of ten thousand men, and paid a forty per cent dividend.

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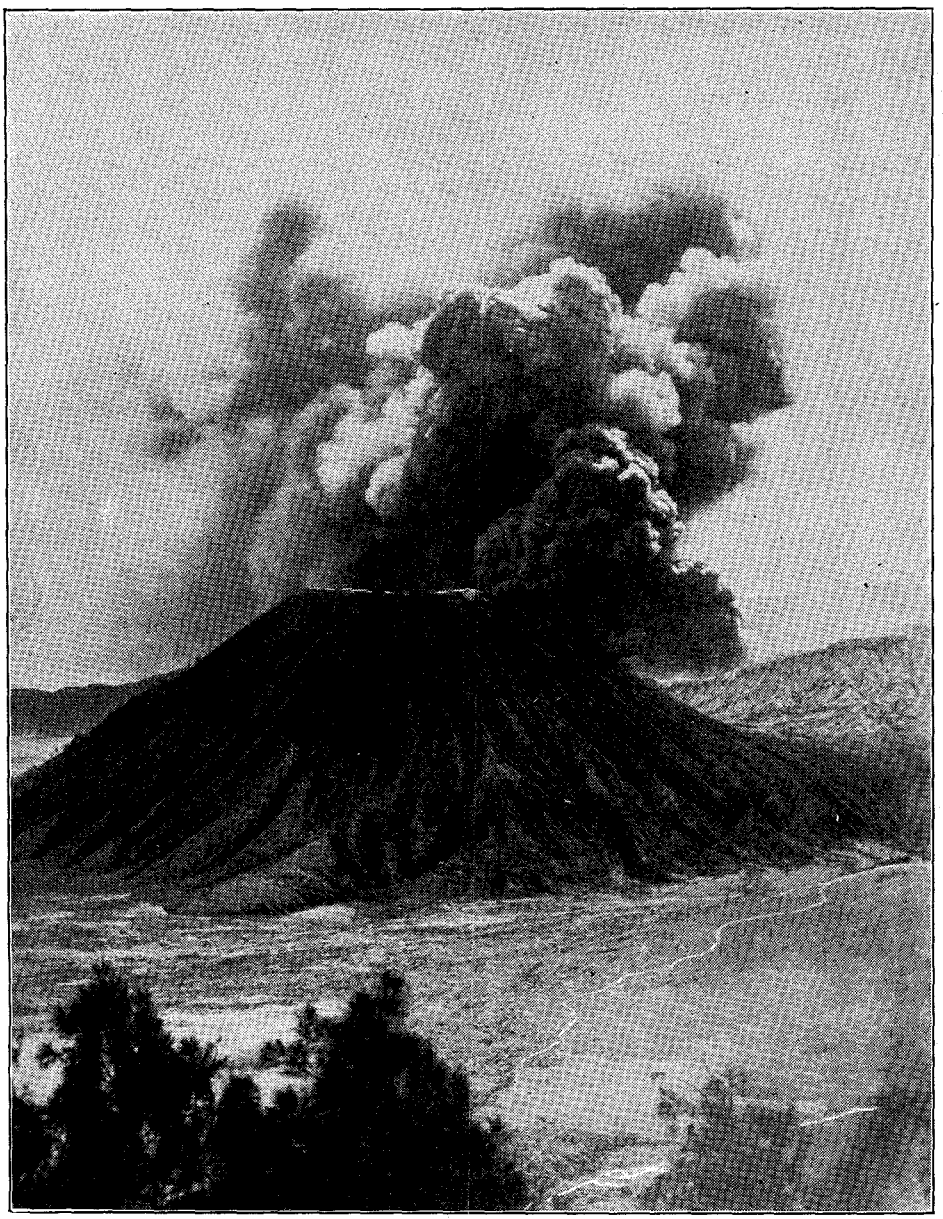

The volcano of Bromo, Eastern Java, in eruption.

Meanwhile a formidable rival to the Dutch Company, the English East India Company, had arisen, but the accession of a Dutchman, William, Prince of Orange, to the throne of England in 1688 turned the rivals into allies, the trade of the eastern seas being divided between them. But toward the close of the eighteenth century there came another change in the *status quo*, for the Dutch, by allying themselves with the French, became the enemies of England. By this time Great Britain had become the greatest sea power in the world, so that within a few months after the outbreak of hostilities in 1795 the British flag had replaced that of the Netherlands over Ceylon, Malacca, and other stations on

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the highway to the Insulinde. When the Netherlands were annexed to the French Empire by Napoleon in 1810 the British seized the excuse thus provided to occupy Java, Thomas Stamford Raffles, the brilliant young Englishman who was then the agent of the British East India Company at Malacca, in the Malay States, being sent to Java as lieutenant-governor. Urgent as were his appeals that Java should be retained by Britain as a jewel in her crown of empire, the readjustment of the territories of the great European powers which was effected at the Congress of Vienna, in 1816, after the fall of Napoleon, resulted in the restoration to the Dutch of those islands of the Insulinde, including Java, which the British had seized. But, though Raffles ruled in Java for barely four and a half years, his spirit goes marching on, the system of colonial government which he instituted having been continued by the Dutch, in its main outlines, to this day. He won the confidence and friendship of the powerful native princes, revolutionized the entire legal system, revived the system of village or communal government, reformed the land-tenure, abolished the abominable system of forcing the natives to deliver all their crops, and gave to the Javanese a rule of honesty, justice, and wisdom with which, up to that time, they had not had even a bowing acquaintance. As a result of the lessons learned from Stamford Raffles, the Dutch possessions in the East are to-day more wisely and justly administered than those of any other European nation.

The Dutch had not seen the last of Raffles, however, for in 1817 he returned from England, where he had been knighted by the Prince Regent, to take the post of lieutenant-governor of Sumatra, to which the British did not finally relinquish their claims until half a century later. His administration of that great island was characterized by the same breadth of vision, tact, and energy which had marked his rule in Java. It was during this period that Raffles rendered his greatest service to the empire. The Dutch, upon regaining Java, attempted to obtain complete control of all the islands of the archipelago, which would have resulted in seriously hampering, if not actually ending, British trade east of Malacca. But Raffles, recognizing the menace to British interests, defeated the Dutch scheme in January, 1819, by a sudden *coup d'état*, when he seized the little island at the tip of the Malay Peninsula which commands the Malacca straits and the entrance to the China seas, and founded Singapore, thereby giving Britain control of the gateway to the Farther East and ending forever the Dutch dream of making of those waters a *mare clausum*—a Dutch lake.

The thousands of islands, islets, and atolls which comprise Netherlands India—the proper etymological name of the archipelago is Austronesia—are scattered over forty-six degrees of longitude, on both sides of the equator. Although in point of area Java holds only fifth place, Sumatra, Borneo, New Guinea, and the Celebes being much larger, it nevertheless contains three-fourths of the population and yields four-fifths of the produce of the entire archipelago. Though scarcely larger than Cuba, it has more inhabitants than all the Atlantic Coast States, from Maine to Florida, combined. This, added to the strategic importance of its situation, the richness of its soil, the variety of its products, the intelligence, activity, and civilization of its inhabitants, and the fact that it is the seat of the colonial government, makes Java by far the most important unit of the Insulinde. Because of its overwhelming importance in the matters of position, products, and population, it is administered as a distinct political entity, the other portions of the Dutch Indies being officially designated as the Outer Possessions or the Outposts.

Westernmost and by far the most important of the Outposts is Sumatra, an island four-fifths the size of France, as potentially rich in mineral and agricultural wealth as Java, but with a sparse and intractable population, certain of the tribes, notably the Achinese, who inhabit the northern districts, still defying Dutch rule in spite of the long and costly series of wars which have resulted from Holland's attempt to subjugate them. The unmapped interior of Sumatra affords an almost virgin field for the explorer, the sportsman, and the scientist. It has ninety volcanoes, twelve of which are ac-

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A wayside market near Singaradja Island of Bali, Dutch East Indies.

tive (the world has not forgotten the eruption, in 1883, of Krakatu, an island volcano off the Sumatran coast, which resulted in the loss of forty thousand human lives); the jungles of the interior are roamed by elephants, tigers, rhinoceroses, panthers, and occasional orang-utans, while in the scattered villages, with their straw-thatched, highly decorated houses, dwell barbarous brown men practising customs so incredibly eerie and fantastic that a sober narration of them is more likely than not to be greeted with a shrug of amused disbelief. One who has no first-hand knowledge of the Sumatran tribes finds it difficult to accept at their face value the accounts of the customs practised by the Bataks of Tapanuli, for example, who, when their relatives become too old and infirm to be of further use, give them a pious interment by eating them. When the local Doctor Oslers have decided that a man has reached the age when his place in the family dwelling is preferable to his company, the aged victim climbs a lemon-tree, beneath which his relatives stand in a circle, wailing the death-song, the weird, monotonous chant being continued until the condemned one summons the courage to

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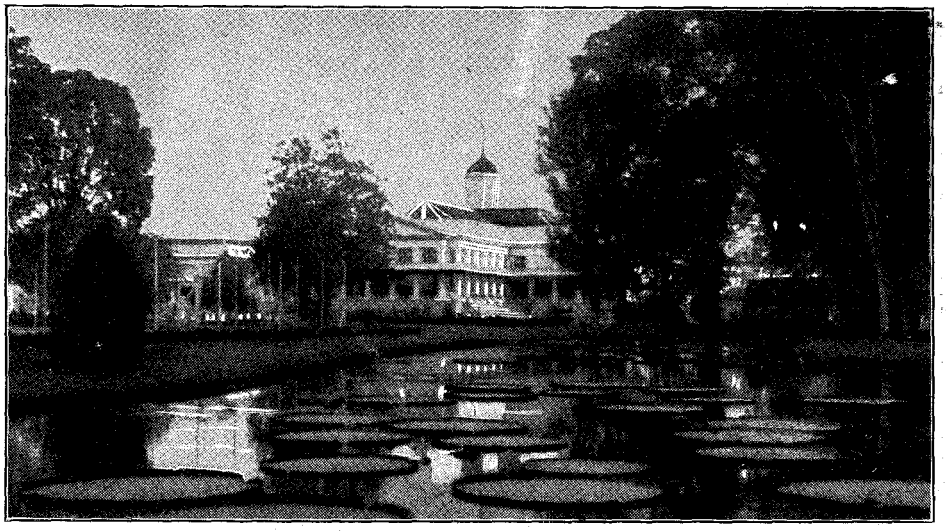

The seat of Dutch power in the Insulinde. The palace of the governor-general of the Indies at Buitenzorg, Java.

throw himself to the ground, whereupon the members of his family promptly despatch him with clubs, cut up his body, roast the meat, and eat it. Thus every stomach in the tribe becomes, in effect, a sort of family burial-plot. Then there are the Achinese, whose women frequently marry when eight years old, and are considered as well along in life when they reach their teens; and the Niassais, who are in deadly fear of albino children and who kill all twins as soon as they are born. Or the Menangkabaus, whose tribal government is a matriarchy: lands, houses, crops, and children belonging solely to the wife, who may, and sometimes does, sell her husband as a slave in order to pay her debts.

Trailing from the eastern end of Java in a twelve-hundred-mile-long chain, like the wisps of paper which form the tail of a kite, and separated by straits so narrow that artillery can fire across them, are the Lesser Sundas—Bali, noted for its superb scenery and its alluring women; Lombok, the northernmost island whose flora and fauna are Australian; Sumbawa, where the sandalwood comes from; Flores, whose inhabitants consider the earth so holy that they will not desecrate it by digging wells or cultivation; Timor, the northeastern half of which, together with Goa in India and Macao in China, forms the last remnant of Portugal's once enormous Eastern empire; Rotti, Kei, and Aroo, the great chain thus formed linking New Guinea, the largest island in the world, barring Australia, with the mainland of Asia. Of the last-named island, the entire western half belongs to Holland, the remaining half being about equally divided between British Papua, in the southeast, and in the northeast the former German colony of Kaiser Wilhelm Land, now administered by Australia under a mandate from the League of Nations. Though the population of Dutch New Guinea is estimated at a quarter of a million, the predilection of its fuzzy-haired inhabitants for human flesh has discouraged the Dutch census-takers from making an accurate enumeration, as the Papuan cannibal does not hesitate to sacrifice the needs of science to those of the cooking-pot. Though New Guinea is believed to be enormously rich in natural resources, and has many excellent harbors, the Dutch have thus far only nibbled at its edges. The secrets of its mysterious interior can only be conjectured. The natives are as degraded as any in the world; their principal vocation is hunting birds of paradise, whose plumes command high prices in the European markets; their chief avocation in recent years has been staging imitation cannibal

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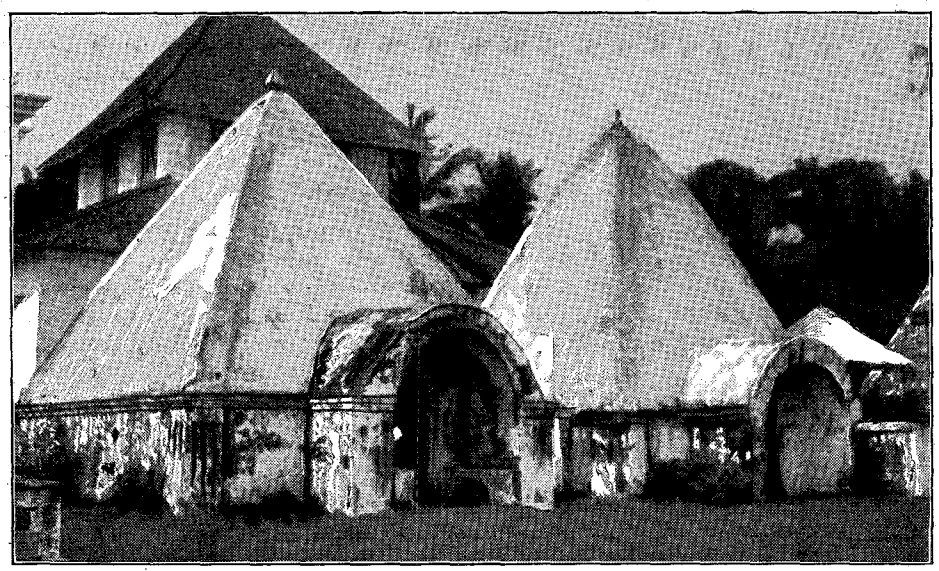
feasts for the benefit of motion-picture expeditions. But, unknown and unproductive as it is at present, I would stake my life that New Guinea will be a great colony some day.

To the west of New Guinea and to the south of the Philippines lie the Moluccas —Ceram, Amboin, Ternate, Halmehera, and the rest—the Spice Islands of the old-time voyagers, the scented tropic isles of which Camoens sang. Amboin, owing to the fact that Europeans have been established there for centuries on account of its trade in spices, is characterized by a much higher degree of civilization than the rest of the Moluccas, a considerable proportion of its inhabitants professing to be Christians. The flower of the colonial army is recruited from the Amboinese, who regard themselves not as vassals of the Dutch but as their allies and equals, a distinction which they emphasize by wearing shoes, all other native troops going barefoot. Beyond the Moluccas, across the Banda Sea, sprawls the Celebes, familiar from our school-days because of its fantastic outline, the plural form of its name being due to the supposition of the early explorers that it was a group of islands instead of one. And finally, crossing Makassar straits, we come to Borneo, the habitat of the head-hunter and the orang-utan. Something over three-fifths of Borneo is under the rule of the Dutch, but, as in New Guinea, they have merely scratched its surface, almost no attempt having thus far been made to exploit its enormous natural resources. The territories of the British North Borneo Company, which occupy the northern corner of the island, and of Rajah Brooke of Sarawak, on the west coast, are under British protection. Though Borneo is a treasure-house for the naturalist, the botanist, and the ethnologist, it owes its chief fame, when all is said and done, to a showman from Bridgeport, Connecticut, the late Phineas T. Barnum, who made its name a household word throughout Europe and America as the home of the wild man. Thus I have arrayed for your cursory inspection the congeries of curious and colorful islands which constitute Netherlands India in order that you may comprehend the problems of civilization and administration which Holland has had to solve in those distant seas, and that you may better judge the results which she has achieved.

The Insulinde has eight times the population and sixty times the area of the mother country, from which it is



The tombs of the Kings of Goa, South Celebes. In the background a portion of the royal mosque and the palace.

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separated by ten thousand miles of sea, yet the sovereignty of Queen Wilhelmina is upheld among the cannibals of New Guinea, the head-hunters of Borneo, and the savages of Achin, no less than among the docile millions of Java, by less than ten thousand European soldiers. That a territory so vast and with so enormous a population, should be so admirably administered, everything considered, by so small a number of white men, is in itself proof of the Dutch genius for ruling subject races.

From the day when Holland determined to organize her colonial empire for the benefit of the natives themselves, instead of exploiting it for the benefit of a handful of Dutch traders and settlers, as she had previously done, she has employed in her colonial service only thoroughly trained officials of proved ability and irreproachable character. The Dutch officials whom I met in Java and the Outposts impressed me, indeed, as being men of altogether exceptional capacity and attainments, better educated and qualified, as a whole, than those whom I have encountered in the British and French colonial possessions. Since the war, owing to the difficulty of obtaining men of sufficient caliber and experience to fill the minor posts, which are not particularly well paid, Holland has given employment in her colonial service to a considerable number of Germans, most of whom had been trained in colonial administration in Germany's African and Pacific possessions, but they are appointed, of course, only to posts of relative unimportance.

Every year the minister of the colonies ascertains the number of vacancies in the East Indian service, and every year the Grand Examination of Officials is held simultaneously in The Hague and in Batavia, the results of this examination determining the eligibility of candidates for admission to the colonial service and the fitness of officials already in the service for promotion. With the exception of the governor-general and two or three other high officials, who are appointed by the crown, no official can evade this examination, to pass which requires not only an intimate knowledge of East Indian languages, politics, and customs, but real scholarship as well. The names of those candidates who pass this examination are certified to the minister of the colonies, who thereupon directs them to report to the governor-general at Batavia and provides them with funds for the voyage. Upon their arrival in the Indies the governor-general appoints them to the grade of *contrôleur* and tests their capacity by sending them to difficult and trying posts in Sumatra, Borneo, the Celebes, or New Guinea, where they must conclusively prove their ability before they can hope for promotion to the grades of assistant resident and resident, and the relative comfort of official life in Java. In the Outposts they at once come face to face with innumerable difficulties and responsibilities, for the *contrôleur* is responsible, though within narrower limits than the resident, for everything: justice, police, agriculture, education, public works, the protection of the natives, and the requirements of the settlers in such matters as labor and irrigation. He is, in short, an administrator, a police official, a judge, a diplomatist, and an adviser on almost every subject connected with the government of tropical dependencies. The officials in the Outposts are given more authority and greater latitude of action than their colleagues in Java, for they have greater difficulties to cope with, while the intractability, if not the open hostility, of the natives whom they are called upon to rule demands greater tact and diplomacy than are required in Java, where the officials are inclined to become spoiled by their easy-going life and the semiroyal state which they maintain.

Though Holland demands much of those who uphold her authority in the Indies, she is generous in her rewards. The governor-general draws a salary of seventy thousand dollars together with liberal allowances for entertaining, and is provided with palaces at Batavia and Buitenzorg, while at Tjipanas, on one of the spurs of the Gedei, nearly six thousand feet above the sea, he has a country house set in a great English park. Wherever he is in residence he maintains a degree of state scarcely inferior to that of the sovereign herself. The residents are paid from five thousand dollars to nine thousand dollars according to their

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grades; the assistant residents from three thousand five hundred dollars to five thousand dollars, and the *contrôleurs* from one thousand eight hundred dollars to two thousand four hundred dollars. Though officials are permitted leaves of absence only once in ten years, those who

State procession in the kraton of the Sultan of Djokjakarta.

complete twenty-five years' service in the Insulinde may retire on half pay. Even at such salaries, however, and in a land where living is cheap as compared with Europe, it is almost impossible for the officials to save money, for they are expected to entertain lavishly and to live in a fashion which will impress the natives, who would be quick to seize on any evidence of economy as a sign of weakness.*

Netherlands India is ruled by a dual system of administration—European and native. By miracles of patience, tact, and diplomacy, the Dutch have succeeded in building up in the Indies a gigantic colonial empire, which, however, they could not hope to hold by force were there to be a concerted rising of the natives. Realizing this, Holland—instead of attempting to overawe the natives by a display of military strength, as England has done in Egypt and India and France in Algeria and Morocco—has succeeded, by keeping the native princes on their thrones and according them a shadowy suzerainty, in hoodwinking the ignorant brown mass of the people into the belief that they are still governed by their own rulers. Though at first the princes, as was to be expected, bitterly resented the curtailment of their prerogatives and powers, they decided that they might better remain on their thrones, even

*For much of the information in this article relative to the political administration of the Insulinde, as well as its early history, I am indebted to "Java and the Dutch East Indies," a valuable and interesting study by A. Cabaton.

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though the powers remaining to them were merely nominal, and accept the titles, honors, and generous pensions which the Dutch offered them, than to resist and be ruthlessly crushed. In pursuance of this shrewd policy, every province in the Indies has as its nominal head a native puppet ruler, known as a regent, usually a member of the house which reigned in that particular territory before the white man came. Though the regents are appointed, paid, and at need dismissed by the government, and though they are obliged to accept the advice and obey the orders of the Dutch residents, they remain the highest personages in the native world and the intermediaries through whom Holland transmits her wishes and orders to the native population. In order to lend color to the fiction that the natives are still ruled by their own princes, the regents are provided with the means to keep up considerable ceremony and pomp; they have their opera-bouffe courts, their gorgeously uniformed body-guards, their gilded carriages and golden parasols, and some of the more important ones maintain enormous households. But, though they preside at assemblies, sign decrees, and possess all the other external attributes of power, in reality they only go through the motions of governing, for always behind their gorgeous thrones sits a shrewd and silent Dutchman who pulls the strings. Though this system of dual government has the obvious disadvantages of being both cumbersome and expensive, it is, everything considered, perhaps the best that could have been devised to meet the existing conditions, for nothing is more certain than that, should the Dutch attempt to do away with the native princes, there would be a revolt which would shake the Insulinde to its foundations and would gravely imperil Dutch domination in the islands.

The most interesting examples of this system of dual administration are found in the *Vorstenlanden*, or "Lands of the Princes," of Surakarta and Djokjakarta, in Middle Java. These two principalities, which once comprised the great empire of Mataram, are nominally independent, being ostensibly ruled by their own princes: the Susuhunan of Surakarta and the Sultan of Djokjakarta, who are, however, despite their high-sounding titles and their dazzling courts, but mouthpieces for the Dutch residents. The series of episodes which culminated in the Dutch acquiring complete political ascendancy in the *Vorstenlanden* form one of the most picturesque and significant chapters in the history of Dutch rule in the East. Until the last century these territories were undivided, forming the kingdom of the Susuhunan of Surakarta, who, being threatened by a revolt of the Chinese who had settled in his dominions, called in the Dutch to aid him in suppressing it. They came promptly, helped to crush the rebellion, and so completely won the confidence of the Susuhunan that he begged their arbitration in a dispute with one of his brothers, who had launched an insurrection in an attempt to place himself on the throne. Certain historians assert, and probably with truth, that this insurrection was instigated and encouraged by the Dutch themselves, who foresaw that it would be easier to subjugate two weak states than a single strong one. In pursuance of this policy, they suggested that, in order to avoid a fratricidal and bloody war, the kingdom be divided, two-thirds of it, with Surakarta as the capital, to remain under the rule of the Susuhunan; the remaining third to be handed over to the pretender, who would assume the title of Sultan and establish his court at Djokjakarta. This settlement was reluctantly accepted by the Susuhunan because he realized that he could hope for nothing better and by his brother because he recognized that he might do much worse.

In principle, at least, the Sultan remained the vassal of the Susuhunan, in token of which he paid him public homage once each year at Ngawen, near Djokjakarta, where, in the presence of an immense concourse of natives, he was obliged to prostrate himself before the Susuhunan's throne as a public acknowledgment of his vassalage. But as the years passed the breach thus created between the Susuhunan and the Sultan showed signs of healing, which was the last thing desired by the Dutch, who believed in the maxim *Divide ut imperes*.

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So, before the next ceremony of homage came around, they sent for the Sultan, pointed out to him the humiliation which he incurred in kneeling before the Susuhunan, and offered to provide him with a means of escaping this abasement. Their offer was as simple as it was ingenious—permission to wear the uniform of a Dutch official. This was by no means as empty an honor as it seemed, as the Sultan was quick to recognize, for one of the tenets of Holland's rule in the Indies is that no one who wears the Dutch uniform, whether European or native, shall impair the prestige of that uniform by kneeling in homage. The Sultan, needless to say, eagerly seized the opportunity thus offered, and, when the date for the next ceremony fell due he arrived at Ngawen arrayed in the blue and gold panoply of a Dutch official, but, instead of prostrating himself before the Susuhunan in the grovelling *dodok*, he coolly remained seated, as befitted a Dutch official and an independent prince.

The animosity thus ingeniously renewed between the princely houses lasted for many years, which was exactly what the Dutch had foreseen. But, though the Susuhunan and the Sultan had been goaded into hating each other with true Oriental fervor, they hated the Dutch even more. In order to divert this hostility toward themselves into safer channels, the Dutch evolved still another scheme, which consisted in installing at the court of the Susuhunan, as at that of the Sultan, a counter-irritant in the person of a rival prince, who, though theoretically a vassal, was in reality as independent as the titular ruler. And, as a final touch, the Dutch decreed that the cost of maintaining the elaborate establishments of these hated rivals must be defrayed from the privy purses of the Susuhunan and the Sultan. The "independent" prince at Surakarta is known as the Pangeran Adipati Mangku Negoro; the one at Djokjakarta as the Pangeran Adipati Paku Alam. Both of these princes have received military educations in Holland, hold honorary commissions in the Dutch army, and wear the Dutch uniform; their handsome palaces stand in close proximity to those of the Susuhunan and the Sultan, and both are permitted to maintain small but well-drilled private armies, armed with modern weapons and organized on European lines. The "army" of Mangku Negoro consists of about a thousand men, and is a far more efficient fighting force than the fantastically uniformed rabble maintained by his suzerain, the Susuhunan. In certain respects this arrangement resembles the plan which is followed at West Point and Annapolis, where, if the appointee fails to meet the entrance requirements, the appointment goes to an alternate, who has been designated with just such a contingency in view. Both the Susuhunan and the Sultan are perfectly aware that the first sign of disloyalty to the Dutch on their part would result in their being promptly dethroned and the "independent" princes being appointed in their stead. So, as they like their jobs, which are not onerous and are well paid—the Susuhunan receives an annual pension from the Dutch Government of some three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and has in addition one million dollars worth of revenues to waste each year—their conduct is marked by exemplary obedience and circumspection.

I do not except even the gorgeous establishments maintained by certain of the Indian princes, when I assert that nowhere in the East can be found courts so fantastic, colorful, and picturesque as those of the Susuhunan of Surakarta and the Sultan of Djokjakarta. The latter, a thin, weak-faced, but aristocratic-looking old gentleman, unusually tall for a Javanese, who has nearly reached the age of fourscore and ten, showed no signs, in his brisk walk and upright carriage, of being worried by the responsibility of supporting the three thousand wives and concubines in his harem, or of feeling the burden of the name he bears: Sultan Hamangkoe Boewoenoe Senopati Sahadin Panoto Gomo Kalif Patelah Kandjeng VII, to which he adds the titles "Ruler of the World" and "Spike of the Universe," for good measure.

Djokjakarta, or Djokja, as it is called by the Europeans, is set in the middle of a broad and wonderfully fertile plain, at the foot of the slumbering volcano of Merapi, whose occasional awakenings are marked by terrific earthquakes, which

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shake the city to its foundations and usually result in wide-spread destruction and loss of life. It is a city of broad, unpaved thoroughfares, shaded by rows of majestic waringins, and lined, in the European quarter, by handsome one-story houses, with white walls, green blinds, and Doric porticos, in the Dutch colonial style, set far back in the midst of blazing gardens. There are two hotels, one an excellently kept and comfortable establishment, as hotels go in Java; a dozen or so large and moderately well-stocked European stores, and many small shops kept by Chinese; an imposing bank of stone and concrete; and one of the most beautiful race-courses that I have ever seen, the spring race meeting at Djokja being one of the most brilliant social events in Java. The busiest part of the city is the Chinese quarter, for, throughout the Insulinde, commerce, both wholesale and retail, is largely in the hands of these sober, shrewd, hard-working yellow men, of whom there are more than three three hundred thousand in Java alone and double that number in the archipelago. The control of Chinese immigration is, in fact, one of the gravest problems which the government of the Indies has to solve. Beyond the European and Chinese quarters, scattered among the palms which form a thick fringe about the town, are the *kampongs* of the Javanese themselves—frail buildings of bamboo, thatched with leaves or grass, and usually huddled together in clusters which are encircled by low mud walls. Standing well back from the street, and separated from it by a splendid sweep of green plush lawn, is the Dutch residency, a dignified building whose classic lines reminded me of the houses built by the Dutch *patroons* along the Hudson. A few hundred yards away stands Fort Vredenburg, a moated, bastioned, four-square fortification, garrisoned by half a thousand Dutch artillerymen, whose guns frown menacingly upon the native town and the palace of the Sultan. Though its walls would crumble before modern artillery in half an hour, it stands as a visible symbol of Dutch authority and as a warning to the disloyal that that authority is backed by cannon.

Between Fort Vredenburg and the Sultan's palace stretches the broad *aloun-aloun*, its sandy, sun-baked expanse broken only by a splendid pair of waringin-trees, clipped to resemble a royal *payong* or parasol. In the old days those desiring audience with the sovereign were compelled to wait under these trees, frequently for days and occasionally for weeks, until the "Spike of the Universe" graciously condescended to receive them. Here also was the place of public execution. In the bad old days before the white men came, public executions on the *aloun-aloun* provided pleasurable excitement for the people of Djokjakarta, who attended them in great numbers. The method employed was characteristic of Java: the condemned stood with his forehead against a wall, and the executioner drove the point of his *kris* between the vertebræ at the base of the neck, severing the spinal cord. But, the gallows and the rope have superseded the wall and the *kris* in Djokjakarta, just as they have superseded the age-old custom of hurling criminals from the top of a high tower in Bokhara or of having the brains of the condemned stamped out by an elephant, a method of execution which was long the fashion in Burma.

But, though certain peculiarly barbarous customs which were practised under native rule have been abolished by the Dutch, I have no intention of suggesting that life in Djokjakarta has become colorless and tame. If you will take the trouble to cross the *aloun-aloun* to the gates of the palace, your attention will be attracted by a row of iron-barred cages built against the kraton wall. Should you be so fortunate as to find yourself in Djokjakarta on the eve of a religious festival or other holiday, each of these cages will be found to contain a full-grown, snarling tiger. For tiger-baiting remains one of the favorite amusements of the native princes. Nowhere else, so far as I am aware, save only in East Africa, where the Masai warriors encircle a lion and kill it with their spears, can you witness a sport which is its equal for peril and excitement. On the day set for a tiger-baiting the *aloun-aloun* of Djokjakarta is crowded with spectators, their head-kains and sarongs of batik in

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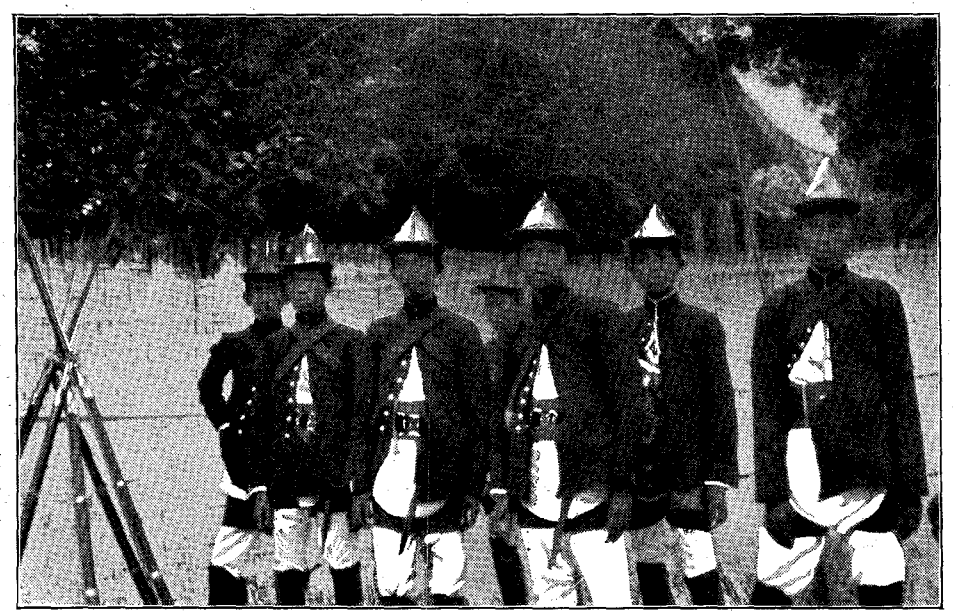
all the colors of the rainbow, while from a pavilion erected for the purpose the Sultan, surrounded by his glittering household and the women of his harem, views the dangerous sport in safety. In a cleared space before the royal pavilion several hundred half-naked Javanese, armed only with spears, stand shoulder to shoulder in a great circle, perhaps ten-score yards across, their spears pointing inward so as to form a human barricade fringed with steel. A cage containing a tiger, which has been trapped in the jungle for the occasion, is rolled forward to the circle's edge. At a signal from the Sultan the door of the cage is raised and the great striped cat, its yellow eyes glaring malevolently, its stiffened tail nervously sweeping the ground, slips forth and crouches expectantly in the centre of the extemporized arena. Occasionally, but very occasionally, the beast becomes intimidated at sight of the waiting spearmen and the breathless throng, but usually it is only a matter of seconds before things begin to happen. The long tail abruptly becomes rigid, the muscles bunch themselves like coiled springs beneath the tawny skin, the sullen snarling changes to a deep-throated roar, and the great beast launches itself against the levelled spears. Sometimes it tears its way through the ring of flesh and steel, leaving behind it a trail of terribly wounded spearmen, and creating consternation among the spectators, who scatter, panic-stricken, in every direction; but more often the spearmen drive it back, snarling and bleeding, whereupon, bewildered by the multitude of its enemies and maddened by the pain of its wounds, it hurls itself against another segment of the steel-tipped cordon. After a time, baffled in its attempts to escape, the tiger retreats to the centre of the circle, where it crouches, snarling. Then, at another signal from the Sultan, the spearmen begin to close in. Smaller and smaller grows the circle, closer and closer come the advancing spear-points . . . then a hoarse roar of fury, a spring too rapid for the eye to follow, a wild riot of brown bodies, glistening with sweat, and spear-hafts rising and falling above a sea of turbaned heads, as the blades are vindictively driven home . . . again . . . again . . . yet again . . . into the great black-and-yellow carcass, which now lies inanimate upon the sand in a pool of crimson.



Body-guard of the Sultan of Djokjakarta.

Like all the palaces of Asiatic rulers,

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the kraton of the Sultan of Djokjakarta is really a royal city in the heart of his capital. It consists of a vast congeries of palaces, barracks, stables, pagodas, temples, offices, courtyards, corridors, alleys, and bazaars, containing upward of fifteen thousand inhabitants, the whole encircled by a high wall four miles in length. Everything that the sovereign can require, every necessity and luxury of life, every adjunct of pleasure, is assembled within the kraton, which the Sultan rarely leaves save on occasions of ceremony, when he appears in state, surrounded by an Arabian Nights court, and guarded—curious contrast!—by a squadron of exceedingly businesslike-looking Dutch cavalry.

The first impression of the foreigner who succeeds in gaining admission to the inner precincts of the kraton is of tawdriness and dilapidation. Half-naked soldiers of the royal body-guard, armed with ten-foot pikes and clad only in baggy, scarlet breeches and brimless caps of black leather, shaped like inverted flowerpots, lounge beside the gateway giving access to the Sultan's quarters or snore blissfully while stretched in the shadow of the wall. The "Ruler of the World," receives his visitors—who, if they are foreigners, must always be accompanied by an official of the Dutch residency or by the resident himself—in the *pringitan,* or hall of audience, an immense, marble-floored chamber, supported by many marble columns and open on three sides, the fourth communicating with the royal apartments, to which Europeans are never admitted. At the rear of the *pringitan* are a number of ornate state beds, hung with scarlet and heavily gilded, which are evidently placed there for purposes of display, as they show no evidences of having been slept in. Close by is a large glass case containing specimens of the taxidermist's art, including a number of badly moth-eaten birds of paradise. On the walls I noticed a steel-engraving of Napoleon crossing the Alps, a number of English sporting-prints depicting coaching and hunting scenes, and three outrageously bad chromos of the Dutch royal family.

Thanks to the courtesy of the resident, who had notified the authorities of the royal household in advance of our visit, we found that a series of Javanese dances had been arranged in our honor. Now Javanese dancing is about as exciting as German grand opera, and, like the latter, one has to understand it to appreciate it. Personally, I would have preferred to wander about the kraton, but court etiquette demanded that I should sit upon a hard and exceedingly uncomfortable chair throughout a long and humid morning, with the thermometer registering one hundred degrees in the shade, and watch a number of anæmic and dissipated-looking youths, who composed the royal ballet, go through an interminable series of postures and leisurely gestures to the monotonous music of a *gamelan,* or native orchestra. Those who have gained their ideas of Javanese dancing from the performances of Ruth St. Denis and Florence O'Denishawn have disappointment in store for them when they go to Java. To tell the truth, I was far less interested in the dancers than in their audience, which consisted of several hundred women of the harem, clad in garments of the most beautiful colors, who watched the proceedings from the semiobscurity of the *pringitan.* I cannot be certain, because the light was poor and their faces were in the shadow, but I think that there were several extremely good-looking girls among them. There was one in particular that I remember—a slender, willowy thing with great quantities of blue-black hair and an apricot-colored skin. Her orange sarong was wrapped about her so tightly that she might as well have been wearing a wet silk bathing-suit. Whenever she caught my eye she smiled. I should have liked to have seen more of her. But etiquette and a sentry armed with a large scimitar prevented.

Conditions at Surakarta—usually called Solo for short—are the exact counterpart of those at Djokjakarta: the same puppet ruler, who is called Susuhunan instead of Sultan, the same sort of court life, the same fantastic costumes, a Dutch resident, a Dutch fort, and a Dutch garrison. But the kraton of the Susuhunan is far better kept than that of his fellow ruler at Djokja, and shows more evidences of Europeanization. The troopers of the royal body-guard were

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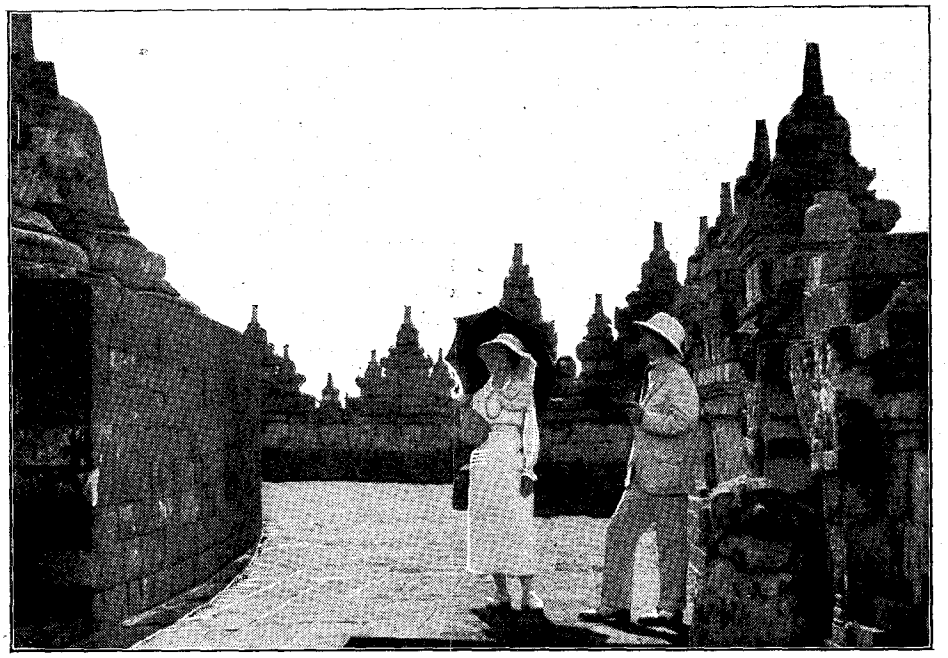
smart, soldierly-looking fellows in well-cut uniforms of European pattern, to which a distinctly Eastern touch was lent, however, by their steel helmets, scimitars, shoulder-guards of chain mail, and leathern shields with brass bosses. The stables, which contained several hundred fine Australian horses and a number of beautiful Sumbawan ponies, together with a score or more gilt carriages of their teens. They wore sarongs of the most exquisite colors—purple, heliotrope, violet, rose, geranium, blue, lemon, burnt-orange, and they floated over the marble floor of the great hall like enormous butterflies. As a special mark of the Susuhunan's favor, the performance concluded with a spear dance by four princes of the royal house—blasé, decadent-looking youths, who spend their waking



Major and Mrs. Powell on the upper terrace of the temple of Boro-Boedor, Middle Java.

state, were as immaculately kept as the stables at Buckingham Palace. In the palace garage I was shown a row of powerful Fiats, gleaming with fresh varnish and polished brass, and beside them, as among equals, a member of the well-known Ford family of Detroit, proudly bearing on its panels the ornate arms of the Susuhunan. I felt as though I had encountered an old friend who had married into royalty.

As though we had not seen enough dancing at Djokja, I found that they had arranged another performance for us in the kraton at Surakarta. This time, however, the dancers were girls, most of them only ten or twelve years old and none of them more than half-way through hours, so the Dutch official who acted as my cicerone told me, in dancing, opium-smoking, and cock-fighting, virtually their only companions being the women of the harem. If the Dutch Government does not actively encourage dissipation and debauchery among the native princes, neither does it take any steps to discourage it, the idea being, I imagine, that Holland's administrative problems in the *Vorstenlanden* would be greatly simplified were the reigning families to die out. The princes, who were armed with javelins and krises, performed for our benefit a Terpsichorean version of one of the tales of Javanese mythology. The dance was characterized by the utmost deliberation of movement, the dancers holding certain

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postures for several seconds at a time, reminding me, in their rigid self-consciousness, of the "living pictures," which were so popular in America twenty years ago. All of the dancers were of the blood royal and one, I was told, was in the direct line of succession. Judging from the vacuity of his expression, the Dutch will have no difficulty in maintaining their mastery in Surakarta should he come to the throne. But the Dutch officials take no chances with the intrigue-loving native princes: they keep them under close surveillance at all times. It is one of the disadvantages of Christian governments ruling peoples of alien race and religion that methods of revolt are not always visible to the naked eye, and even the Dutch Intelligence Service, efficient as it is, has no means of knowing what is going on in the forbidden quarters of the kratons. Potential disloyalty is neutralized, therefore, by a discreet display of force. Throughout the performance in the palace a Dutch trooper in field gray, bandoliers stuffed with cartridges festooned across his chest and a carbine tucked under his arm, paced slowly up and down—an ever-present symbol of Dutch power — watching the dancing princes with a sardonic eye. It is true that Holland rules in the Indies with a velvet glove, but she does not fail to let her subjects know that within the glove is a steel hand.

Taking everything into consideration, however, I should say that the outstanding characteristic of Dutch colonial rule is the extraordinary tact which the officials display in dealing with the native rulers, many of whom are sullen and suspicious if not openly hostile. In Borneo, the Celebes, Bali, Banka, and Java I had opportunities to observe the attitude of the residents and *contrôleurs* toward the regents and other native officials of their districts. In every case I was impressed by their paternal interest, their friendliness, their quiet tact, and their entire lack of haughtiness or arrogance. The best example of what can be accomplished with an unfriendly native ruler by the exercise of diplomacy came to my attention in Goa, one of the native kingdoms of the Celebes. There are no railways in the Celebes, so, some years ago, the Dutch decided to enlist the assistance of the native rulers in constructing a system of roads in order to open up the interior of the island. But they met with profound indifference when they outlined their scheme to the King of Goa, the most powerful ruler in the southern part of the island. The King had no use for roads, first, because when he had occasion to go abroad he rode on horseback or was carried in a palanquin over the narrow trails through the jungle, and secondly, because roads would inevitably bring more Europeans into his dominions. The Dutch realized that were they to attempt to build a road across Goa by forced labor a native revolt might well result, for Marshal Daendels, "the Iron Marshal," who ruled the Indies under Napoleon, made the corvee a synonym for cruelty and oppression when he utilized it in order to obtain laborers for the construction of the splendid eight-hundred-mile-long highway which extends from one end of Java to the other. Each *dessa*, or district, through which it ran was forced to construct, within an allotted period, a certain portion of the road, the natives working without pay while their crops rotted in the fields and their families starved. Daendels gave orders that if a *dessa* did not complete its section of the road within the allotted time the chiefs of the district would be hung. But the governor of the Celebes had been trained in a different school from the Iron Marshal. So, instead of attempting to build his roads by forced labor, he sent to Batavia for a fine European horse and a luxurious, gaudily painted carriage, which he presented to the King as a token of the government's esteem. Now the King of Goa, as the Dutch were perfectly aware, had about as much use for a horse and carriage in his roadless dominions as a Bedouin of the Sahara has for a sailboat. But the King did exactly what the governor anticipated that he would do: he promptly ordered his subjects to construct a highway from his capital to Makassar, on the coast, in order that he might have an opportunity to display his new possessions. After some years, however, the road began to fall into disrepair, but as the novelty of the horse and carriage had by this time worn off the King declined to take any measures toward its improvement. So the governor again had

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recourse to diplomacy, this time presenting his Goanese Majesty with a motor-car, gorgeous in scarlet paint and shining brass, and, in order that the King might be brought to realize that the roads were not in a condition conducive to comfortable motoring, a Dutch official took him for his first motor ride. That ride jolted the memory as well as the body of the dusky monarch, for the next day hundreds of native laborers were summoned from their *kampongs* to put the road in good repair. And, as the King quickly acquired a taste for speeding, it has remained in good repair ever since. I relate this incident, not because it is in itself of any importance, but because it serves to illustrate the methods which the Dutch officials use in dealing with recalcitrant or stubborn native rulers. Ever since the Dipo Negoro rebellion of 1825, which was caused by the insulting behavior of an incompetent and tactless resident toward a native prince, to suppress which cost five years of warfare and the lives of fifteen thousand soldiers, the Dutch Government has come more and more to realize that most of the disaffection and revolts in their Eastern possessions have been directly traceable to tactlessness on the part of Dutch officials, who either ignored or were indifferent to the customs, traditions, and susceptibilities of the natives. It is the recognition and application of this principle that has been primarily responsible for the peace, progress, and prosperity which, in recent years, have characterized the rule of Holland in the Indies. When a nation with a quarter the area of New York State, and less than two-thirds its population, with a small army and no navy worthy of the name, can successfully rule fifty million people of alien race and religion, half the world away, and keep them loyal and contented, that nation has, it seems to me, a positive genius for colonial administration.

Some one has described the Dutch East Indies as a necklace of emeralds strung on the equator. To those who are familiar only with colder, less gorgeous lands, that simile may sound unduly fanciful, but to those who have seen these great, rich islands, festooned across four thousand miles of sea, green and scintillating under the tropic sun, the description will not appear as far-fetched as it seems. A necklace of emeralds! The more I ponder over that description the better I like it. Indeed, I think that that is what I will entitle this article—The Emeralds of Wilhelmina.

Some more strange subjects of Queen Wilhelmina.
Dyak head-hunters of Dutch Borneo visiting the Sultan of Koetei at Tenggaroeng.

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TO LET

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

ILLUSTRATION BY C. F. PETERS

PART II—*Continued*

IV

IN GREEN STREET

UNCERTAIN, whether the impression that Prosper Profond was dangerous should be traced to his attempt to give Val the Mayfly filly; to a remark of Fleur's: "He's like the hosts of Midian—he prowls and prowls around"; to his preposterous inquiry of Jack Cardigan: "What's the use of keepin' fit?" or, more simply, to the fact that he was a foreigner, or alien as it was now called. Certain that Annette was looking particularly handsome, and that Soames had sold him a Gauguin and then torn up the cheque, so that Monsieur Profond himself had said: "I didn' get that small picture I bought from Mr. Forsyde."

However suspiciously regarded, he still frequented Winifred's evergreen little house in Green Street, with a good-natured obtuseness which no one mistook for naïveté; a word hardly applicable to Monsieur Prosper Profond. Winifred still found him "amusing," and would write him little notes saying: "Come and have a 'jolly' with us"—it was breath of life to her to keep up with the phrases of the day.

The mystery, with which all felt him to be surrounded, was due to his having done, seen, heard, and known everything, and found nothing in it—which was unnatural. The English type of disillusionment was familiar enough to Winifred, who had always moved in fashionable circles. It gave a certain cachet or distinction, so that one got something out of it. But to see nothing in anything, not as a pose, but because there *was* nothing in anything, was not English; and that which was not English one could not help secretly feeling dangerous, if not precisely bad form. It was like having the mood which the war had left, seated—dark, heavy, smiling, indifferent—in your Empire chair; it was like listening to that mood talking through thick pink lips above a little diabolic beard. It was, as Jack Cardigan expressed it—for the English character at large—"a bit too thick"—for if nothing was really worth getting excited about, there were always games, and one could make it so! Even Winifred, ever a Forsyte at heart, felt that there was nothing to be had out of such a mood of disillusionment, so that it ought not to be there, even though they all knew it was. Monsieur Profond, in fact, made the mood too plain, in a country which decently veiled such realities.

When Fleur, after her hurried return from Robin Hill, came down to dinner that evening, the mood was standing at the window of Winifred's little drawing-room, looking out into Green Street, with an air of seeing nothing in it. And Fleur gazed promptly into the fireplace with an air of seeing a fire which was not there.

Monsieur Profond came from the window. He was in full fig, with a white waistcoat and a white flower in his buttonhole.

"Well, Miss Forsyde," he said, "I'm awful pleased to see you. Mr. Forsyde well? I was sayin' to-day I wand to see him have some pleasure. He worries."

"You think so?" said Fleur shortly.

"Worries," repeated Monsieur Profond, burring the r's.

Fleur spun round. "Shall I tell you," she said, "what would give him pleasure?" But the words: "To hear that you had cleared out" died at the expression on his face. All his fine white teeth were showing.

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"I was hearin' at the Club to-day, about his old trouble."

Fleur opened her eyes. "What do you mean?"

Monsieur Profond moved his sleek head as if to minimize his statement.

"Before you were born," he said; "that small business."

Though conscious that he had cleverly diverted her from his own share in her father's worry, Fleur was unable to withstand a rush of nervous curiosity. "Tell me what you heard?"

"Why!" murmured Monsieur Profond, "you know all that."

"I expect I do," said Fleur. "But I should like to know that you haven't heard it all wrong."

"His first wife," murmured Monsieur Profond.

Choking back the words: "He was never married before"; she said: "Well, what about her?"

"Mr. George Forsyde was tellin' me about your father's first wife marryin' his cousin Jolyon afterward. It was a small bit unpleasant, I should think. I saw their boy—nice boy!"

Fleur looked up. Monsieur Profond was swimming, heavily diabolical, before her. That—the reason! With the most heroic effort of her life so far, she managed to arrest that swimming figure. She could not tell whether he had noticed. And just then Winifred came in.

"Oh! here you both are already! Imogen and I have had the most amusing afternoon at the Babies' bazaar."

"What babies?" said Fleur mechanically.

"The 'Save the Babies.' I got such a bargain, my dear. A piece of old Armenian work—from before the flood. I want your opinion on it, Prosper."

"Auntie," whispered Fleur suddenly.

At the tone in the girl's voice Winifred closed in on her.

"What's the matter? Aren't you well?"

Monsieur Profond had withdrawn into the window, where he was practically out of hearing.

"Auntie, he told me that father has been married before. Is it true that he divorced her, and she married Jon Forsyte's father?"

Never in all the life of the mother of four little Darties had Winifred felt more seriously embarrassed. Her niece's face was so pale, her eyes so dark, her voice so whispery and strained.

"Your father didn't wish you to hear," she said, with all the aplomb she could muster. "These things will happen. I've often told him he ought to let you know."

"Oh!" said Fleur, and that was all, but it made Winifred pat her shoulder—a firm little shoulder, nice and white! She never could help an appraising eye and touch in the matter of her niece, who would have to be married, of course—though not to that boy Jon.

"We've forgotten all about it years and years ago," she said comfortably. "Come and have dinner!"

"No, Auntie. I don't feel very well. May I go up-stairs?"

"My dear!" murmured Winifred, concerned; "you're not taking this to heart? Why, you haven't properly come out yet! That boy's a child!"

"What boy? I've only got a headache. But I can't stand that man to-night."

"Well, well," said Winifred; "go and lie down. I'll send you some bromide, and I shall talk to Prosper Profond. What business had he to gossip? Though I must say I think it's much better you should know."

Fleur smiled. "Yes," she said, and slipped from the room.

She went up with her head whirling, a dry sensation in her throat, a fluttered, frightened feeling in her breast. Never in her life as yet had she suffered from even momentary fear that she would not get what she had set her heart on. The sensations of the afternoon had been full, and poignant, and this gruesome discovery coming on the top of them had really made her head ache. No wonder her father had hidden that photograph so secretly behind her own—ashamed of having kept it! But could he hate Jon's mother and yet keep her photograph? She pressed her hands over her forehead, trying to see things clearly. Had they told Jon—had her visit to Robin Hill forced them to tell him? Everything now turned on that! She knew, they all knew, except—perhaps—Jon!

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She walked up and down, biting her lip and thinking desperately hard. Jon loved his mother. If they had told him, what would he do? She could not tell. But if they had not told him, should she not—could she not get him for herself—get married to him, before he knew? She searched her memories of Robin Hill. His mother's face so passive—with its dark eyes and as if powdered hair, its reserve, its smile—baffled her; and his father's—kindly, sunken, ironic. Instinctively she felt they would shrink from telling Jon, even now, shrink from hurting him—for of course it would hurt him awfully to know!

Her aunt must be made not to tell her father that she knew. So long as neither she herself nor Jon were supposed to know, there was still a chance—freedom to cover one's tracks, and get what her heart was set on. But she was almost overwhelmed by her isolation. Every one's hand was against her—every one's! It was as Jon had said—he and she just wanted to live and the past was in their way, a past they hadn't shared in, and didn't understand! Oh! What a shame! And suddenly she thought of June. Would she help them? For somehow June had left on her the impression that she would be sympathetic with their love, impatient of obstacle. Then, instinctively, she thought: 'I won't give anything away, though, even to her. I daren't! I mean to have Jon; against them all.'

Soup was brought up to her, and one of Winifred's pet headache cachets. She swallowed both. Then Winifred herself appeared. Fleur opened her campaign with the words:

"You know, Auntie, I do wish people wouldn't think I'm in love with that boy. Why, I've hardly seen him!"

Winifred, though experienced, was not '*fine!*' She accepted the remark with considerable relief. Of course, it was not pleasant for the girl to hear of the family scandal, and she set herself to minimize the matter, a task for which she was eminently qualified, raised fashionably under a comfortable mother and a father whose nerves might not be shaken, and for many years the wife of Montague Dartie. Her description was a masterpiece of understatement. Fleur's father's first wife had been very foolish. There had been a young man who had got run over, and she had left Fleur's father. Then, years after, when it might all have come right again, she had taken up with their cousin Jolyon; and, of course, her father had been obliged to have a divorce. Nobody remembered anything of it now, except just the family. And, perhaps, it had all turned out for the best; her father had Fleur; and Jolyon and Irene had been quite happy, they said, and their boy was a nice boy. "Val having Holly, too, is a sort of plaster, don't you know?" With these soothing words, Winifred patted her niece's shoulder; thought: 'She's a nice, plump little thing!' and went back to Prosper Profond, who, in spite of his indiscretion, was very "amusing" this evening.

For some minutes after her aunt had gone Fleur remained under influence of bromide material and spiritual. But then reality came back. Her aunt had left out all that mattered—all the feeling, the hate, the love, the unforgivingness of passionate hearts. She, who knew so little of life, and had touched only the fringe of love, was yet aware by instinct that words have as little relation to fact and feeling as coin to the bread it buys. "Poor Father!" she thought. "Poor me! Poor Jon! But I don't care, I mean to have him!" From the window of her darkened room she saw "that man" issue from the door below and "prowl" away. If he and her mother—how would that affect her chance? Surely it must make her father cling to her more closely, so that he would consent in the end to anything she wanted, or become reconciled the sooner to what she did without his knowledge.

She took some earth from the flower-box in the window, and with all her might flung it after that disappearing figure. It fell short, but the action did her good.

And a little puff of air came up from Green Street, smelling of petrol, not sweet.

V

PURELY FORSYTE AFFAIRS

SOAMES, coming up to the City, with the intention of calling in at Green Street at the end of his day and taking Fleur back home with him, suffered from rumi-

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Drawn by C. F. Peters.

"I expect I do," said Fleur. "But I should like to know that you haven't heard it all wrong."—Page 533.

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nation. Sleeping partner that he was, he seldom visited the City now, but he still had a room of his own at Cuthcott Kingson & Forsyte's, and one special clerk and a half assigned to the management of purely Forsyte affairs. They were somewhat in flux just now—an auspicious moment for the disposal of house property. And Soames was unloading the estates of his father and Uncle Roger, and to some extent of his uncle Nicholas. His shrewd and matter-of-course probity in all money concerns had made him something of an autocrat in connection with these trusts. If Soames thought this or thought that, one had better save oneself the bother of thinking too. He guaranteed, as it were, irresponsibility to numerous Forsytes of the third and fourth generations. His fellow trustees, such as his cousins Roger or Nicholas, his cousins-in-law Tweetyman and Spender, or his sister Cicely's husband all trusted him; he signed first, and where he signed first they signed after, and nobody was a penny the worse. Just now they were all a good many pennies the better, and Soames was beginning to see the close of certain trusts, except for distribution of the income from securities as gilt-edged as was compatible with the period.

Passing the more feverish parts of the City toward the most perfect backwater in London, he ruminated. Money was extraordinarily tight; and morality extraordinarily loose! The War had done it. Banks were not lending; people breaking contracts all over the place. There was a feeling in the air and a look on faces that he did not like. The country seemed in for a spell of gambling and bankruptcies. There was satisfaction in the thought that neither he nor his trusts had an investment which could be affected by anything less maniacal than national repudiation or a levy on capital. If Soames had faith, it was in what he called "English common sense"—or the power to have things, if not one way then another. He might—like his father James before him—say he didn't know what things were coming to, but he never in his heart believed they were. If it rested with him, they wouldn't—and, after all, he was only an Englishman like any other, so quietly tenacious of what he had that he knew he would never really part with it without something more or less equivalent in exchange. His mind was essentially equilibristic in material matters, and his way of putting the national situation difficult to refute in a world composed of human beings. Take his own case, for example! He was well off. Did that do anybody harm? He did not eat ten meals a day; he ate no more than, perhaps not so much as, a poor man. He spent no money on vice; breathed no more air, used no more water to speak of than the mechanic or the porter. He certainly had pretty things about him, but they had given employment in the making, and somebody must use them. He bought pictures, but Art must be encouraged. He was, in fact, an accidental channel through which money flowed, employing labor. What was there objectionable in that? In his charge money was in quicker and more useful flux than it would be in charge of the State and a lot of slow-fly money-sucking officials. And as to what he saved each year—it was just as much in flux as what he didn't save, going into Water Board or Council Stocks, or something sound and useful. The State paid him no salary for being trustee of his own or other people's money—*he did all that for nothing*. Therein lay the whole case against nationalization—owners of private property were unpaid, and yet had every incentive to quicken up the flux. Under nationalization—just the opposite! In a country smarting from officialism it was felt that he had a strong case.

It particularly annoyed him, entering that backwater of perfect peace, to think that a lot of unscrupulous Trusts and Combinations had been cornering the market in goods of all kinds, and keeping prices at an artificial height. Such abusers of the individualistic system were the ruffians who caused all the trouble, and it was some satisfaction to see them getting into a stew at last lest the whole thing might come down with a run—and land them in the soup.

The offices of Cuthcott Kingson & Forsyte occupied the ground and first floors of a house on the right-hand side; and, ascending to his room, Soames thought: 'Time we had a coat of paint.'

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His old clerk Gradman was seated, where he always was, at a huge bureau with countless pigeonholes. Half-the-clerk stood beside him, with a broker's note recording investment of the proceeds from sale of the Bryanston Square house, in Roger Forsyte's estate. Soames took it, and said:

"Vancouver City Stock. H'm! It's down to-day!"

With a sort of grating ingratiation old Gradman answered him:

"Ye-es; but everything's down, Mr. Soames." And half-the-clerk withdrew.

Soames skewered the document onto a number of other papers and hung up his hat.

"I want to look at my Will and Marriage Settlement, Gradman."

Old Gradman, moving to the limit of his swivel chair, drew out two drafts from the bottom left-hand drawer. Recovering his body, he raised his grizzle-haired face, very red from stooping.

"Copies, Sir."

Soames took them. It struck him suddenly how like Gradman was to the stout brindled yard dog they had been wont to keep on his chain at The Shelter, till one day Fleur had come and insisted it should be let loose, so that it had at once bitten the cook and been destroyed. If you let Gradman off his chain, would he bite the cook?

Checking this frivolous fancy, Soames unfolded his Marriage Settlement. He had not looked at it for over eighteen years, not since he remade his Will when his father died and Fleur was born. He wanted to see whether the words "during coverture" were in. Yes, they were—odd expression, when you thought of it, and derived perhaps from horse-breeding! Interest on fifteen thousand pounds (which he paid her without deducting income tax) so long as she remained his wife, and afterward during widowhood "dum casta"—old-fashioned and rather pointed words, put in to insure the conduct of Fleur's mother. His Will made it up to an annuity of a thousand under the same conditions. All right! He returned the copies to Gradman, who took them without looking up, swung the chair, restored the papers to their drawer, and went on casting up.

"Gradman! I don't like the condition of the country; there are a lot of people about without any common sense. I want to find a way by which I can safeguard Miss Fleur against anything which might arise."

Gradman wrote the figure "2" on his blotting-paper.

"Ye-es," he said; "there's a nahsty spirit."

"The ordinary restraint against anticipation doesn't meet the case."

"Nao," said Gradman.

"Suppose those Labor fellows come in, or worse! It's these people with fixed ideas who are the danger. Look at Ireland!"

"Ah!" said Gradman.

"Suppose I were to make a settlement on her at once with myself as beneficiary for life, they couldn't take anything but the interest from me, unless of course they alter the law."

Gradman moved his head and smiled.

"Aoh!" he said, "they wouldn't do tha-at!"

"I don't know," muttered Soames; "I don't trust them."

"It'll take two years, Sir, to be valid against death duties."

Soames sniffed. Two years! He was only sixty-five!

"That's not the point. Draw a form of settlement that passes all my property to Miss Fleur's children in equal shares, with antecedent life-interests first to myself and then to her without power of anticipation, and add a clause that in the event of anything happening to divert her life-interest, that interest passes to the trustees, to apply for her benefit, in their absolute discretion."

Gradman grated: "Rather extreme at your age, Sir; you lose control."

"That's my business," said Soames sharply.

Gradman wrote on a piece of paper, "Life-interest—anticipation—divert interest—absolute discretion . . ."; and said:

"What trustees? There's young Mr. Kingson, he's a nice steady young fellow."

"Yes, he might do for one. I must have three. There isn't a Forsyte now who appeals to me."

"Not young Mr. Nicholas? He's at the Bar. We've given 'im briefs."

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"He'll never set the Thames on fire," said Soames.

A smile oozed out on Gradman's face, greasy with countless mutton-chops, the smile of a man who sits all day.

"You can't expect it, at his age, Mr. Soames."

"Why? What is he? Forty?"

"Ye-es, quite a young fellow."

"Well, put him in; but I want somebody who'll take a personal interest. There's no one that I can see."

"What about Mr. Valerius, now he's come home?"

"Val Dartie? With that father?"

"We-ell," murmured Gradman, "he's been dead seven years—the Statute runs against him."

"No," said Soames. "I don't like the connection." He rose. Gradman said suddenly:

"If they were makin' a levy on capital, they could come on the trustees, Sir. So there you'd be just the same. I'd think it over, if I were you."

"That's true," said Soames, "I will. What have you done about that dilapidation notice in Vere Street?"

"I 'aven't served it yet. The party's very old. She won't want to go out at her age."

"I don't know. This spirit of unrest touches every one."

"Still, I'm lookin' at things broadly, Sir. She's eighty-one."

"Better serve it," said Soames, "and see what she says. Oh! and Mr. Timothy? Is everything in order in case of——"

"I've got the inventory of his estate all ready; had the furniture and pictures valued so that we know what reserves to put on. I shall be sorry when he goes, though. Dear me! It is a time since I first saw Mr. Timothy!"

"We can't live forever," said Soames, taking down his hat.

"Nao," said Gradman; "but it'll be a pity—the last of the old family! Shall I take up the matter of that nuisance in Old Compton Street? Those organs—they're nahsty things."

"Do. I must call for Miss Fleur and catch the four o'clock. Good-day, Gradman."

"Good-day, Mr. Soames. I hope Miss Fleur——"

"Well enough, but gads about too much."

"Ye-es," grated Gradman; "she's young."

Soames went out, musing: "Old Gradman! If he were younger I'd put him in the trust. There's nobody I can depend on to take a real interest."

Leaving the bilious and mathematical exactitude, the preposterous peace of that backwater, he thought suddenly: 'During coverture! Why can't they exclude fellows like Profond, instead of a lot of hard-working Germans?' and was surprised at the depth of uneasiness which could provoke so unpatriotic a thought. But there it was! One never got a moment of real peace. There was always something at the back of everything! And he made his way toward Green Street.

Two hours later by his watch, Thomas Gradman, stirring in his swivel chair, closed the last drawer of his bureau, and putting into his waistcoat pocket a bunch of keys so fat that they gave him a protuberance on the liver side, brushed his old top hat round with his sleeve, took his umbrella, and descended. Thick, short, and buttoned closely into his old frock coat, he walked toward Covent Garden market. He never missed that daily promenade to the Tube for Highgate, and seldom some critical transaction on the way in connection with vegetables and fruit. Generations might be born, and hats might change, wars be fought, and Forsytes fade away, but Thomas Gradman, faithful and grey, would take his daily walk and buy his daily vegetable. Times were not what they were, and his son had lost a leg, and they never gave him those nice little plaited baskets to carry the stuff in now, and these Tubes were convenient things—still he mustn't complain; his health was good considering his time of life, and after fifty-four years in the Law he was getting a round eight hundred a year and a little worried of late, because it was mostly collector's commission on the rents, and with all this conversion of Forsyte property going on, it looked like drying up, and the price of living still so high; but it was no good worrying—"The good God made us all"—as he was in the habit of saying; still,

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house property in London—he didn't know what Mr. Roger or Mr. James would say if they could see it being sold like this—seemed to show a lack of faith; but Mr. Soames—he worried. Life and lives in being and twenty-one years after—beyond that you couldn't go; still, he kept his health wonderfully—and Miss Fleur was a pretty little thing—she was; she'd marry; but lots of people had no children nowadays—he had had his first child at twenty-two; and Mr. Jolyon, married while he was at Cambridge, had his child the same year—gracious Peter! That was back in '70, a long time before old Mr. Jolyon—fine judge of property—had taken his Will away from Mr. James—dear, yes! Those were the days when they were buyin' property right and left, and none of this khaki and fallin' over one another to get out of things; and cucumbers at twopence; and a melon—the old melons, that made your mouth water! Fifty years since he went into Mr. James' office, and Mr. James had said to him: "Now, Gradman, you're only a shaver—you pay attention, and you'll make your five hundred a year before you've done." And he had, and feared God, and served the Forsytes, and kept a vegetable diet at night. And, buying a copy of *John Bull*—not that he approved of it, an extravagant affair—he entered the Tube elevator with his mere brown-paper parcel, and was borne down into the bowels of the earth.

VI

SOAMES' PRIVATE LIFE

On his way to Green Street it occurred to Soames that he ought to go into Dumetrius' in Suffolk Street about the possibility of the Bolderby Old Crome. Almost worth while to have fought the war to have the Bolderby Old Crome, as it were, in flux! Old Bolderby had died, his son and grandson had been killed—a cousin was coming into the estate, who meant to sell it, some said because of the condition of England, others said because he had asthma.

If Dumetrius once got hold of it the price would become prohibitive; it was necessary for Soames to find out whether Dumetrius had got it, before he tried to get it himself. He therefore confined himself to discussing with Dumetrius whether Monticellis would come again now that it was the fashion for a picture to be anything except a picture; and the future of Johns, with a side-slip into Buxton Knights. It was only when leaving that he added: "So they're not selling the Bolderby Old Crome, after all?" In sheer pride of racial superiority, as he had calculated would be the case, Dumetrius replied:

"Oh! I shall get it, Mr. Forsyte, Sir."

The flutter of his eyelid fortified Soames in a resolution to write direct to the new Bolderby, suggesting that the only dignified way of dealing with an Old Crome was to avoid dealers. He therefore said: "Well, good day!" and went, leaving Dumetrius the wiser.

At Green Street he found that Fleur was out and would be all the evening; she was staying one more night in London. He cabbed on dejectedly, and caught his train.

He reached his house about six o'clock. The air was heavy, midges biting, thunder about. Taking his letters he went up to his dressing-room to cleanse himself of London.

An uninteresting post. A receipt, a bill for purchases on behalf of Fleur. A circular about an exhibition of etchings. A letter beginning:

"Sir,
"I feel it my duty——"

That would be an appeal or something unpleasant. He looked at once for the signature. There was none! Incredulously he turned the page over and examined each corner. Not being a public man, Soames had never yet had an anonymous letter, and his first impulse was to tear it up, as a dangerous thing; his second to read it, as a thing still more dangerous.

"Sir,
"I feel it my duty to inform you that having no interest in the matter your lady is carrying on with a foreigner——"

Reaching that word Soames stopped mechanically and examined the postmark. So far as he could pierce the im-

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penetrable disguise in which the Post Office had wrapped it, there was something with a "sea" at the end and a "t" in it. Chelsea? No! Battersea? Perhaps! He read on.

"These foreigners are all the same. Sack the lot! This one meets your lady twice a week. I know it of my own knowledge—and to see an Englishman put on goes against the grain. You watch it and see if what I say isn't true. I shouldn't meddle if it wasn't a dirty foreigner that's in it. Yours obedient."

The sensation with which Soames dropped the letter was similar to that he would have had entering his bedroom and finding it full of black-beetles. The meanness of anonymity gave a shuddering obscenity to the moment. And the worst of it was that this shadow had been at the back of his mind ever since the Sunday evening when Fleur had pointed down at Prosper Profond strolling on the lawn, and said: "Prowling cat?" Had he not in connection therewith, this very day, perused his Will and Marriage Settlement? And now this anonymous ruffian, with nothing to gain, apparently, save the venting of his spite against foreigners, had wrenched it out of the obscurity in which he had hoped and wished it would remain. To have such knowledge forced on him, at his time of life, about Fleur's mother! He picked the letter up from the carpet, tore it across, and then, when it hung together by just the fold at the back, stopped tearing, and re-read it. He was taking at that moment one of the decisive resolutions of his life. He would *not* be forced into another scandal. No! However he decided to deal with this matter—and it required the most far-sighted and careful consideration—he would do nothing that might injure Fleur. That resolution taken, his mind answered the helm again, and he made his ablutions. His hands trembled as he dried them. Scandal he would not have, but something must be done to stop this sort of thing. He went into his wife's room and stood looking round him. The idea of searching for anything which would incriminate, and entitle him to hold a menace over her, did not even come to him. There would be nothing—she was much too practical. The idea of having her watched had been dismissed before it came—too well he remembered his previous experience of that. No! He had nothing but this torn-up letter from some anonymous ruffian, whose impudent intrusion into his private life he so violently resented. It was repugnant to him to make use of it, but he might have to. What a mercy Fleur was not at home to-night! A tap on the door broke up his painful cogitations.

"Mr. Michael Mont, Sir, is in the drawing-room. Will you see him?"

"No," said Soames; "yes. I'll come down."

Anything that would take his mind off for a few minutes!

Michael Mont in flannels stood on the verandah, smoking a cigarette. He threw it away as Soames came up, and ran his hand through his hair.

Soames' feeling toward this young man was singular. He was no doubt a rackety, irresponsible young fellow according to old standards, yet somehow likeable, with his extraordinarily cheerful way of blurting out his opinions.

"Come in," he said; "have you had tea?"

Mont came in.

"I thought Fleur would have been back, Sir; but I'm glad she isn't. The fact is, I—I'm fearfully gone on her; so fearfully gone that I thought you'd better know. It's old-fashioned, of course, coming to fathers first, but I thought you'd forgive that. I went to my own dad, and he says if I settle down he'll see me through. He rather cottons to the idea, in fact. I told him about your Goya."

"Oh!" said Soames, inexpressibly dry: "He rather cottons?"

"Yes, Sir; do you?"

Soames smiled faintly.

"You see," resumed Mont, twiddling his straw hat, while his hair, ears, eyebrows, all seemed to stand up from excitement, "when you've been through the war you can't help being in a hurry."

"To get married; and unmarried afterward," said Soames slowly.

"Not from Fleur, Sir. Imagine, if you were me!"

Soames cleared his throat. That way of putting it was forcible enough.

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"Fleur's too young," he said.

"Oh! no, Sir. We're awfully old nowadays. My dad seems to me a perfect babe; his thinking apparatus hasn't turned a hair. But he's a Baronight, of course; that keeps him back."

"Baronight," repeated Soames; "what may that be?"

"Bart, Sir. I shall be a Bart some day. But I shall live it down, you know."

"Go away and live this down," said Soames.

Young Mont said imploringly: "Oh! no, Sir. I simply must hang round, or I shouldn't have a dog's chance. You'll let Fleur do what she likes, I suppose, anyway. Madame passes me."

"Indeed!" said Soames frigidly.

"You don't really bar me, do you?" and the young man looked so doleful that Soames smiled.

"You may think you're very old," he said; "but you strike me as extremely young. To rattle ahead of everything is not a proof of maturity."

"All right, Sir; I give you in our age. But to show you I mean business—I've got a job."

"Glad to hear it."

"Joined a publisher; my governor is putting up the stakes."

Soames put his hand over his mouth—he had so very nearly said: "God help the publisher." His grey eyes scrutinized the agitated young man.

"I don't dislike you, Mr. Mont, but Fleur is everything to me. Everything—do you understand?"

"Yes, Sir, I know; but so she is to me."

"That's as may be. I'm glad you've told me, however. And now I think there's nothing more to be said."

"I know it rests with her, Sir."

"It will rest with her a long time, I hope."

"You aren't cheering," said Mont suddenly.

"No," said Soames; "my experience of life has not made me anxious to couple people in a hurry. Good night, Mr. Mont. I shan't tell Fleur what you've said."

"Oh!" murmured Mont blankly; "I really could knock my brains out for want of her. She knows that perfectly well."

"I dare say," said Soames dryly, holding out his hand. A distracted squeeze, a heavy sigh, and soon after sounds from the young man's motor-cycle called up visions of flying dust and broken bones.

'The younger generation!' he thought heavily, and went out on to the lawn. The gardeners had been mowing, and there was still the smell of fresh-cut grass—the thundery air kept all scents close to earth. The sky was of a purplish hue—the poplars black. Two or three boats passed on the river, scuttling, as it were, for shelter before the storm. 'Three days fine weather,' thought Soames, 'and then a storm!' Where was Annette? With that chap, for all he knew—she was a young woman! Impressed with the queer charity of that thought, he entered the summer-house and sat down. The fact was—and he admitted it—Fleur was so much to him that his wife was very little—very little; French—had never been much more than a mistress, and he was getting indifferent to that side of things! It was odd how, with all this ingrained care for moderation and secure investment, Soames ever put his emotional eggs into one basket. First Irene—now Fleur. He was dimly conscious of it, sitting there, conscious of its odd dangerousness. It had brought him to wreck and scandal once, but now—now it should save him! He cared so much for Fleur that he would have no further scandal. If only he could get at that anonymous letter-writer, he would teach him not to meddle and stir up mud at the bottom of water which he wished should remain stagnant! . . . A distant flash, a low rumble, and large drops of rain spattered on the thatch above him. He remained indifferent, tracing a pattern with his finger on the dusty surface of a little rustic table. Fleur's future! 'I want fair sailing for her,' he thought. 'Nothing else matters at my time of life.' A lonely business—life! What you had you never could keep to yourself! As you warned one off, you let another in. One could make sure of nothing! He reached up and pulled a red rambler rose from a cluster which blocked the window. Flowers grew and dropped—Nature was a queer thing! The thunder rumbled and crashed, travel-

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ling east along the river, the paling flashes flicked his eyes; the poplar tops showed sharp and dense against the sky, a heavy shower rustled and rattled and veiled in the little house wherein he sat, indifferent, thinking.

When the storm was over, he left his retreat and went down the wet path to the river bank.

Two swans had come, sheltering in among the reeds. He knew the birds well, and stood watching the dignity in the curve of those white necks and formidable snake-like heads. 'Not dignified—what I have to do!' he thought. And yet it must be tackled, lest worse befell. Annette must be back by now from wherever she had gone, for it was nearly dinner-time, and as the moment for seeing her approached, the difficulty of knowing what to say and how to say it had increased. A new and scaring thought occurred to him. Suppose she wanted her liberty to marry this fellow! Well, if she did, she couldn't have it. He had not married her for that. The image of Prosper Profond dawdled before him reassuringly. Not a marrying man! No, no! Anger replaced that momentary scare. 'He had better not come my way,' he thought. The mongrel represented—! But what did Prosper Profond represent? Nothing that mattered surely. And yet something real enough in the world—unmorality let off its chain, disillusionment on the prowl! That expression Annette had caught from him: "*Je m'en fiche!*" A fatalistic chap! A Continental—a cosmopolitan—a product of the age! If there were condemnation more complete, Soames felt that he did not know it.

The swans had turned their heads, and were looking past him into some distance of their own. One of them uttered a little hiss, wagged its tail, turned as if answering to a rudder, and swam away. The other followed. Their white bodies, their stately necks, passed out of his sight, and he went toward the house.

Annette was in the drawing-room, dressed for dinner, and he thought as he went up-stairs: "Handsome is as handsome does." Handsome! Except for remarks about the curtains in the drawing-room, and the storm, there was practically no conversation during a meal distinguished by exactitude of quantity and perfection of quality. Soames drank nothing. He followed her into the drawing-room afterward, and found her smoking a cigarette on the sofa between the two French windows. She was leaning back, almost upright, in a low black frock, with her knees crossed and her blue eyes half closed; grey-blue smoke issued from her red, rather full lips, a fillet bound her chestnut hair, she wore the thinnest silk stockings, and shoes with very high heels showing off her instep. A fine piece in any room! Soames, who held that torn letter in a hand thrust deep into the side-pocket of his dinner-jacket, said:

"I'm going to shut the window; the damp's lifting in."

He did so, and stood looking at a David Cox adorning the cream-panelled wall close by.

What was she thinking of? He had never understood a woman in his life—except Fleur—and Fleur not always! His heart beat fast. But if he meant to do it, now was the moment. Turning from the David Cox, he took out the torn letter.

"I've had this."

Her eyes widened, stared at him, and hardened.

Soames handed her the letter.

"It's torn, but you can read it." And he turned back to the David Cox—a sea-piece, of good tone—but without movement enough. 'I wonder what that chap's doing at this moment?' he thought. 'I'll astonish him yet.' Out of the corner of his eye he saw Annette holding the letter rigidly; her eyes moved from side to side under her darkened lashes and frowning darkened eyebrows. She dropped the letter, gave a little shiver, smiled, and said:

"Dirrty!"

"I quite agree," said Soames; "degrading. Is it true?"

A tooth fastened on her red lower lip. "And what if it were?"

She was brazen!

"Is that all you have to say?"

"No."

"Well, speak out!"

"What is the good of talking?"

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Soames said icily: "So you admit it?"

"I admit nothing. You are a fool to ask. A man like you should not ask. It is dangerous."

Soames made a tour of the room, to subdue his rising anger.

"Do you remember," he said, halting in front of her, "what you were when I married you? Working at accounts in a restaurant."

"Do you remember that I was not half your age?"

Soames broke off the hard encounter of their eyes, and went back to the David Cox.

"I am not going to bandy words. I require you to give up this—friendship. I think of the matter entirely as it affects Fleur."

"Ah!—Fleur!"

"Yes," said Soames stubbornly; "Fleur. She is your child as well as mine."

"It is kind to admit that!"

"Are you going to do what I say?"

"I refuse to tell you."

"Then I must make you."

Annette smiled.

"No, Soames," she said. "You are helpless. Do not say things that you will regret."

Anger swelled the veins on his forehead. He opened his mouth to vent that emotion, and—could not. Annette went on:

"There shall be no more such letters, I promise you. That is enough."

Soames writhed. He had a sense of being treated like a child by this woman who had deserved he did not know what.

"When two people have married, and lived like us, Soames, they had better be quiet about each other. There are things one does not drag up into the light for people to laugh at. You will be quiet, then; not for my sake—for your own. You are getting old; I am not, yet. You have made me ver-ry practical."

Soames, who had passed through all the sensations of being choked, repeated dully:

"I require you to give up this friendship."

"And if I do not?"

"Then—then I will cut you out of my Will."

Somehow it did not seem to meet the case. Annette laughed.

"You will live a long time, Soames."

"You—you are a bad woman," said Soames suddenly.

Annette shrugged her shoulders.

"I do not think so. Living with you has killed things in me, it is true; but I am not a bad woman. I am sensible—that is all. And so will you be when you have thought it over."

"I shall see this man," said Soames sullenly, "and warn him off."

"*Mon cher*, you are funny. You do not want me, you have as much of me as you want; and you wish the rest of me to be dead. I admit nothing, but I am not going to be dead, Soames, at my age; so you had better be quiet, I tell you. I myself will make no scandal; none. Now, I am not saying any more, whatever you do."

She reached out, took a French novel off a little table, and opened it. Soames watched her, silenced by the tumult of his feelings. The thought of that man was almost making him want her, and this was a revelation of their relationship, startling to one little given to introspective philosophy. Without saying another word he went out and up to the picture-gallery. This came of marrying a Frenchwoman! And yet, without her there would have been no Fleur! She had served her purpose.

'She's right,' he thought; 'I can do nothing. I don't *know* even that there's anything in it.' The instinct of self-preservation warned him to batten down his hatches, to smother the fire with want of air. Unless one believed there was something in a thing, there wasn't.

That night he went into her room. She received him in the most matter-of-fact way, as if there had been no scene between them. And he returned to his own room with a curious sense of peace. If one didn't choose to see, one needn't. And he did not choose—in future he did not choose. There was nothing to be gained by it—nothing! Opening the drawer he took from the sachet a handkerchief, and the framed photograph of Fleur. When he had looked at it a little he slipped it down, and there was that other one—that old one of Irene. An owl hooted while he stood in his window gazing at it. The owl hooted, the red

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climbing roses seemed to deepen in color, there came a scent of lime-blossom. God! That had been a different thing! Passion—Memory! Dust!

VII

JUNE TAKES A HAND

WHEN one is a sculptor, a Pole, a sometime resident in New York, an egoist, and impecunious, he is to be found of an evening in June Forsyte's studio on the bank of the Thames at Chiswick. On the evening of July 6, Boris Strumolowski—several of whose works were on show there because they were as yet too advanced to be on show anywhere else—had begun well, with that aloof and rather Christlike silence which admirably suited his youthful, round, broad-cheekboned countenance framed in bright hair banged like a girl's. June had known him three weeks, and he still seemed to her the principal embodiment of genius, and hope of the future; a sort of Star of the East which had strayed into an unappreciative West. Until that evening he had conversationally confined himself to recording his impressions of the United States, whose dust he had just shaken from off his feet—a country, in his opinion, so barbarous in every way that he had sold practically nothing there, and become an object of suspicion to the police; a country, as he said, without a race of its own, without liberty, equality, or fraternity, without principles, traditions, taste, without—in a word—a soul. He had left it for his own good, and come to the only other country where he could live well. June had dwelt unhappily on him in her lonely moments, standing before his creations—frightening, but powerful and symbolic once they had been explained! That he, haloed by bright hair like an early Italian painting, and absorbed in his genius to the exclusion of all else—the only sign of course by which real genius could be told—should still be a "lame duck" agitated her warm heart almost to the exclusion of Paul Post. And she had begun to take steps to clear her Gallery, in order to fill it with Strumolowski masterpieces. She had at once encountered trouble. Paul Post had kicked; Vospovitch had stung. With all the emphasis of a genius which she did not as yet deny them, they had demanded another six weeks at least of her Gallery. The American stream, still flowing in, would soon be flowing out. The American stream was their right, their only hope, their salvation—since nobody in this "beastly" country cared for Art. June had yielded to the demonstration. After all Boris would not mind their having the full benefit of an American stream, which he himself so violently despised.

This evening she had put that to Boris with nobody else present, except Hannah Hobdey, the mediæval black-and-whitist, and Jimmy Portugal, editor of the *Neo-Artist*. She had put it to him with that sudden confidence which continual contact with the neo-artistic world had never been able to dry up in her warm and generous nature. He had not broken his Christlike silence, however, for more than two minutes before she began to move her blue eyes from side to side, as a cat moves its tail. This—he said—was characteristic of England, the most selfish country in the world; the country which sucked the blood of other countries; destroyed the brains and hearts of Irishmen, Hindus, Egyptians, Boers, and Burmese, all the finest races in the world; bullying, hypocritical England! This was what he had expected, coming to such a country, where the climate was all fog, and the people all tradesmen perfectly blind to Art, and sunk in profiteering and the grossest materialism. Conscious that Hannah Hobdey was murmuring: "Hear, hear!" and Jimmy Portugal sniggering, June grew crimson, and suddenly rapped out:

"Then why did you ever come? We didn't ask you."

The remark was so singularly at variance with all that she had led him to expect from her, that Strumolowski stretched out his hand and took a cigarette.

"England never wants an idealist," he said.

But in June something primitively English was thoroughly upset; old Jolyon's sense of justice had risen, as it were, from bed. "You come and sponge on us," she said, "and then abuse us. If you think that's playing the game, I don't."

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She now discovered that which others had discovered before her—the thickness of hide beneath which the sensibility of genius is sometimes veiled. Strumolowski's young and ingenuous face became the incarnation of a sneer.

"Sponge, one does not sponge, one takes what is owing—a tenth part of what is owing. You will repent to say that, Miss Forsyte."

"Oh, no," said June, "I shan't."

"Ah! We know very well, we artists—you take us to get what you can out of us. I want nothing from you"—and he blew out a cloud of June's smoke.

Decision rose in an icy puff from the turmoil of insulted shame within her. "Very well, then, you can take your things away."

And, almost in the same moment, she thought: 'Poor boy! He's only got a garret, and probably not a taxi fare. In front of these people, too; it's positively disgusting!'

Young Strumolowski shook his head violently; his hair, thick, smooth, close as a golden plate, did not fall off.

"I can live on nothing," he said shrilly; "I have often had to for the sake of my Art. It is you bourgeois who force us to spend money."

The words hit June like a pebble, in the ribs. After all she had done for Art, all her identification with its troubles and lame ducks. She was struggling for adequate words when the door was opened, and her Austrian murmured:

"A young lady, *gnädiges Fräulein*."

"Where?"

"In the little meal-room."

With a glance at Boris Strumolowski, at Hannah Hobdey, at Jimmy Portugal, June said nothing, and went out, devoid of equanimity. Entering the "little meal-room," she perceived the young lady to be Fleur—looking very pretty, if pale. At this disenchanted moment a little lame duck of her own breed was welcome to June, so homœopathic by instinct.

The girl must have come, of course, because of Jon; or, if not, at least to get something out of her. And June felt just then that to assist somebody was the only bearable thing.

"So you've remembered to come," she said.

"Yes. What a jolly little duck of a house! But please don't let me bother you, if you've got people."

"Not at all," said June. "I want to let them stew in their own juice for a bit. Have you come about Jon?"

"You said you thought we ought to be told. Well, I've found out."

"Oh!" said June blankly. "Not nice, is it?"

They were standing one on each side of the little bare table at which June took her meals. A vase on it was full of Iceland poppies; the girl raised her hand and touched them with a gloved finger. To her new-fangled dress, frilly about the hips and tight below the knees, June took a sudden liking—a charming color, flax-blue.

'She makes a picture,' thought June. Her little room, with its whitewashed walls, its floor and hearth of old pink brick, its black paint, and latticed window athwart which the last of the sunlight was shining, had never looked so charming, set off by this young figure, with the creamy, slightly frowning face. She remembered with sudden vividness how nice she herself had looked in those old days when *her* heart was set on Philip Bosinney, that dead lover, who had broken from her to destroy forever Irene's allegiance to this girl's father. Did Fleur know of that, too?

"Well," she said, "what are you going to do?"

It was some seconds before Fleur answered.

"I don't want Jon to suffer. I must see him once more to put an end to it."

"You're going to put an end to it!"

"What else is there to do?"

The girl seemed to June, suddenly, intolerably spiritless.

"I suppose you're right," she muttered. "I know my father thinks so; but—I should never have done it myself. I can't take things lying down."

How poised and watchful that girl looked; how unemotional her voice sounded!

"People *will* assume that I'm in love."

"Well, aren't you?"

Fleur shrugged her shoulders. 'I might have known it,' thought June; 'she's Soames' daughter—fish! And yet—he!'

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"What do you want *me* to do then?" she said with a sort of disgust.

"Could I see Jon here to-morrow on his way down to Holly's? He'd come if you sent him a line to-night. And perhaps afterward you'd let them know quietly at Robin Hill that it's all over, and that they needn't tell Jon about his mother."

"All right!" said June abruptly. "I'll write now, and you can post it. Half-past two to-morrow. I shan't be in, myself."

She sat down at the tiny bureau which filled one corner. When she looked round with the finished note Fleur was still touching the poppies with her gloved finger.

June licked a stamp. "Well, here it is. If you're not in love, of course, there's no more to be said. Jon's lucky."

Fleur took the note. "Thanks awfully!"

'Cold-blooded little baggage!' thought June. Jon, son of her father, to love, and not to be loved by the daughter of—Soames! It was humiliating!

"Is that all?"

Fleur nodded; her frills shook and trembled as she swayed toward the door.

"Good-bye!"

"Good-bye! . . . Little piece of fashion!" muttered June, closing the door. "That family!" And she marched back toward her studio. Boris Strumolowski had regained his Christlike silence, and Jimmy Portugal was damning everybody, except the group in whose behalf he ran the *Neo-Artist*. Among the condemned were Eric Cobbley, and several other "lame-duck" genii who at one time or another had held first place in the repertoire of June's aid and adoration. She experienced a sense of futility and disgust, and went to the window to let the river-wind blow those squeaky words away.

But when at length Jimmy Portugal had finished, and gone with Hannah Hobdey, she sat down and mothered young Strumolowski for half an hour, promising him a month, at least, of the American stream; so that he went away with his halo in perfect order. 'In spite of all,' June thought, 'Boris *is* wonderful.'

VIII

THE BIT BETWEEN THE TEETH

To know that your hand is against everyone's is—for some natures—to experience a sense of moral release. Fleur felt no remorse when she left June's house. Reading condemnatory resentment in her little kinswoman's blue eyes—she was glad that she had fooled her, despising June because that elderly idealist had not seen what she was after.

End it, forsooth! She would soon show them all that she was only just beginning. And she smiled to herself on the top of the 'bus which carried her back to Mayfair. But the smile died, squeezed out by spasms of anticipation and anxiety. Would she be able to manage Jon? She had taken the bit between her teeth, but could she make him take it too? She knew the truth and the real danger of delay—he knew neither; therein lay all the difference in the world.

'Suppose I tell him,' she thought; 'wouldn't it really be safer?' This hideous luck had no right to spoil their love; he must see that! They could not let it! People always accepted an accomplished fact in time! From that piece of philosophy—profound enough at her age—she passed to another consideration less philosophic. If she persuaded Jon to a quick and secret marriage, and he found out afterward that she had known the truth! What then? Jon hated subterfuge. Again, then, would it not be better to tell him? But the memory of his mother's face kept intruding on that impulse. Fleur was afraid. His mother had power over him; more power perhaps than she herself. Who could tell? It was too great a risk. Deep-sunk in these instinctive calculations she was carried on past Green Street as far as the Ritz Hotel. She got down there, and walked back on the Green Park side. The storm had washed every tree; they still dripped. Heavy drops fell on to her frills, and to avoid them she crossed over under the eyes of the Iseeum Club. Chancing to look up she saw Monsieur Profond with a tall stout man in the bay window. Turning into Green Street she heard her name called, and saw "that prowler" coming up. He took off his

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hat—a glossy "bowler" such as she particularly detested:

"Good evenin'! Miss Forsyde. Isn't there a small thing I can do for you?"

"Yes," said Fleur; "pass by on the other side."

"I say! Why do you dislike me?"

"Do I?"

"It looks like it."

"Well, then, because you make me feel life isn't worth living."

Monsieur Profond smiled.

"Look here, Miss Forsyde, don't worry. It'll be all right. Nothing lasts."

"Things do last," cried Fleur; "with me anyhow—especially likes and dislikes."

"Well, that makes me a bit un'appy."

"I should have thought nothing could ever make you happy or unhappy."

"I don't like to annoy other people. I'm goin' on my yacht."

Fleur looked at him, startled.

"Where?"

"Small voyage to the South Seas or somewhere," said Monsieur Profond.

Fleur suffered relief and a sense of insult. Clearly he meant to convey that he was breaking with her mother. How dared he have anything to break, and yet how dared he break it?

"Good night, Miss Forsyde! Remember me to Mrs. Dartie. I'm not so bad really. Good night!" Fleur left him standing there with his hat raised. Stealing a look round, she saw him stroll—immaculate and heavy—back toward his Club.

'He can't even love with conviction,' she thought. 'What will Mother do?'

Her dreams that night were endless and uneasy; she rose heavy and unrested, and went at once to the study of Whitaker's Almanac. A Forsyte is instinctively aware that facts are the real crux of any situation. She might conquer Jon's prejudice, but without exact machinery to complete their desperate resolve, nothing would happen. From the invaluable tome she learned that they must each be twenty-one; or some one's consent would be necessary, which of course was unobtainable; then she became lost in directions concerning licenses, certificates, notices, districts, coming finally to the word "perjury." But that was nonsense! Who would really mind their giving wrong ages in order to be married for love! She ate hardly any breakfast, and went back to Whitaker. The more she studied the less sure she became; till, idly turning the pages, she came to Scotland. People could be married there without any of this nonsense. She had only to go and stay there twenty-one days, then Jon could come, and in front of two people they could declare themselves married. And what was more—they would be! It was far the best way; and at once she ran over her schoolfellows. There was Mary Lambe who lived in Edinburgh and was "quite a sport!" She had a brother too. She could stay with Mary Lambe, who with her brother would serve for witnesses. She well knew that some girls would think all this unnecessary, and that all she and Jon need do was to go away together for a week-end and then say to their people: "We are married by Nature, we must now be married by Law." But Fleur was Forsyte enough to feel such a proceeding dubious, and to dread her father's face when he heard of it. Besides, she did not believe that Jon would do it; he had an opinion of her such as she could not bear to diminish. No! Mary Lambe was preferable, and it was just the time of year to go to Scotland. More at ease now, she packed, avoided her aunt, and took a 'bus to Chiswick. She was too early, and went on to Kew Gardens. She found no peace among its flower-beds, labelled trees, and broad green spaces, and having lunched off anchovy-paste sandwiches and coffee, returned to Chiswick and rang June's bell. The Austrian admitted her to the "little meal-room." Now that she knew what she and Jon were up against, her longing for him had increased tenfold, as if he were a toy with sharp edges or dangerous paint such as they had tried to take from her as a child. If she could not have her way, and get Jon for good and all, she felt like dying of privation. By hook or crook she must and would get him! A round dim mirror of very old glass hung over the pink brick hearth. She stood looking at herself reflected in it, pale, and rather dark under the eyes; little shudders kept passing through her nerves. Then she heard the bell ring,

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and, stealing to the window, saw him standing on the doorstep smoothing his hair and lips, as if he too were trying to subdue the fluttering of his nerves.

She was sitting on one of the two rush-seated chairs, with her back to the door, when he came in, and she said at once:

"Sit down, Jon, I want to talk seriously."

Jon sat on the table by her side, and without looking at him she went on:

"If you don't want to lose me, we must get married."

Jon gasped.

"Why? Is there anything new?"

"No, but I felt it at Robin Hill, and among my people."

"But—" stammered Jon, "at Robin Hill—it was all smooth—and they've said nothing to me."

"But they mean to stop us. Your mother's face was enough. And my father's."

"Have you seen him since?"

Fleur nodded. What mattered a few supplementary lies?

"But," said Jon eagerly, "I can't see how they can feel like that after all these years."

Fleur looked up at him.

"Perhaps you don't love me enough."

"Not love you enough! Why—I——"

"Then make sure of me."

"Without telling them?"

"Not till after."

Jon was silent. How much older he looked than on that day, barely two months ago, when she first saw him—quite two years older!

"It would hurt Mother awfully," he said.

Fleur drew her hand away.

"You've got to choose."

Jon slid off the table onto his knees.

"But why not tell them? They can't really stop us, Fleur!"

"They can! I tell you, they can."

"How?"

"We're utterly dependent—by putting money pressure, and all sorts of other pressure. I'm not patient, Jon."

"But it's deceiving them."

Fleur got up.

"You can't really love me, or you wouldn't hesitate. 'He either fears his fate too much——!'"

Lifting his hands to her waist, Jon forced her to sit down again. She hurried on:

"I've planned it all out. We've only to go to Scotland. When we're married they'll soon come round. People always come round to facts. Don't you *see*, Jon?"

"But to hurt them so awfully!"

So he would rather hurt her than those people of his! "All right, then; let me go!"

Jon got up and put his back against the door.

"I expect you're right," he said slowly; "but I want to think it over."

She could see that he was seething with feelings he wanted to express; but she did not mean to help him. She hated herself at this moment, and almost hated him. Why had she to do all the work to secure their love? It wasn't fair. And then she saw his eyes, adoring and distressed.

"Don't look like that! I only don't want to lose you, Jon."

"You can't lose me so long as you want me."

"Oh, yes, I can."

Jon put his hands on her shoulders.

"Fleur, do you know anything you haven't told me?"

It was the point-blank question she had dreaded. She looked straight at him, and answered: "No." She had burnt her boats. What did it matter, if she got him? He would forgive her. And throwing her arms round his neck, she kissed him on the lips. She was winning! She felt it in the beating of his heart against her, in the closing of his eyes. "I want to make sure! I want to make sure!" she whispered. "Promise!"

Jon did not answer. His face had the stillness of extreme trouble. At last he said:

"It's like hitting them. I must think a little, Fleur. I really must."

Fleur slipped out of his arms.

"Oh! Very well!" And suddenly she burst into tears of disappointment, shame, and overstrain. Followed five minutes of acute misery. Jon's remorse and tenderness knew no bounds; but he did not promise. Despite her will to cry: "Very well, then, if you don't love me enough—good-bye!" she dared not.

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From birth accustomed to her own way, this check from one so young, so tender, so devoted, baffled and surprised her. She wanted to push him away from her, to try what anger and coldness would do, and again she dared not. The knowledge that she was scheming to rush him blindfold into the irrevocable weakened everything—weakened the sincerity of pique, and the sincerity of passion; even her kisses had not the lure she wished for them. That stormy little meeting ended inconclusively.

"Will you some tea, *gnädiges Fräulein?*"

Pushing Jon from her, she cried out:

"No—no, thank you! I'm just going."

And before he could prevent her she was gone.

She went stealthily, mopping her flushed, stained cheeks, frightened, angry, very miserable. She had stirred Jon up so fearfully, yet nothing definite was promised or arranged! But the more uncertain and hazardous the future, the more "the will to have" worked its tentacles into the flesh of her heart—like some burrowing tick!

No one was at Green Street. Winifred had gone with Imogen to see a play which some said was allegorical, and others "very exciting, don't you know?" It was because of what others said that Winifred and Imogen had gone. Fleur went on to Paddington. Through the carriage the air from the brick-kilns of West Drayton and the late hay-fields fanned her still-flushed cheeks. Flowers had seemed to be had for the picking; now they were all thorned and prickled. But the golden flower within the crown of spikes was to her tenacious spirit all the fairer and more desirable.

(To be continued.)

A RETROSPECT OF RYDAL MOUNT

By Esther Cloudman Dunn

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM A DRAWING AND PHOTOGRAPHS

IT seemed to me that the boundary between past and present had disappeared as I went through the gateway between Dora's Field and the gardens of Rydal Mount lying in the afternoon sunshine of a mid-April day. In the house behind these gardens Wordsworth had died seventy years before; yet his daffodils were still blooming in trim beds along the terrace, and the mauve and white rock-plants were growing upon the stone wall beside the poet's walk. Before me lay the beloved gardens of Wordsworth's own day, which he himself had arranged and in which he might now be walking and composing. Yet I knew that the cadences of his verse had not been heard here for three-quarters of a century. Although the blossoms and contours of those well-remembered days were preserved as if no seasons had rolled between, the master-spirits were gone. Even the latest occupant, who had lovingly maintained the family tradition in this place, was not alive to see the April come again. The bare window-panes would not suffer too close a scrutiny behind their curtain of vines.

As I went along the gravelled walk and stood before the front porch of the house, my gracious guide pointed out the gabled room which Wordsworth had built for his retirement when the household became too distracting for poetic meditation. He showed me, too, the level path where the beloved Dorothy, "sister of my soul," was wheeled in her chair when she could no longer stride across the hills with her brother, and aid him in turning to poetry the rugged beauty of that country. As I saw it all for the first time at a most auspicious hour and season, the inner life of

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that household seemed to come back and possess its outward haunts as easily and naturally as the daffodils bloomed in the garden borders.

A contemporary account of Rydal Mount as it was in 1854 was sent home in letters to his friends and family in Philadelphia by Professor Henry Reed of the University of Pennsylvania. Four years after Wordsworth's death he had crossed from America with his sister-in-law Miss Bronson to visit Mrs. Wordsworth. His entertainment consisted of very simple events; yet it gave him an impression of distinction which no mere elaborateness could have produced.

The letters which contain the account have an interesting history. They have been lying undisturbed in family garrets from the time of Reed's visit to this day. They are written in a careful hand, though now the ink is somewhat brown. The paper has a musty smell, and sere little fragments of flowers, plucked in that long-ago summer, come crackling out unexpectedly as one turns the pages. Their story, however, is not faded nor out of date. It shows clearly the winning simplicity of the life at Rydal Mount; the effective quietness of the days; the confident reliance upon the beauty of the country and the wit of neighboring friends for entertainment. Now that I was standing beneath the very windows of the rooms where these American guests had lodged, I understood even better than before the charm and effectiveness of the life they found there.

Henry Reed was peculiarly fitted to appreciate the life of Wordsworth's household. For years before his visit to England he had been in intimate correspondence with the poet and had a sympathetic understanding of his way of life. To him also had belonged the privilege of editing the first complete American edition of Wordsworth's poetry. All his letters were preserved by Wordsworth; and when I saw how carefully they had been arranged and placed among his personal papers, I realized the mutual esteem and sympathy which had existed between the English poet and his American editor.

The story of the arrival of Mr. Reed and Miss Bronson at Rydal Mount is interesting. They had come from the station by stage-coach and alighted at the foot of the hill, where they were met by Mr. Carter (for many years Wordsworth's secretary) and James Dixon, an old family servant, who stood "with a barrow, waiting in the road to receive us—and this in quite a smart rain." It will be remembered that Wordsworth's earnest efforts kept the railways out of the lake district, and that even now there is a journey of twelve miles by stage from the nearest station into this country. But who would not drive any number of miles through drenching mountain showers for the charm of descending with one's "boxes" to find "James and a barrow" waiting at the turn of the road that leads to Rydal Mount?

James, as Mr. Reed points out, showed that combination of initiative and subordination, in nice adjustment, which makes the English servant a source of mental perplexity and material comfort to the American traveller. "He is," says the letter, "a singular specimen of humility as a domestic, and of gentlemanly refinement and delicacy of feeling. He blacks my shoes and wheels our baggage, and whenever I draw him out, talks excellently well about his master and mistress."

While James trudged behind with his barrow of luggage, the two American guests mounted the hill to be greeted by their hostess, Mrs. Wordsworth. The poet had prophesied for her

> "an old age serene and bright
> And lovely as a Lapland night."

It was thus that these two appreciative friends found her. They had "no conception of beholding so beautiful an old age," Reed wrote in his first letter. "She has been conversing with us all the evening in the most delightful manner, both as to the range of subjects and the various feelings of seriousness and pleasantry." As the story unfolds, it is plain that she was not only a practical householder but also shared the poetic idealism of her husband. "A strong, practical good sense," says Reed, "is mixed a good deal with the romantic and poetical, so that she mourns over the innovations of the times, railroads, steamboats, etc." How strange

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this sounds to twentieth-century ears, and how restful!

In her house each day began with that simple devotion for which we have somehow lost the grace in these latter days. The letters tell of how Mrs. Wordsworth herself read the prayers. "You cannot imagine a more pleasing or impressive manner—touching, and without effort, like everything else she does or says. The tones of her voice were peculiarly tender when, in the prayers for the sick and afflicted, she uttered one for poor old Miss Wordsworth (Dorothy, the poet's sister). It was: 'and especially we pray for her who has been so long hindered by infirmities from joining these our prayers.'"

Remembering the intense sympathy which had existed between Wordsworth and this "dear, dear sister," the visitors must have felt keenly the pathos of her enfeebled condition. In her youth her brother had foretold that "in after years"

> "Thy mind
> Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
> Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
> For all sweet sounds and harmonies."

Now those "lovely forms" were clouded, and the poor sister was lying in a chamber above-stairs a wreck, albeit gentle and long-suffering, of her true self. Reed and Miss Bronson were taken to see her after breakfast of that first morning of their visit, and again after they had been to Blea Tarn. The peace, restraint, and simplicity of the household seem to have soothed her, even in her disordered state, for their picture of her is not unpleasant. "When," says Reed, "I told her where we had been, she said in one of the softest voices you ever listened to, 'Blea Tarn is a beautiful tarn.'" Surely some far-off

Rydal Mount.
From a photograph in the Abraham Series.

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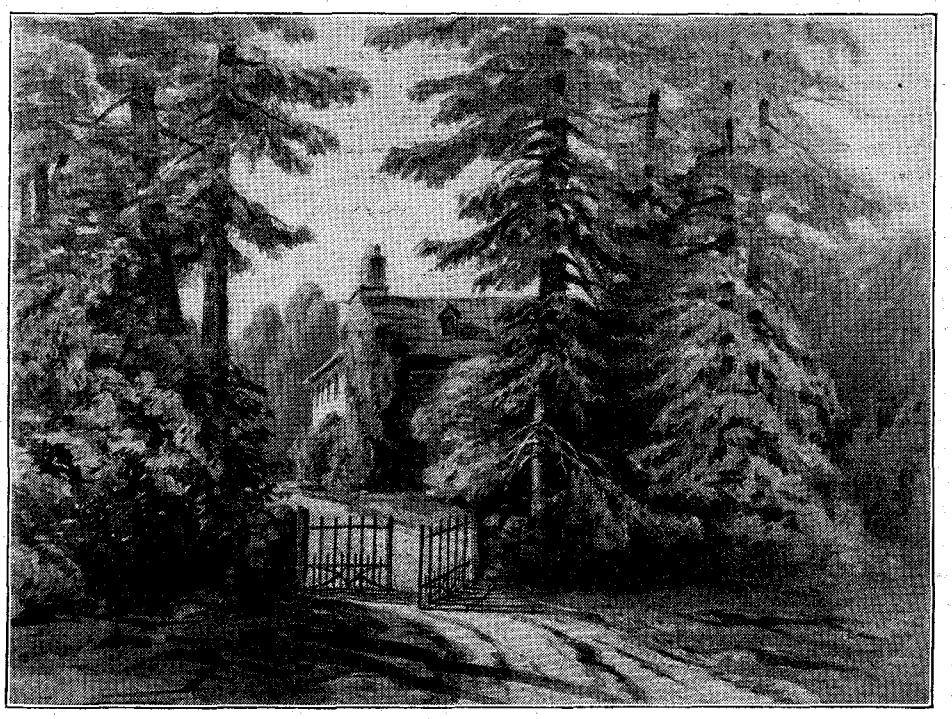
memory of that lovely lake and mountain country for which she and her brother had lived, and which has lived through them, made her voice soft and her response intelligent.

The quiet summer days passed in a round of simple entertainments for the visitors. On a sunny morning they would talking agreeably and telling us anecdotes about the literary men of the day." Mrs. Arnold, too, distinguished wife of the late Doctor Thomas Arnold of Rugby, and favored mother of Matthew Arnold, entertained these American friends at Fox How. No wonder Mr. Reed wrote home: "The fact is, we have got among a most



The entrance to Rydal Mount.

The inscription on the back reads:
"For Mrs. H. Reed. A copy of a sketch made for Mr. Reed by a friend of Mrs. Wordsworth and presented to him upon his departure from Rydal Mount. MARY WORDSWORTH, June 29, 1855."

stroll in the garden, along the poet's walk by the gray wall, or over the terrace where now no longer Dorothy was wheeled out to rest her eyes and support her spirit by the view of distant mountain and lake. There were calls to make upon neighbors: Mrs. Fletcher and her daughter Lady Richardson, wife of the distinguished Arctic explorer. Miss Bronson has preserved a pleasant picture of the latter as she stood in the door to greet them, "dressed in a deLege dress, straw hat and old gloves, all ready for a country walk." How simply she entertained them! "She took us," says Miss Bronson, "all over the grounds, which are most beautiful, fascinating set of old ladies upon whom I shall bestow my affections."

On the rainy days of their visit there were treasures to see in the library. Here for the asking was entertainment of the rarest kind, arising out of the nature of the house itself. The manuscripts of the *Prelude*, the *Recluse*, not then published, and the *Journals* kept by Dorothy and Mrs. Wordsworth during their tour on the Continent, were taken in reverent and sympathetic hands. There were also the poet's books. "I had no idea he had so much of a library," writes Mr. Reed. "There must be several thousand volumes. They are in all parts of the house,

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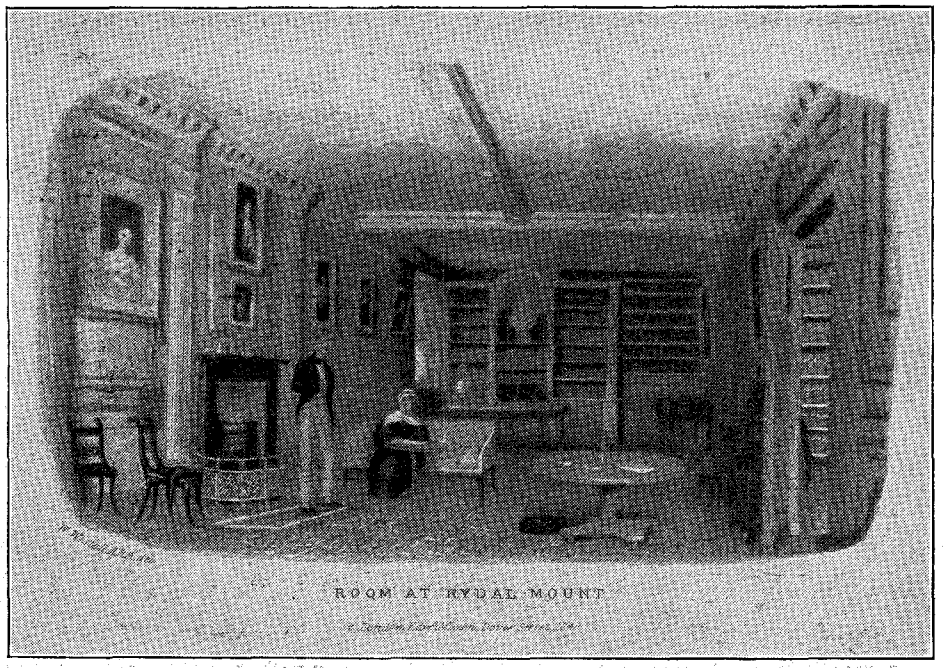

There were also the poet's books. "They are in all parts of the house, parlors and chambers," writes Mr. Reed.—Page 552.

parlors and chambers." Among them he noticed "especially the presentation copies which are very expressive of the gratitude of many and various minds to his poetry. Among these I was struck most with a memorandum written by Alan Stevenson, the engineer, in his large volume on the Skerryvore lighthouse. It was in these words:

"'To William Wordsworth, Esq.: A humble token of admiration for his character as a man and his genius as a poet, and of grateful remembrance of the peace and consolation derived from the companionship of his writings during the author's solitude on the Skerryvore Rock.'" It is pleasant to reflect that a member of that stern, lighthouse-building family, who, several years later, would have coerced the delicate-spirited R. L. S. into the same hard life, admitted in this inscription the sensitive strain in his own nature, his susceptibility to literary and spiritual things. To be able to browse among such books must have been the best of entertainment.

As much, perhaps, as the more definite features of the visit, the trifles, recorded in passing, reveal the character of the place. Mrs. Wordsworth was often busy with knitting, and presented Miss Bronson with a pair of knitted hose. On one occasion when the two ladies were sitting together Miss Bronson admired the cap Mrs. Wordsworth was wearing. Thereupon Mrs. Wordsworth said, "at once in her sweet, pleasant way 'Mrs. Reed shall have one, and Hannah will make it by the time you come back.'" The simple kindliness of her offer is delightful. We are told, too, that when strangers asked to be admitted to the gardens, Mrs. Wordsworth refused on the ground that "she had a great dislike to its being made a *show place*." Of this place, managed so modestly, Aubrey De Vere wrote to Mr. Reed as follows:

"Let me congratulate you on being at the most interesting spot in England. It is one which the lapse of years will make more and more so, for it unites whatever can belong to natural beauty with the associations of the noblest genius, directed in its highest spirit to its highest objects. What an interest it must be to you to meet Mrs. Wordsworth. I always

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think of her as the most venerable woman in England. All who have fed on her husband's poetry owe a deep debt of gratitude to her, also. Will you present my best remembrances to her?"

About this "most venerable woman in England" there could be no show. She had made one of that family group who, beneath the snuggling chimney-pots of Dove Cottage in Grasmere, enjoyed a neat and comfortable within doors." The record in her diary, however, shows that the life that went on in that little cottage and garden was not small nor humble. Here are two entries, chosen at random:

"*Monday.* Sauntered a good deal in the garden, bound carpets, read *Timon of Athens*, dried linen, . . ."

"*Saturday.* A cold, dark morning.

From a photograph by the author.

"I did not stop until I was in the garden, looking down over the huddling roofs."—Page 555.

kind of life which makes the hackneyed phrase "plain living and high thinking" assume a new meaning. Dove Cottage had furnished a splendid preparation for meeting the larger responsibilities of Rydal Mount.

As I came from the cottage to the greater house that afternoon last April, this thought was borne in upon me with redoubled force. The life here had been but a graceful adaptation of the simpler ways of those early years. Though they had lived in a typical peasant cottage, with a bit of hillside behind it for garden and orchard, they had lived in the midst of greatness. "The orchard," wrote Dorothy, "is very small; but then it is delightful for its retirement and the excessive beauty of the prospect from it. Our cottage is quite large enough for us, though very small; and we have made it William chopped wood. I brought it in a basket. . . . He asked me to set down the story of Barbara Wilkinson's turtle-dove. . . ."

Mrs. Wordsworth had, of course, her full share in this remarkable life. Old Mrs. Nicholson, the postmistress, told Mr. Reed that during those early Dove Cottage days "when in sending proofs to London, it was important to secure the mail at Ambleside, Mrs. Wordsworth would sometimes cross the hills at midnight alone to post the papers." What a swelling of pride and happiness must have been in that brave, gentle heart, as she fared across the mountain paths under the starlight with the precious bundle of poems clasped tightly in her hand! How well she must have learned, amidst the privations and hardships of those early days, to distinguish and cher-

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ish the essentials of life, to transplant them to the big house and keep them uppermost!

The power and influence of that cottage are irresistible. Even now, though it is a museum, an air of greatness lingers about it which makes its impress upon the casual visitor. I spent an hour in the sunshine of the orchard garden before coming on to Rydal. The official caretaker, now ninety-one years of age, was one of those fortunate villagers with whom Wordsworth was friendly. I thought it peculiarly gratifying to receive from her hand the iron key of the cottage. There was an inviting fire in the kitchen, but I did not stop until I was in the garden, looking down over the huddling roofs to the mountains beyond. There were daffodils, primroses, and flowering pears along the wall, which sent their petals drifting across the garden walks. A robin was chasing a butterfly; everywhere was sunshine and delicate shadow. The study casement, with the new green of a vine arching over it, swung open toward the garden; blue smoke was coming lazily from a picturesque chimney-pot. The illusion was complete.

Then I went on to Rydal to stand before the house where two American visitors of three generations ago had found the same quality of life in the quiet household of Mrs. Wordsworth. On the last Sunday of their stay occurred a pretty instance of the way in which the Wordsworth family made itself one with the community. "The clergyman," wrote Mr. Reed, "gave out this notice: 'the prayers of the congregation are desired for Dorothy Wordsworth and Thomas Huck.' Dorothy is that woman to whose influence the world owes so much, whose name has a place forever in English poetry; Thomas Huck was a sick servant of one of the village families."

A pleasant incident of the leave-taking of these Americans seems to hold the essence of the spirit in which this household was maintained. "The coach," wrote Mr. Reed, "was to stop at the foot of the hill, and Mrs. Wordsworth, Mr. Carter and James walked down with us; the coach came along and pulled up for us and our luggage, and the driver (a character in his way and acquainted with everybody) was, I believe, so mystified by Mrs. Wordsworth's motherly and affectionate manner to me, that, as we drove off he said to me, 'You are a Wordsworth, ain't you?'" The warm-hearted friendliness of the house was so sincerely offered that the stage-driver was sure that the guest must be a member of the family. Here was no wall against the world, no insistence upon differences. Yet the driver comprehended what it was to be a Wordsworth, and was paying his passenger the highest compliment in thus classifying him.

These two representatives of a gentle American tradition recognized the quality of this English household, felt at home in it, and recorded in their letters the choicest impressions of its beauty. Their correspondence, which came overseas in those tipsy-looking side-wheelers of the 50's, was meant only for the reading of a small circle of family and friends. Their message, however, has grown with the years till now it is the rightful property of a larger group. To-day America needs to be reminded of the value of simple, quiet living; of the happiness of days spent in the pursuit of things that are real, which do not need to be trumpeted by ostentation, nor caparisoned in magnificence. They are the things so independent of outward show, so far surpassing it, that after we have found them we turn back to them again and again, and know that they are good.

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MY BROTHER THEODORE ROOSEVELT

COLLEGE CHUMS AND NEW-FOUND LEADERSHIP

BY CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON
Author of "Service and Sacrifice," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM FAMILY PORTRAITS

[FOURTH PAPER]

DURING the winter and summer of 1876, preceding that September when Theodore Roosevelt left his home for Harvard College, he had entered more fully into the social life of the boys and girls of his immediate acquaintance. As a very young boy, there was something of the recluse about him, although in his actual family (and that family included a number of cousins) he was always the ringleader. His delicate health and his almost abnormal literary and scientific tastes had isolated him somewhat from the hurly-burly of ordinary school life, and even ordinary vacation life; but during the winter of 1876 he had enjoyed to the full a dancing-class which my mother had organized the winter before, and that dancing-class sowed the seeds of many friendships. The Livingston, Clarkson, Potter, and Rutherfurd boys, and amongst the girls my friends Edith Carow, Grace Potter, Fannie Smith, Annie Murray, and myself, formed the nucleus in this dancing-class, and the informal "Germans" (as they were called in those days) and all the merriment connected with happy skating-parties and spring picnics in Central Park cemented relationships which lasted faithfully through later days. My brother Elliott, more naturally a *social* leader, influenced the young naturalist to greater interest in his *humankind*, and when the spring merged into happy summer at Oyster Bay, Theodore was already showing a keener pleasure in intercourse with young people of his own age.

In a letter to "Edith" early in the summer, I write of an expedition which he took across the bay to visit another girl friend. He started at five o'clock in the morning and reached the other shore at eight o'clock. Thinking it too early to pay a call, he lay down on a large rock and went to sleep, waking up to find his boat had drifted far away. When he put on his spectacles he could see the boat at a distance, but, of course, did not wish to swim with his clothes on, and decided to remove them temporarily. Having secured the boat, he forgot that it might be wise to put on his clothes before sleeping again under the dock. To his perfect horror, waking suddenly about an hour later, the boat, clothes, and all had vanished. At the same moment he heard the footsteps of his fair inamorata on the wooden planks of the dock above his head. She had walked down with a friend to greet the admirer whom she expected at about nine o'clock. His description of his feelings as he lay shivering, though not from cold, while above him they calmly discussed his probable arrival and the fact that they thought they would wait there to greet him, can probably be imagined. The girls, after a period of long waiting, walked away into the woods, and the self-conscious young man proceeded to swim down a hidden creek where he thought the tide had taken his recalcitrant boat, and where, sure enough, he found it. The sequel to this little story throws much light on masculine human nature, for he conceived an aversion to the lady who so unconsciously had put him in this

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foolish position, and rowed defiantly back to Oyster Bay without paying the proposed visit!

During that summer my father, who always gave his children such delightful surprises, drilled us himself in a little play called "To Oblige Benson," in which Theodore took the part of an irascible and absent-minded farmer, and our beloved cousin John Elliott the part of an impassioned lover, while my friend Fannie Smith and I were the heroines of the adventures. My father's efforts to make Theodore into a farmer and John into a lover were commendable though not eminently successful, but all that he did for us in those ways gave to his children a certain ease in writing and speaking which were to be of great value in later years. Fannie Smith, to show how Theodore still dominated the little circle from the standpoint of intellect, writes that same July: "I have no power to write sensibly today. If I were writing to Theodore I would have to say something of this kind, 'I have enjoyed Plutarch's last essay on the philosophy of Diogenes excessively.'" In his early college days, however, he seems temporarily to put the "philosophy of Diogenes" aside, and to become a very normal, simple, pleasure-loving youth, who, however, always retained his earnest moral purpose and his realization that education was a tool for future experience, and, therefore, not to be neglected.

He writes on November 26, 1876: "I now belong to another whist club, composed of Harry Minot, Dick Saltonstall and a few others. They are very quiet fellows but also very pleasant. Harry Minot was speaking to me the other day about our making a collecting trip in the White Mountains together next summer. I think it would be good fun." The result of that collecting trip will be shown a little later in this chapter. On December 14 he writes again: "Darling Pussie: [his pet name for me] I ought to have written you long ago but I am now having examinations all the time, and am so occupied in studying for them that I have very little time for myself, and you know how long it takes me to write a letter. My only excitement lately has been the dancing class which is very pleasant. I may as well describe a few of my chief friends." He then gives an account of his specially intimate companions, and speaks as follows of one whose name has become prominent in the annals of his country's history as able financier, secretary of state, and colonel in the American Expeditionary Force—Robert Bacon: "Bob Bacon is the handsomest man in the class and is as pleasant as he is handsome. He is only sixteen, but is very large." He continues to say that he would love to bring home a few of his friends at Christmas time, and concludes: "I should like a party very much if it is *perfectly* convenient." The party proved a delightful Christmas experience, and the New York girls and Boston boys fraternized to their hearts' content. On his return to Cambridge after these Christmas holidays he writes one of his amusing, characteristic little notes, interspersed with quaint drawings. "Darling Pussie: I delivered your two notes safely and had a very pleasant journey on in the cars. To drown my grief at parting from you all, I took refuge, not in the flowing bowl, but in the *Atlantic Monthly* and *Harper's Magazine*—not to mention squab sandwiches. A journey in the cars always renders me sufficiently degraded to enjoy even the love stories in the latter magazine. I think that if I was forced to travel across the continent, towards the end of my journey, I should read dime novels with avidity. Good-bye darling. Your loving Tedo."

This was followed by accurate representations of *Harper's Magazine*, *Atlantic Monthly*, and the squab sandwich, which he labels "my three consolations"!

A letter dated February 5, 1877, shows the Boston of those days in a very pleasant light. He begins: "Little Pussie: I have had a very pleasant time this week as, in fact, I have every week. It was cram week for 'Conic Sections' but, by using most of my days for study, I had two evenings, besides Saturday, free. On Wednesday evening, Harry Jackson gave a large sleighing party; this was great fun for there were forty girls and fellows and two matrons in two huge sleighs. We sang songs for a great part of the time for we soon left Boston and were dragged by our eight horses rapidly

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through a great many of the pretty little towns which form the suburbs of Boston. One of the girls looked quite like Edith only not nearly as pretty as her ladyship. We came home from our sleigh ride about nine and then danced until after twelve. I led the German with Harry Jackson's cousin, Miss Andrews. After the party, Bob Bacon, Arthur Hooper, myself and some others, came out in a small sleigh to Cambridge, making night hideous with our songs. On Saturday I went with Minot Weld to an Assembly (a juvenile one I mean) at Brookline. This was a very swell affair, there being about sixty couples in the room. I enjoyed myself very much indeed. . . . I came home today in time for my Sunday School class; I am beginning to get very much interested in my scholars, especially in one who is a very orderly and bright little fellow—two qualities which I have not usually found combined. Thank Father for his dear letter. Your loving brother, Ted."

The above letter shows how normal a life the young man was leading, how simply and naturally he was responding to the friendly hospitality of his new Boston friends. Boston had welcomed him originally for the sake of his older sister, who, during two charming summer visits to Bar Harbor, Maine, had made many New England friends. The Sunday-school which he mentions, and to which he gave himself very faithfully, proved a big test of character, for it was a great temptation to go with the other fellows on Saturday afternoons to Chestnut Hill or Brookline or Milton, where open house was kept by the Lees, Saltonstalls, Whitneys, and other friends, and it was very hard either to refuse their invitation from the beginning or to leave the merry parties early Sunday morning and return to Cambridge to be at his post to teach the unruly little people of the slums of Cambridge. So deeply, however, had the first Theodore Roosevelt impressed his son with the necessity of giving himself and the attainments with which his superior advantages had endowed him to those less fortunate than he, that all through the first three years of his college life he only failed to appear at his Sunday-school class twice, and then he arranged to have his class taken by a friend. Truly, when *he* put his hand to the plough he never turned back.

On March 27 of his first year at college he writes again in his usual sweet way to his younger sister: "Little Pet Pussie: 95 per cent *will* help my average. I want to pet you again awfully! You cunning, pretty, little, foolish Puss. My easy chair would just hold myself and Pussie." Again on April 15: "Little Pussie: Having given Motherling an account of my doings up to yesterday, I have reserved the more frivolous part for little pet Pussie. Yesterday, in the afternoon, Minot Weld drove me over to his house and at six o'clock we sallied forth in festive attire to a matinée 'German' at Dorchester which broke up before eleven o'clock. This was quite a swell affair, there being about 100 couples. . . . I spent last night with the Welds and walked back over here to Forest Hill with Minot in the afternoon, collecting a dozen snakes and salamanders on the way." Still the natural historian, even although on pleasure bent; so snakes and salamanders hold their own in spite of "swell matinée Germans." From Forest Hill that same Sunday he writes a more serious letter to his father: "Darling Father: I am spending my Easter vacation with the Minots, who, with their usual kindness, asked me to do so. I did not go home for I knew I should never be able to study there. I have been working pretty steadily, having finished during the last five days, the first book of Horace, the sixth book of Homer, and the 'Apology of Socrates.' In the afternoon, some of the boys usually come out to see me and we spend that time in the open air, and on Saturday evening I went to a party, but during the rest of the time I have been working pretty faithfully. I spent today, Sunday, with the Welds and went to their church where, although it was a Unitarian Church, I heard a really remarkably good sermon about 'The Attributes of a Christian.' I have enjoyed all your letters very much and my conscience reproaches me greatly for not writing you before, but as you may imagine, I have had to study pretty hard to make up for lost time, and a letter with me

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THE SUMMER BIRDS

OF THE ADIRONDACKS IN FRANKLIN COUNTY, N. Y.

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT, JR., AND H. D. MINOT.

The following catalogue (written in the mountains) is based upon observations made in August, 1874, August, 1875, and June 22d to July 9th, 1877, especially about the Saint Regis Lakes, Mr. Minot having been with me, only during the last week of June. Each of us has used his initials in making a statement which the other has not verified.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, Jr.

The general features of the Adirondacks, in those parts which we have examined, are the many lakes, the absence of *mountain*-brooks, the luxuriant forest-growth (the taller deciduous trees often reaching the height of a hundred feet, and the White Pines even that of a hundred and thirty), the sandy soil, the cool, invigorating air, and both a decided wildness and levelness of country as compared with the diversity of the White Mountain region.

The *avifauna* is not so rich as that of the latter country, because wanting in certain "Alleghanian" birds found there, and also in species belonging especially to the Eastern or North-eastern Canadian fauna. Nests, moreover, seem to be more commonly inaccessible, and rarely built beside roads or wood-paths, as they often are in the White Mountains. M.

1. Robin. *Turdus migratorius* (Linnæus). Moderately common. Sometimes found in the woods.

2. Hermit Thrush. *Turdus Pallasi* (Cabanis). Common. Sings until the middle of August (R.).

3. Swainson's Thrush. *Turdus Swainsoni* (Cabanis). The commonest thrush.

4. Cat-bird. *Mimus Carolinensis* (Linnæus). Observed beyond the mountains to the northward, near Malone.

5. Blue Bird. *Sialia sialis* (Linnæus). Common near Malone.

6. Golden-crowned "Wren." *Regulus satrapa* (Lichten.). Quite common; often heard singing in June.

7. Chickadee. *Parus atricapillus* (Linnæus). Rather scarce in June. Abundant in August (R.).

8. Hudsonian Chickadee. *Parus Hudsonicus* (Forster). Found in small flocks at Bay Pond in the early part of August (R.).

9. Red-bellied Nuthatch. *Sitta Canadensis* (Linnæus). Common. The White-bellied Nuthatch has not been observed here by us.

10. Brown Creeper. *Certhia familiaris* (Linnæus). Common.

11. Winter Wren. *Troglodytes hyemalis* (Vieillot). Moderately common.

Facsimile of the first page of the "Catalogue of Summer Birds," made in 1877 by Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., and H. D. Minot.

is very serious work. Your loving son, T. R. Jr."

On June 3, as his class day approaches, and after a visit to Cambridge on the part of my father, who had given me and my sister and friends Edith Carow and Maud Elliott the treat of accompanying him, Theodore writes: "Sweet Pussie: I enjoyed your visit so much and so did all of my friends. I am so glad you like my room, and next year I hope to have it even prettier when you all come on again." His first class day was not specially notable, but he finished his freshman year standing high in his class and having made a number of good friends, although at that period I do not think that he stood out in any marked

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degree as a leader amongst the young men of the class. He was regarded more as an all-round good sport, a fellow of high ideals from which he never swerved, and one at whom his companions, who, except Harry Minot, had not very strong literary affiliations, were always more or less surprised because of the way in which their otherwise perfectly normal companion sank into complete oblivion when the magic pages of a book were unrolled before him.

That summer, shortly after class day, he and Harry Minot took their expedition to the Adirondacks with the following results, namely: a catalogue written in the mountains of "The Summer Birds of the Adirondacks in Franklin County, N. Y., by Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., and H. D. Minot." This catalogue was sent to me by Mr. John D. Sherman, Jr., of Mt. Vernon, N. Y. He tells me that it was originally published in 1877 and favorably mentioned soon after publication in the *Nuttall Bulletin*. Mr. Sherman thinks that the paper was "privately" published, and it was printed by Samuel E. Casino, of Salem, who, when a mere boy, started in the natural-history-book business. The catalogue shows such careful observation and such perseverance in the accumulation of data by the two young college boys that I think the first page worthy of reproduction as one of the early evidences of the careful study Theodore Roosevelt had given to the subject which always remained throughout his life one of the nearest to his heart.

His love of poetry in those days became a very living thing, and the summer following his first college year was one in which the young people of Oyster Bay turned with glad interest to the riches not only of nature but of literature as well. I find among my papers, painstakingly copied in red ink in my brother's handwriting, Swinburne's poem "The Forsaken Garden." He had sent it to me, copying it from memory when on a trip to the Maine woods. Later, on his return, we would row by moonlight to "Cooper's Bluff" (near which spot he was eventually to build his beloved home, Sagamore Hill), and there, having climbed the sandy bulwark, we would sit on the top of the ledge looking out on the shimmering waters of the Sound, and he would recite with a lilting swing in the tone of his voice which matched the rhythm of the words:

"In a coign of the cliff between lowland and highland,
By the sea down's edge, twixt windward and lee,
Walled round by rocks like an inland island,
The ghost of a garden fronts the sea.
A girdle of brush-wood and thorn encloses
The steep-scarred slope of the blossomless bed,
Where the weeds that grew green from the graves of its roses—
Now lie dead."

He always loved the rhythm of Swinburne, just as he loved later the wonderful ringing lines of Kipling, which he taught to his children and constantly repeated to himself.

In the summer of 1877 the two brothers, Elliott and Theodore, decided to row from Oyster Bay in their small boats to Whitestone, near Flushing, where my aunt Mrs. Gracie was living in an old farmhouse. Elliott was really the sailor of the family, an expert sailor, too, and loved to manage his 20-footer, with able hand, in the stormiest weather, but Theodore craved the actual effort of the arms and back, the actual sense of meeting the wave close to and not from the more sheltered angle of a sailboat; and so the two young brothers who were perfectly devoted to each other started on the more adventurous trip together. They were caught in one of the sudden storms of the Long Island Sound, and their frail boats were very nearly swamped, but the luck which later became with Theodore Roosevelt almost proverbial, was with them, and the two exhausted and bedraggled, wave-beaten boys arrived sorely in need of the care of the devoted aunt who, as much as in the days when she taught their A B C's to the children of the nursery of 20th Street, was still their guardian angel.

In September, 1877, Theodore returns as a sophomore to Cambridge and writes in October again: "Sweet Pussie: Thank you ever so much, darling, for the three, cunning, little books which I am going to call my 'Pussie Books.' They were just what I wanted. In answer to your question, I may say that it does not seem to

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make the slightest difference to Brooks and Hooper that they have been dropped, although Brooks is universally called 'Freshie.' My respect for the qualities of my classmates has much increased lately, by the way, as they now no longer seem to think it necessary to confine their conversation exclusively to athletic subjects. I was especially struck by this the other night, when, after a couple of hours spent in boxing and wrestling with Arthur Hooper and Ralph Ellis, it was proposed to finish the evening by reading aloud from Tennyson and we became so interested in 'In Memoriam' that it was past one o'clock when we separated." (Evidently the lover of books was beginning to be a leader in making his associates share his love of the poets.)

In November he writes again: "I sat up last night until twelve, reading 'Poems & Poets'; some of the boys came down to my room and we had a literary coffee party. They became finally interested in Edgar Poe—probably because they could not understand him." My brother always had a great admiration for Edgar Allan Poe, and would chant "The Raven" and "Ulalume" in a strange, rather weird, monotonous tone. He especially delighted in the reference to "the Dank Tarn of Auber" and the following lines:

> "I knew not the month was October,
> I knew not the day of the year,—"

Poe's rhythm and curious, suggestive, melancholy quality of perfection affected strangely his imagination, and he placed him high in rank amongst the poets of his time. One can picture the young men, strong and vigorous, wrestling and boxing together in Theodore Roosevelt's room, and then putting aside their athletic contests, making their coffee with gay nonchalance, and settling down to a night of poetry, led in the paths of literature by the blue-eyed young "Berserker," as my mother used to call Theodore in those college days.

During the summer of 1877 my father accompanied my sister Anna to Bar Harbor on one of her annual excursions to that picturesque part of the Maine coast, where they visited Mr. George Minot and his sisters. He writes to my mother in his usual vein of delightful interest in people, books, and nature, and seems more vigorous than ever, for he describes wonderful walks over the mountains and speaks of having achieved a reputation as a mountain-climber. How little any of the family who adored him realized that already the seed of serious trouble had been sown in that splendid mechanism, and that in a few short months the vigorous and still young man of forty-six was to lay down that useful life which had been given so ardently and unselfishly for the good of his city and the joy and benefit of his family.

At this time, however, when Theodore went back to college as a sophomore, there was no apprehension about my father's health, and the first term of the college year was passed in his usual happy activities.

Shortly after the New Year my father's condition became serious, due to intestinal trouble, and the following weeks were passed in anxious nursing, the distress of which was greatly accentuated by the frightful suffering of the patient, who, however, in spite of constant agony, bore the sudden shattering of his wonderful health with magnificent courage. My brother Theodore hardly realized, as did my brother Elliott, who was at home, the serious condition of our father, for it was deemed best that he should not return from college, where difficult examinations required all his application and energy. Elliott gave unstintedly a devotion which was so tender that it was more like that of a woman, and his young strength was poured out to help his father's condition. The best physicians searched in vain for remedy for the hidden trouble, but in spite of all their efforts the first Theodore Roosevelt died, February 9, 1878, and the gay young college sophomore was recalled to a house of mourning. In spite of the sorrow, in spite of a sense of irreparable loss, there was something infinitely inspiring in the days preceding and following my father's death. When New York City knew that its benefactor lay in extreme illness, it seemed as if the whole city came to the door of his home to ask news of him. How well I remember the day before his death, when the papers had announced that there was but

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little hope of his recovery. The crowd of individuals who filled 57th Street in their effort to hear the physicians' bulletin concerning his condition was huge and varied. Newsboys from the West Side Lodging House, little Italian girls from his Sunday-school class, sat for hours on the stone steps of 6 West 57th Street, our second home, waiting with anxious intensity for news of the man who meant more to them than any other human being had ever meant before, and those more fortunate ones who had known him in another way drove unceasingly up in their carriages to the door and looked with sympathetic interest at the children of the slums who shared with them such a sense of bitter bereavement and loss in the premature death of one so closely connected with all sides of his beloved native city.

Meanwhile, the family of the first Theodore Roosevelt seemed hardly able to face the blank that life meant when he left them, but they also felt that the man who had preached always that "one must live for the living" would have wished "his own" to follow out his ideal of life, and so each one of us took up, as bravely as we could, our special duties and felt that our close family tie must be made stronger rather than weaker by the loss that we had sustained.

On March 3, 1878, my brother writes from Cambridge:

"My own darling, sweet, little treasure of a Pussie: Oh! I have so longed for you at times during the last few days. Darling one, you can hardly know what an inestimable blessing to a fellow it is to have such a home as I have. Even now that our dear father has been taken away, it is such a great pleasure to look forward to a visit home; and indeed, he has only 'gone before,' and oh! what living and loving memories he has left behind him. I can *feel* his presence sometimes when I am sitting alone in the evening; I have not felt nearly as sad as I expected to feel, although, of course, there are every now and then very bitter moments. I am going to bring home some of his sweet letters to show you. I shall always keep them, if merely as talismans against evil. Kiss little mother for me, and my love to Aunt Susie and Uncle Hill. [My mother and I were staying in Philadelphia with my aunt Mrs. West.] Tell the latter, Uncle Hill, I am looking forward to spending a month of nude happiness with him next summer among the wilds of Oyster Bay.

YOUR LOVING TEDDY."

When my brother speaks of keeping my father's letters to him as "talismans against evil," he not only expressed the feeling of desire to keep near him always the actual letters written by my father, but far more the spirit with which these letters are permeated. Years afterward, when the college boy of 1878 was entering upon his duties as President of the United States, he told me frequently that he never took any serious step or made any vital decision for his country without thinking first what position his father would have taken on the question. The day that he moved into the White House happened to be September 22, the day of my father's birth, and dining with him that night in the White House for the first time, we all mentioned this fact and felt that it was a good omen for the future, and my brother said that every time he dated a letter that day he felt with a glow of tender memory the realization that it was his father's birthday, and that his father's blessing seemed specially to follow him on that first day when he made his home in the beautiful old white mansion which stands in the heart of America for all that America means to her sons and daughters.

Several other equally loving letters in that March of 1878 proved how the constant thoughts of the young sophomore turned to the family at home, and also his own sense of loss in his father's death, but I think the many interests and normal surroundings brought their healing power to the boy of nineteen, and at the end of that year of his college life he had become a well-rounded character. His mind, intelligently focussed upon many intellectual subjects, had broadened in scope, and physically he was no longer the delicate, dreamy boy of earlier days. The period of his college life, although not one of as unusual interest as perhaps other periods in his life, was of inestima-

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ble value in the forming of his character. Had Theodore Roosevelt continued to be abnormally developed along the scientific and intellectual side of his nature, he would never have become the "All-American" which he was destined to be. It was necessary for him to fall into more commonplace grooves; it was necessary for him to meet the young men of his age on common ground, to get the "give-and-take" of a life very different from the more or less individual life which, owing to his ill health and intellectual aspirations, he had hitherto led, and already, by the end of the second year of college, he was beginning to take a place in the circle of his friends which showed in an embryonic way the leadership which later was to be so strongly evidenced.

On October 8, 1878, returning to Cambridge as a junior, he writes to his mother: "Darling, beloved, little motherling: I have just loved your dear, funny, pathetic, little letter, and I am now going to write you the longest letter I ever write, and if it is still rather short, you must recollect that it takes Teddy-boy a long time to write. I have enjoyed Charlie Dickey's being here extremely, and I think I have been of some service to him. We always go to prayers together; for his own sake, I have not been much with him in the daytime, but every evening, we spend a good part of the time together in my room or his. He is just the same, honest, fine fellow as ever, and unless I am very much mistaken, is going to make a thorough success in every way of college. My studies do not come very well this year, as I have to work nearly as hard on Saturday as on any other day—six, seven or eight hours. Some of the studies are extremely interesting, however, especially Political Economy and Metaphysics. These are both rather hard, requiring a good deal of work, but they are even more interesting than my Natural History courses; and all the more so from the fact that I radically disagree on many points with the men whose books we are reading, (Mill and Ferrier). One of my zoological courses is rather dry, but the other I like very much, though it necessitates ten or twelve hours' work a week. My German is not very interesting, but I expect that my Italian will be when I get further on. For exercise, I have had to rely on walking, but today I have regularly begun sparring. I practice a good deal with the rifle, walking to and from the range, which is nearly three miles off; my scores have been fair, although not very good. Funnily enough, I have enjoyed quite a burst of popularity since I came back, having been elected into several different clubs. My own friends have, as usual, been perfect trumps, and I have been asked to spend Sundays with at least a half-dozen of them, but I have to come back to Cambridge Sunday mornings on account of Sunday School, which makes it more difficult to pay visits. I indulged in a luxury the other day in buying 'The Library of British Poets,' and I delight in my purchase very much, but I have been so busy that I have hardly had time to read it yet. I shall really have to have a new bookcase for I have nowhere to put my books. . . . Your loving son, T. Jr."

The above letter is of distinct interest for several reasons: first of all, because of the affectionate pains taken by the young man of now nearly twenty to keep his mother informed about all his activities, intellectual, physical, and social. So many young men of that age are careless of the great interest taken by their mothers and do not share with them the joys and difficulties of college life. All through his life, from his boyhood to the very last weeks of his busy existence, my brother Theodore was a great sharer. This is all the more unusual because, as a rule, the man of intellectual pursuits is apt to deny himself to the claims of family and friends, but not so with Theodore Roosevelt, except during the period of some specially hard task, when he would give himself to it to the exclusion of every other interest. Unless during such rare periods, no member of his family ever went to him for guidance or solace or interest without the most generous and most loving response. In the above letter he shows this response to the tender inquiries of his mother, so lately widowed, and he wishes to give her all the information that she desires. One can see that the young junior, as he now was, was coming into his own in more ways than one. He is working harder intellectually;

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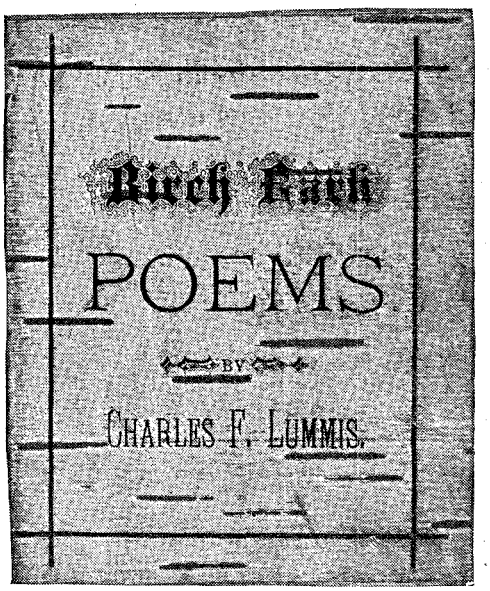
already metaphysics and political economy are catching up with "natural history" in his affections, and, in fact, outdistancing the latter. His individual point of view is shown by the fact that he "radically disagrees on many points with Mill and Ferrier," and he again shows the persevering determination, so largely a part of his character, in the way in which he walks to and fro the three miles to practise with his rifle at the range. The modest way in which he speaks of his "burst of popularity" is also very characteristic, for he received the unusual distinction of being invited to join several of the most popular clubs. Altogether, this letter in which he tells, although he makes no point of it, of his still faithful service at Sunday-school, no matter how much it interferes with the gay week-end visits which he so much enjoys, and the glimpse which he gives us of his love of poetry as an offset to his harder studies, seems to me to depict in a lovable and admirable light the young Harvard student.



Facsimile of the cover of the "Wee Book of Poetry" accompanying Theodore Roosevelt's letter dated Porcellian Club.

Having written in this accurate way to his mother, within a month he writes to his younger sister:

"Sweet Pussie: I am spending Sunday with Minot Weld. It is a beautiful day and this afternoon we are going to drive over to Dick Saltonstall's where we shall go out walking with Miss Rose Saltonstall and Miss Alice Lee, and drive home by moonlight after tea. I have begun studying fairly hard now, and shall keep it up until Christmas. I am afraid I shall not be able to come home for Thanksgiving; I really have my hands full, especially now that my Political Economy Professor wishes me to start a Finance Club, which would be very interesting indeed, and would do us all a great deal of good, but which will also take up a great deal of time. Of course, I spend a good deal of my spare time in the Porcellian Club which is great fun. Night before last, Harry Shaw and I gave a little supper up there, the chief items on the bill of fare were partridges and Burgundy,—I, confining myself to the partridges. I am going to cut Sunday school today for the second time this year, but when the weather is so beautiful as this, I like every now and then to spend Sunday with a friend. Harry Chapin is going to take my class for me today. Good-bye sweet one,—

YOUR LOVING
TEDO."

Here again we see the growth of the young man, the growth of his influence in his class, for it is to him that the political-economy professor turns to start a finance club, and we see also the proportionate all-round development, for not only does he read poetry, start finance clubs, differ with Mill and Ferrier on abstract subjects, but also joins with Harry Shaw in a little supper of partridges and Burgundy—he confining himself, I would have my readers know, to the partridges! Theodore Roosevelt was growing in every way and especially becoming the more all-round man, and it was well that this growth should take place, for if the all-round man can still keep focussed ideals and strong determination to achieve in individual directions, it is because of the all-round qualities that he becomes the leader of men.

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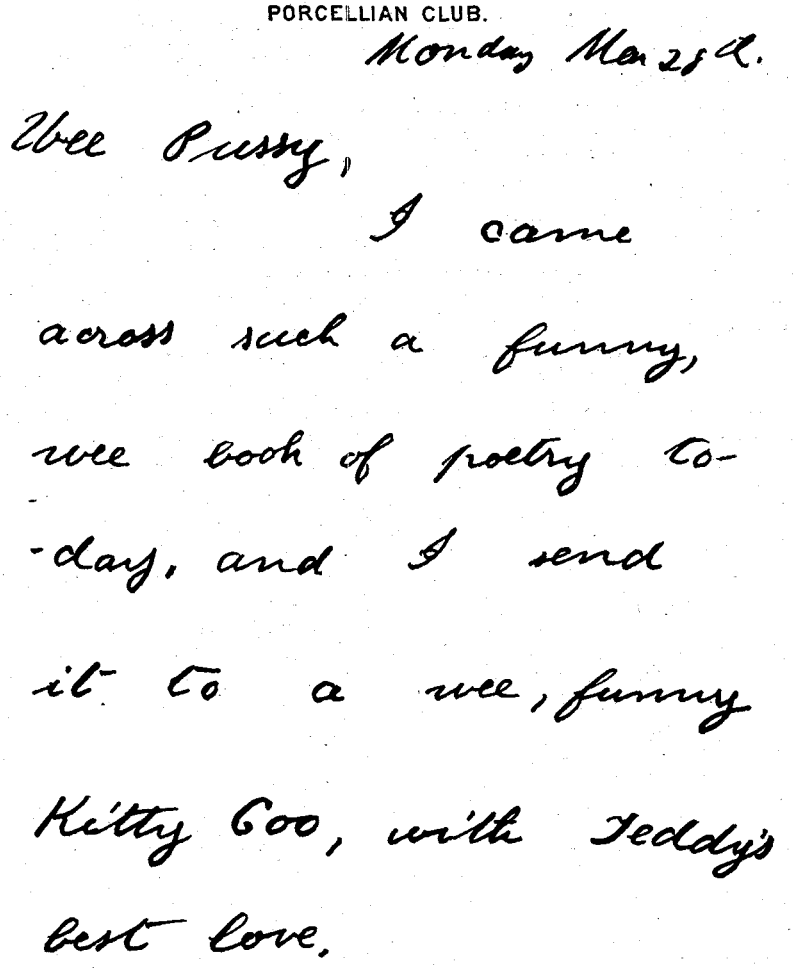
Again the happy Christmas holidays came, but this time shadowed by the great blank made by my father's loss, and in February, 1879, he writes again—now of happy coasting-parties at the uncommonly good luck in everything this year from studies to society. I enjoyed my trip to Maine very much indeed; of course, I fell behind in my studies, but by working pretty hard last week,



PORCELLIAN CLUB.

Monday March 2d.

Wee Pussy,

I came across such a funny, wee book of poetry to-day, and I send it to a wee, funny Kitty Coo, with Teddy's best love.

Letter to Corinne Roosevelt accompanying "Birch Bark Poems."

Saltonstalls', where began his intimate relationship with lovely Alice Lee, who became later his wife. One can see the merry young people flying, as he says, "like the wind" on their long toboggans, and having later the gay sport at the hospitable house of Mrs. Lee.

In March he writes: "I only came out second best in the sparring contest, but I do not care very much for I have had I succeeded in nearly catching up again." This trip to Maine cemented the great friendship between my brother and those splendid backwoodsmen, Bill Sewall and Will Dow, who were later to be partners in his ranching venture in the Far West. Bill Sewall was a strong influence in my brother's young manhood, and for him great admiration was conceived by the young city boy and, later, by the college

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student. The splendid, simple, strong man of the woods, though not having had similar educational advantages, was, still, so earnest a reader and so natural a philosopher, that his attitude toward books and life had lasting influence over his young companion.

About this same time, March, 1879, my brother wrote me one of the sweetest and most characteristic of his little love-letters. It was dated from the Porcellian Club on March 28, and enclosed a diminutive birch-bark book of poetry, a facsimile of which I give, and the letter ran as follows: "Wee Pussie: I came across such a funny wee book of poetry today and I send it to a wee, funny, Kitty-Coo with Teddy's best love." The page on which the sweet words are written is yellow, but the little birch-bark book is still intact, and the great love engendered by the tender thought of, and expression of that thought to, his sister is even deeper than when the sweet words were actually written.

On May 3 he writes in a humorous vein: "Pet Pussie: At last the deed is done and I have shaved off my whiskers! The consequence, I am bound to add, is that I look like a dissolute democrat of the Fourth Ward; I send you some tintypes I had taken; the front views are pretty good, although giving me an expression of glum misery that I sincerely hope is not natural. The side views do not resemble me any more than they do Michael Angelo or John A. Weeks. The next four months are going to be one 'demnition grind' but by great good luck, I shall be able to leave here June 5th, I think." The whiskers were permanently removed and never again reappeared, except on his hunting trip the following year, and I think he felt, himself, that the lack of them added a touch of elegance to his appearance, for he writes again within a day or two: "I rode over on Saturday morning (very swell with hunting crop and beaver) to Chestnut Hill where I took lunch with the Lees." He is beginning to be quite a gentleman of fashion, and so the carefree days glide by, another summer comes, with pleasant visits, and another Maine woods excursion; but even when writing in the midst of house-parties of bewildering gayety, he adds at the end of a long letter in August, 1879, "For my birthday, among the books I most want are the complete editions of Prescott, Motley, and Carlyle," and signs himself "Your loving St. Buv.," a new pet name which he had given himself and which was a conglomerate of St. Beuve, for whose writings he had great admiration, and the brother for whom his little sister had such great admiration.

His last year at college was one of equal growth, although the development was not as marked as in his junior year, and in June, 1880, he graduated with honors, a happy, successful Harvard alumnus. A number of his New York friends went on for class day, and all made merry together, and not long after he and his brother Elliott started on a hunting trip together. Elliott, who as a young child had been the strong one, when Theodore was a delicate little boy, had, during the years of adolescence, been somewhat of an invalid and could not go to college; our father, wise as ever, decided he must have his education in another way, and he arranged for Elliott to spend several years largely in the open air. He became a splendid shot, and my brother Theodore always felt that Elliott was far the better hunter of the two. The brothers were devoted to each other, and were each the complement of the other in character. Theodore writes from Wilcox's farm, Illinois, August 22, 1880: "Darling Pussie: We have been having a lovely time so far, have shot fair quantities of game, are in good health, though our fare and accommodations are of the roughest. The shooting is great fun; you would laugh to see us start off in a wagon, in our rough, dirty, hunting-suits, not looking very different from our driver; a stub-tailed, melancholy looking pointer under the front seat, and a yellow, fool idea of a setter under the back one, which last is always getting walked on and howling dismally. We enjoy the long drives very much: the roads are smooth and lovely, and the country, a vast undulating prairie, cut up by great fields of corn and wheat with few trees. The birds are not very plentiful, but of great variety; we get prairie chickens in the stubble fields, plover in the pastures, snipe in the 'slews,'

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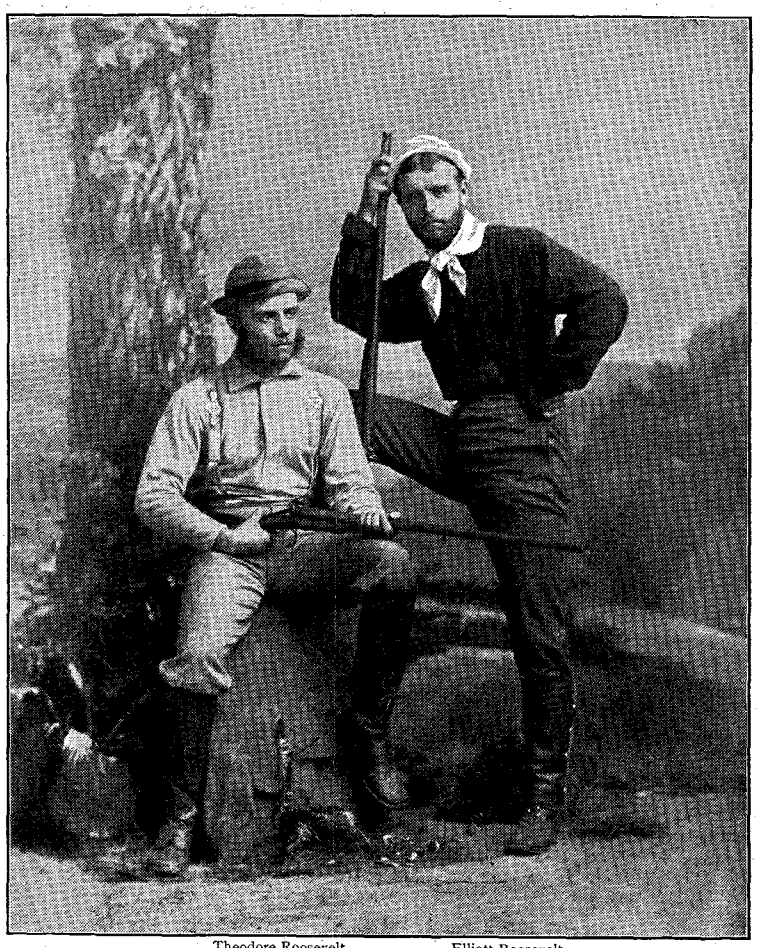

Theodore Roosevelt
in his twenty-second year.

Elliott Roosevelt
in his twenty-first year.

Portrait taken in Chicago, July, 1880, on the way to the hunting trip of that season.

and ducks in the ponds. We hunt about an hour or two in a place, then get into our wagon and drive on, so that, though we cover a very large tract of country, we are not very tired at the end of the day, only enough to make us sleep well. The climate is simply superb, and though the scenery is not very varied, yet there is something very attractive to me in these great treeless, rolling plains, and Nellie [his pet name for Elliott] and I are great chums, and in the evening, sit and compare our adventures in 'other lands' until bedtime which is pretty early."

And again he writes a few weeks later from Chicago, in a very bantering vein:

"September 12, 1880—Darling Pussie: We have come back here after a week's hunting in Iowa. Elliott revels in the change to civilization—and epicurean pleasures. As soon as we got here he took some ale to get the dust out of his throat; then a milk punch because he was thirsty; a mint julep because it was hot; a brandy mash 'to keep the cold out of his stomach'; and then sherry and bitters to give him an appetite. He took a very simple dinner—soup, fish, salmi de grouse, sweetbread, mutton, venison, corn, macaroni, various vegetables and some puddings and pies, together with beer, later claret and in the evening, shandigaff. I confined myself to roast beef and potatoes; when I took a second help he marvelled at my appetite—and at bedtime,

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wondered why in thunder *he* felt 'stuffy' and *I* didn't. The good living also reached his brain, and he tried to lure me into a discussion about the intellectual development of the Hindoos, coupled with some rather discursive and scarcely logical digressions about the Infinity of the Infinite, the Sunday school system, and the planet Mars, together with some irrelevant remarks about Texan 'Jack Rabbits' which are apparently about as large as good-sized cows. Elliott says that these remarks are incorrect and malevolent; but I say they pay him off for his last letter about my eating manners! We have had very good fun so far, in spite of a succession of untoward accidents and delays. I broke both my guns, Elliott dented his, and the shooting was not as good as we had expected; I got bitten by a snake and chucked headforemost out of the wagon.

YOUR SEEDY BROTHER, THEO."

Nothing could better exemplify the intimate, comprehending relationship of the two brothers than the above letter, in which, with exaggerated fun, Theodore "pays Elliott off" for his criticisms of the future President's eating manners! All through their lives—alas! Elliott's life was to end prematurely at the age of thirty-three—the same relationship endured between them. Each was full of rare charm, joy of life, and unselfish interest in his fellow man, and thus they had much in common always.

The hunting trip described so vividly in these two letters was, in a sense, the climax of this period of my brother's life. College days were over, the happy summer following his graduation was also on the wane, and within a brief six weeks from the time these letters were written, Theodore Roosevelt, a married man, was to go forth on the broader avenues of his life's destiny.

(To be continued.)

REBELLION

By Dorothy McPherson Farnsworth

How can it be that April, in her pride
  Of "glad light green," shall come another year—
Shall pass me softly, shy and dewy-eyed,
  And I not hear?

How can it be that, at her beckoning,
  New leaf and bloom shall break on bush and tree
Till all the world is gay with garlanding—
  And I not see?

I who have loved her so!—her garden-ways
  Smelling of goodly earth—her every weed!
How can she bring again her matchless days,
  And I not heed?

How shall I not rebel? How can it be
  That April, with her songs of bird and rill,
Riot of leaf and bloom, shall call to me
  And I lie still?

Oh, when our April comes again, so fair,
  Heart's dearest, and a laughing shower trips by,
If, blossom-soft, a zephyr kiss your hair,
  Think—that is I.

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THE MYTHOLOGY AND SCIENCE OF CHARACTER ANALYSIS

By Henry Foster Adams

Associate Professor of Psychology, University of Michigan; Author of "Why We Buy," etc.

WHENEVER two human beings have worked or played together, each has tried to read the riddle of the other's personality. The desire for knowledge concerning the characteristics of persons has grown stronger with the passing years and has gained in practical importance with the complexity of modern living.

The ability to size people up is of fundamental importance from the personal standpoint, for upon the accuracy of our judgments depends a large part of our happiness. In choosing friends or those who are to occupy an even closer relationship much depends upon first impressions. If these are untenable, our self-pride is humbled, our judgment is belittled, and we suffer all the heartaches of betrayed confidences and broken friendships.

On the business side, too, getting the right person for the right position has always been exceedingly difficult. There are isolated instances of men—Pericles in Greece, Julius Cæsar in Rome, Washington and Lincoln in this country—who have had the knack of picking able subordinates. Few have this gift, however, and for years the customary method of vocational selection has been to hire at random and "fire" the unfit. One manufacturing concern, for example, found that to keep one thousand men on the pay-roll it was necessary to hire eight thousand annually. The time and money spent in training the elusive seven thousand, at about fifty dollars a person, was an economic waste. This is not an isolated instance; business literature is full of similar cases.

Nor is the employer the only one injured; hardship is inflicted upon the employee, for a considerable portion of his life may be wasted before he finds his true calling. Even more pathetic is the one who has spent years in preparing for a profession, possibly to maintain family traditions or to satisfy the whim of a parent, only to find eventually that he is a round peg in a square hole.

A vocational guide of national reputation has said that 76 per cent of persons are in the wrong occupation. To cope with this situation, two professions have developed: vocational guidance and vocational selection. In the former, emphasis is placed upon the character of the person and a job which suits this character is suggested. With vocational selection the reverse is the case, the character of the job being stressed and an individual sought to fit it. Both do much the same thing but from different angles.

Character is at least the sum of the traits which a person possesses; but, more than this, it gets its peculiar and individual coloring from the relative development and from the interplay of traits. As in a kaleidoscope, a slight twist makes a new pattern out of the old material.

Traits of character may be divided into three classes. In the first belong the purely physical characteristics, such as size, color of hair and eyes, shape of head, height of forehead, and shape of chin. In the second are placed the entirely psychical traits, such as trustworthiness, conscientiousness, honesty, perseverance, and concentration, those qualities which are not conjoined with any necessary physical sign. In the third are grouped those physico-psychical traits such as cheerfulness, sense of humor, self-control, and quickness of temper, which are indicated by a constant or frequent physical mark.

Any one who is not blind will be able to form from observation a reasonably accurate estimate of the qualities in the physical class, nor is it particularly difficult to determine those belonging to the physico-psychical. But concerning those in the psychical class, the average person is absolutely at sea unless he has oppor-

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tunity to make long series of observations. Even then, he is frequently mistaken, for the same human character is capable of infinite shadings—what is called out by one person or situation is left untouched by another. Furthermore, such procedure is tedious and wasteful of time. We are forced to seek for a short-cut method which will enable us to estimate persons with respect to the traits of the psychical group.

One of the earliest attempts to do this is reported in the Bible. The Midianites were about to make war on the children of Israel. Gideon, the leader of the Israelites, had a fighting force of thirty-two thousand men; the Midianites were an uncounted horde. The Lord, having promised Gideon the victory, instructed him to send home those who were afraid or who had pressing business elsewhere. Twenty-two thousand promptly departed, leaving ten thousand behind. But this handful was still more than sufficient. Gideon was told to lead them to a stream in the neighborhood. Here some of the men stretched out at full length and drank, others knelt, a few, three hundred in number, raised a little water in their hands, lapping it like dogs as they hastened through the stream. Thus were selected those with the greatest dash and courage, the ones who could not wait to get into the fight.

This method was quite different from that usually employed in the ancient world. In Greece, Rome, Egypt, and Persia emphasis was placed upon the luck or fate of the individual rather than upon his peculiarities of character. The fortune-telling of those days consisted of auguries, divinations, utterances of Sibyls, its purpose being to determine whether the fates were propitious. Nor has the human race, after the lapse of a score of centuries, outgrown similar superstitions, as is shown by our attitude toward Friday, 13, broken mirrors, ladders, spilled salt, and a host of other signs and portents.

An even more tenacious hold upon the popular fancy was obtained by astrology and the casting of horoscopes, that is, fortune-telling by the stars. Astrology became articulate about the middle of the eighth century before Christ. Much interest had been taken in the stars previously, but about this time an exact chronology was worked out in the Babylonian world, and as a result definite knowledge about the times of appearance and disappearance of the heavenly bodies, their orbits, eclipses, and juxtapositions, was soon discovered by the primitive astronomers. As is common with savages and those who have recently emerged from a condition of savagery, the anamistic tendency led to the personification of natural objects. The stars were identified with the gods, major and minor heroes, their paths in the sky and their positions at different times were interpreted as the adventures, contests, and councils of the deities. Since the gods controlled earthly affairs, including human fate, the study of the stars as symbols of the gods revealed what was in store for the person or the nation.

Throughout the centuries the point of view gradually changed, until in the last two hundred years we have realized the fact of individual differences—one of the most puzzling phenomena of nature and one which will amply repay serious study. Personality now is the enigma; the perplexities of fate have been relegated to the background.

In the last half of the eighteenth century science was affected by a new spurt of energy. Old accepted principles were swept overboard and new ones substituted for them. During this period of rejuvenation it was discovered that different parts of the nervous system have different functions. By sticking a needle into one part of the brain a movement of the foot could be brought about, but when another region was stimulated a jerk of the arm resulted. Lacking both the patience and the technique for greater experimental refinement, Gall and Spurzheim generalized from their scanty data and arbitrarily assigned faculties to the different brain areas. Since the perplexities of personality engaged the public attention at about the same time, it was natural that the two movements should become associated. The result was phrenology.

For the present purpose, phrenology may be considered as one of the attempts to relate physical and mental traits, the

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former standing as signs of the latter. The prominence of a particular part of the head was considered an index of a trait of character. For instance, a "bump" just behind the ear was supposed to indicate love of life. Since the brain is the organ of mind, it seemed at first sight reasonable to argue that unusual mental ability of a specific sort should be accompanied by greater than normal growth of a corresponding brain region. But this could not occur, said the phrenologists, without expansion of the skull governing the part developed, thus causing a "bump." On the reverse side, the lack of a mental characteristic would be indicated by a depression. Phrenology, then, developed into an alleged means of determining character in terms of the relative development of different parts of the head.

The fallacies involved in phrenology are of two kinds. The first and more obvious is the necessity for assuming that the skull fits the brain closely. The most rudimentary knowledge of physiology disproves this. Surrounding the brain and lying between it and the skull are three membranous coats, one of which is very spongy. Moreover, the different parts of the skull vary in thickness, regardless of what is underneath, so that a bump caused by a thickening of the skull frequently lies above a portion of the brain which is only normally or even less than normally developed. It would be equally plausible to argue that extra-normal growth caused bumps on the inside of the brain because that structure is hollow, the cavity being filled with a liquid which is easily displaced. But by adopting this possibility phrenology would be deprived of its indispensable landmarks.

The second fallacy is found in the assumption that to each part of the brain is assigned a definite "faculty," such as memory, or honesty, or bravery. Mental traits are neither structurally nor functionally as simple as that. Experimental and pathological studies show that one does not lose a specific trait with the loss of any particular part of the brain, but that lesions result in the disappearance of definite sensory, motor, and association processes. Furthermore, we do not possess mental "faculties" such as the theory demands, but mental functions. A "faculty" is a static structure, whereas a function is a dynamic flux, seldom if ever twice exactly alike. The "faculty" of honesty, for example, would compel the individual to be equally honest in all relations, yet common sense tells us that there is an honesty for each situation in which the person finds himself. He may be honest to one sex and lie like a gentleman to the other, straightforward with his pals and deceitful to those in authority over him, square at poker and a cheat at solitaire, truthful to his wife and his own worst enemy. There is not any one honesty, but as many kinds as there are relations into which a person may enter. Consequently, phrenology is unfitted for the task which it has imposed upon itself. It may be an interesting parlor game, like palmistry, but should not be taken too seriously.

A somewhat different attempt to relate physical and mental traits is physiognomy: reading character from the face. This pseudo-science may be regarded from two standpoints: first, by a consideration of the skeletal structures of the face; second, by a study of the muscular development and the resulting lines, creases, wrinkles, and expressions. That physiognomy has imposed more upon the credulity of the present generation than phrenology is indicated by its serious use in modern descriptive fiction. Such expressions as "the fighting chin," "the nose of the executive," "the high, narrow forehead of the ascetic," and dozens of others are examples. In fact, the physical appearance of characters in fiction and upon the stage has become standardized and stereotyped. We are vaguely troubled by such a villain as was portrayed by Anthony Hope in "Rupert of Hentzau," or by Hornung in "Raffles," for all well-ordered rascals in stories are physically unpleasant. The expression of eyes and mouth, the way the ears grow, the carriage, the exaggeration of the mode in dress and ornament are all typical signs. Much of the originality of Locke is attributable to his selection of heroes and heroines whose physical appearance is against tradition.

The reasons for the vogue of physiog-

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nomy shed considerable light upon its lack of validity. In the first place, credence frequently results from physical resemblance. Two persons, one of whom we already know, look alike. The stranger is then judged to be like the acquaintance. A child resembles the mother; therefore is assumed to have the character of the mother. Second, there is the tendency for persons to remind us of animals or plants; hence we endow them with the qualities possessed by the lower forms of life. The fishy eye, the clammy hands, the willowy grace, the feline tread, the bull neck, the foxy nose are examples. So firmly rooted have these prejudices become that they are essential factors in our judgments of persons.

From the muscular development of the face much may be gleaned. One can usually determine from his expression whether a person is cheerful or the reverse. Lines, wrinkles, complexion, and a host of other markings offer clews to the Sherlock Holmes, but by the less skilful are either unnoticed entirely or are subject to misinterpretation. Perpendicular wrinkles above the nose, for instance, may indicate bad temper, short-sightedness, astigmatism, age, a tendency to worry, or numerous other characteristics.

By observing the changing expressions called out by different situations much can be learned about a person. But here, as elsewhere, it is unsafe to generalize from insufficient data. Assuming for the sake of argument that all students are round-shouldered, it does not follow necessarily that all round-shouldered persons are students, for the slouchy carriage may be brought about by any occupation that demands constant stooping over desk or table, and the observer would be very likely to confuse sewing-machine operators, cutters, and engravers with students.

Concerning skeletal physiognomy little need be said, for it is simply a development of phrenology. When the face is strictly in repose, the tense muscles relaxed, and the wrinkles smoothed away, little of significance appears. Modern photography is capable of working all these miracles. If character can be read from the face, it should be possible to size up a person from his picture.

Several experiments have been carried on to test this point. The real character of each person in a selected group was assumed to be the averaged ratings of a number of his intimates together with his own self-grading. Their photographs were then passed to a second group, unacquainted with the members of the first, and each person was asked to indicate the photograph of the one whom he believed to be the most honest, the second in honesty, until the whole group had been arranged in order of merit with respect to the desired trait. Separate ratings were made for each of the qualities under consideration. Averages were again compiled, showing the combined judgment of the members of the second group.

With the physical characteristics, such as beauty and neatness, there was a close agreement between the two rankings; but with all psychical traits, such as trustworthiness, honesty, loyalty, there was wide divergence. If the picture produced a good general impression, it was ranked high in all desirable traits, while an unfavorable general impression resulted in a low grading in the better qualities. That this has practical application is shown by the importance of a "front" in the business and social worlds.

Recently a new and more scientific method of character analysis has developed, fathered by the brilliant British mathematician Karl Pearson. It has sought to avoid the fallacies of phrenology and physiognomy and to avail itself of an exact scientific procedure. In the previous methods, a source of weakness which was at the same time convincing was found in the numerous examples illustrating each conclusion, all, however, being favorable to the desired end. In place of such a method, Pearson's is truly inductive, for by it each member of a large group is measured with respect to two or more traits and the total number who possess both qualities, A and B, who possess neither, who possess either without the other, is determined. In this way, all cases are considered, not favorable examples only.

Naturally, the question of intelligence has been of more value to the schoolmasters who have done the investigating than other qualities which are of more interest to the general public. The earliest re-

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searches have been confined then to a search for physical signs to stand as symptoms of the general intelligence or brightness of pupils.

Concerning visible signs of intelligence, there are practically none which can be used with certainty or even probability. Size of head, shape, height, and breadth of head, height of forehead, color of hair and eyes, straightness and curliness of hair have all been suggested, and each in turn has been found to be wanting. Because of these unsatisfactory findings, this line of investigation has been abandoned and others substituted for it.

Springing from a chance observation of Francis Galton in 1883, the mental or general intelligence tests have germinated, reproduced, spawned, hatched, and multiplied until they have formed an almost impassable jungle in the psychological literature. The first systematic research in this direction, though a hint had come from Germany, was recorded in 1890 in an article by Cattell: "Mental Tests and Measurements." Other work was practically confined to this country during the next eleven years. Then the French also took it up, as did other European scholars. It is an interesting fact that the name of Binet, whose tests are probably the best known of any, does not appear in the literature until 1895, twelve years after the original suggestion and after several other men had cleared away much of the impeding underbrush. Since that time so much work has been done that the mention of the names of the investigators would sound like the reading of a telephone directory.

Abandoning the chronological order for the logical, the first step in their development was the selection of tests which would be at the same time simple yet searching, which would measure some phase of intelligence but not the effects of special training. An inspection of the earlier and, to a certain extent, the later tests shows that it is usually impossible to determine what mental functions are tested by them. Following the publication of the tests, a violent war of criticism and counter-criticism ensued. Committees were appointed to standardize the tests and a belligerent peace followed.

The second step was testing the tests; in this three considerations were involved. First, it was necessary that the tests when tried on two or more similar groups of persons should give results which were similar. Second, it was desirable that the interrelations between the results obtained by using different tests should be established. Third, it was essential, if the tests were to be of any value at all, that their results be compared with the data obtained from already accepted measurements of intelligence. If the various methods yielded results which were practically identical, the mental tests could be substituted for the other more cumbersome and tedious methods. That such resemblance has been found is indicated by the fact that several of the universities in this country are discussing the substitution of general intelligence tests for entrance examinations.

Once these three conditions had been satisfied, progress was much more rapid. The tests were employed for the determination of mental as opposed to chronological age, and as by-products have included investigations concerning age differences, sex differences, race differences, and culture differences, to mention only a few.

In recent years mental tests and their derivatives have been used in vocational selection. With the tests proper, two somewhat different methods have been followed. One has been to examine mentally large numbers of children and youths who were leaving school to begin work. As a result of this examination, the position of each one in a group of the same age and sex was determined. The youth then began work, and after a number of years of service, his success in his particular vocation or vocations was ascertained. The records of his mental tests were then consulted to see whether they offered any clew to his success or failure in work. When enough cases have been thus examined, it is hoped that subsequent individuals can be wisely directed into certain lines of work because of evidence derived from the tests.

The second method may be varied in a number of ways, but usage has followed either of two main lines. One is to have all the employees in a certain line of work examined mentally in a group of random

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tests. The results from each test are then compared with the efficiency and value to the concern of the worker. If some one or more of the test results are harmonious with the efficiency rankings of the employees, these tests are used subsequently for the selection of workers for that task.

The other variant is to have a group of the most skilled and another of the most unsuccessful employees mingle with the new applicants and have the whole group tested mentally. It frequently happens that in some two or three tests the best workers excel and the poorest ones fail miserably. Among the new applicants those who do well in these tests are hired and the others dismissed.

There is no doubt that the application of mental tests to employment problems has been of some benefit—an improvement on the hire-and-fire procedure. But the method is purely empirical; its success or its failure depends to too great a degree upon chance. Furthermore, it should be kept in mind that such mental tests measure only mental alertness and capacity and give no information about the moral and volitional characteristics and qualities which are of untold value for business success.

Consequently, a still different type of test has developed, this time more truly a vocational test. Here the endeavor has been to seek for tests which shall isolate and measure with reasonable accuracy some definite trait or quality. On the physical side they have succeeded admirably. Brief, simple examinations with physiological and psychological instruments will disclose strength, speed and accuracy of movement, acuity and keenness of sense-organs, and powers of discrimination. Similarly, powers of observation, memory for different kinds of observed facts, and reasoning ability can be determined in a comparatively short time. But when it comes to the more subtle and psychical qualities, much greater difficulties are encountered. It is obviously difficult to devise a test which shall measure a person's courage or honesty or perseverance in a host of situations. However, Münsterberg and his followers have succeeded in devising a series of tests which measure in a fairly satisfactory way such qualities as presence of mind in certain complex and critical situations. The future of applied psychology will be rich in such developments.

What really is a branch off the same tree is a method newly developed to measure traits and the interrelations of traits. It rests upon an experimental and mathematical foundation, indulging in what is known technically as coefficients of correlation. As the shifting in a kaleidoscope can be foretold by mathematical theory, so the patterns which in their changing and rearranging make up human character can be prophesied with considerable probability.

This new correlation method proceeds as follows: Have some person graded with respect to certain traits by two or more of his intimates; the more the better. Other persons are similarly graded until enough results are obtained to represent fairly the class of individuals or society which is under consideration. Then tables of observations are prepared, indicating the correspondence between the amount of the two qualities possessed by the persons who have been graded. The degree of correspondence is called technically the coefficient of correlation. Numerically, it varies from + 1.00, the highest possible direct correspondence, to − 1.00, the highest possible inverse correspondence. When a series of such correlations has been established, it is possible to determine, almost at a glance, the relationship and correspondence not only between any pair of traits which have been included in the list but also the relationship between the mental and the volitional, or between the social and the moral, or between any of the others.

A very complete and final check and at the same time supplement to this method is to be found in the studies of biographies of famous men. From this source can be obtained the list of qualities which were found to go together in the same individual, and when they are found together in different persons sufficiently often we are justified in prophesying that a certain pair of traits is found together always, or nine times out of ten, or five times out of ten, or two times out of ten, as the case may be. Information derived from these two sources will be of very

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great value both practically and theoretically. It will enable us to know much more about character and to know it much more certainly than ever before; it will be a great aid individually, socially, vocationally, and educationally.

From the data which have already been collected, certain important conclusions have been suggested. Spearman, as a result of mathematical considerations evolving from the tables of correlations obtained from the mental tests, has suggested the existence of some general intellective factor—something corresponding to the efficiency of a machine, which may be termed provisionally intellectual energy. Other work by Webb supports Spearman's contention and suggests a second general factor, volitional in its nature and distinct from the previous one. It seems to be related most closely to persistence of motives. "For the persistence of motives in consciousness and their power of appearing in consciousness at any time seems quite reasonably to be at the base of moral qualities. Trustworthiness, conscientiousness, kindness on principle, fair play, reliability in friendship, etc., are lessons derived from social education. These lessons will be learnt more effectively in proportion as they persist long and recur readily."

Moreover, other experiments suggest that native excess or lack of persistence may be overcome and that "man can make something of himself, in spite of what nature and inheritance have endowed him with."

The practical applications which will result from the new method of character analysis are so manifold that only a few will be mentioned. As a complex geometrical figure is determined by few points, so this method will show that character can be inferred and anticipated from a very few known qualities. Knowing these few, the others will necessarily follow. On the vocational side, knowing the characteristics which are required for a certain position, we will be able at least to narrow the field of applicants materially and probably confine the selection to the two or three most promising candidates, or even possibly limit the field to one.

Vocational guidance will become a much simpler matter, for we will have something more to start on than the person's own unsupported opinion, which we already know to be too high in regard to his more desirable traits and too low where his less impressive qualities are concerned. In the matter of personal friends and acquaintances, a more prompt and accurate diagnosis will be possible, thus saving much hitherto wasted time.

Nor do the applications stop here. They will be of tremendous services in literary criticism, especially where characterization is concerned. The probability of certain combinations of traits will be put upon a statistical basis, showing how many chances in a thousand it has of occurring, and certain weird combinations will be carefully guarded against. For the budding author, it will be of service for the same reasons. For the social worker, the moralist, the politician, the service which such knowledge can do is beyond our wildest present conjectures.

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SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF HENRY ADAMS

By J. Laurence Laughlin

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS

I

TO those who did not know him it is not easy to give a true impression of Henry Adams' personality. No photograph of him exists in the possession of the public. When asked for one he said, with a quizzical laugh, he never had had any. Nor was his portrait ever painted. He himself left express directions that no portrait should appear in the "Education." He had pre-eminently the physical characteristics of his ancestors. At the time when I was a Harvard undergraduate, examinations were held in Lower Massachusetts Hall, then hung with the college portraits. In the intervals of writing, when I looked up, I was struck by the likeness of Henry Adams to the full-length portrait of John Quincy Adams on the eastern wall. Henry was small, short, bald, with a pointed clipped beard, a striking brow, but he was not as stout as his grandfather. There was in both the same air of self-contained strength. In the younger the pugnacity was genial. His nature was positive, not negative. His smile had in it fellowship, welcome, and heartiness; but his laugh was infectious, preceded by a sibilant intake of his breath, with a gay twinkle of humor in his eyes and in the wrinkles at their corners. It might often be ironical, of course, but always good-humored. He might show anger, but never lost his temper. His manner was animated and brusque, but kindly. Although short in stature and unconventional in manner, he never lacked dignity.

II

HIS voice was not mellow; it was resonant and a bit harsh. One could not well imagine him as a political orator. He had none of the tricks of the performer who shows by his expression of mirth or gravity just what response the hearer is expected to make. Like most men who write well he was a forceful but not ready speaker, depending on his content rather than on his manner. Yet men have succeeded in public life without eloquence. Why not Henry Adams? In his earlier years he would have been glad to have served his country as had his father and his forebears. That he was exceptionally well fitted for public or diplomatic life by inheritance, training, and political knowledge goes without saying. Men like John Hay and Thomas Nelson Page had been eminently successful; but Henry Adams was passed by. Some have supposed that he had a desire for public life; but this was far from the truth, certainly in his later years.

Phillips Brooks once remarked of the non-success of a young Harvard man that he had the disadvantage of being rich. It cut him off from the seasoning of fibre when necessity prohibits self-indulgence. But to this disadvantage for Henry Adams must be added, as well, that of having social position. The charge of aristocracy is hard to meet with those who believe it makes sympathy with the common lot impossible. For these two reasons we may imagine we have found the explanation, and can join Aldrich in singing:

"A man should live in a garret aloof,
And have few friends, and go poorly clad,
With an old hat stopping the chink in the roof,
To keep the Goddess constant and glad."

But the goddess of popular favor in our democracy is not to be courted in this way. Men who are rich and have social position have won high place in the game of politics; but they have usually succeeded by bending their convictions to suit the need of party expediency, and by using their wealth or that of others without too much scruple in supporting a political machine. But to Adams such

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Henry B. Adams

February. 16.- 1838.- Quincy.

From a photograph of Henry Adams taken at the time of his graduation at Harvard, 1858. [The date above is the date of his birth.]

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things were inconceivable. One could not imagine his having made a large contribution to the campaign expenses of a presidential candidate in return for appointment to a high office at home or abroad. Not only was he unconsciously incorruptible, but his intellectual independence was his most marked characteristic. And yet one wonders why, after all, he was not called upon.

In his "Education" he has made clear that his self-respect made it impossible for him to solicit office. But he really had no political ambition. "In fifty years that he knew Washington, no one would have been more surprised than himself had any President ever asked him to perform so much of a service as to cross the square." Office was regarded as a *quid pro quo*—for some political service. Later, he dreaded the miasmatic infection of office on his friends. Of all the young men who gathered in Washington with him in Grant's day none had gained in reputation by politics. When Hay was called to be secretary of state, Adams recorded his opinion that office "killed—body and soul—physically and socially," bringing a poison of the will, "the distortion of sight—the warping of mind—the degradation of tissue—the coarsening of taste—the narrowing of sympathy." He strove to have an influence as a publicist. His real ambitions were literary.

To those who did not know him well he might have appeared violently iconoclastic and heterodox regarding many topics of general discussion. To some he might have seemed unbalanced and lacking in sound judgment. But in reality he was satirical, heterodox, and sweeping in his comments at times (as in his "Education," in several places) chiefly from a sense of humor, a desire to shake up established complacency, to start others to think, to bring out new points of view, and to get at the scrap of truth at the bottom of the question at issue. He applied Evarts's advice to him that "the quickest way to clear one's mind is to discuss." It was easy because he was disputatious by family inheritance. He abhorred the commonplace and hunted for what was fresh and original. But our democracy worships the commonplace; it is something it can understand. Obviously these qualities in Adams, just described, did not work for popular acclaim.

Moreover, there was something else in his nature and environment that produced a sort of aloofness from the mind of the "man in the street." He was, it is true, fond of ridiculing the rigidity of attitude in the usual New England representative, "who tiptoed down the aisles of Congress with his nose forty-five degrees in the air," while the policy of the country was really being guided by men of the West who had "guts." And yet one wonders whether Adams ever really understood what was going on in the minds of men outside of those classes in which he was brought up. He attributed Cameron's political strength to the fact that "he understood his own class, who were always a majority; and knew how to deal with them as no New Englander could." May this not be the reason why we have Presidents of the McKinley and Harding type? In Roosevelt's case, it was not wealth, nor social position, nor brains which made him a great politician, but his phenomenal instinct for knowing what was going on in the mind of the average citizen and what spring to touch to make him respond to his, Roosevelt's, purpose. Adams was entirely lacking in such an instinct. His efforts were exerted in quite a different direction.

III

Adams's training in politics and constitutional history, his teaching, and all that would form a preparation for public life, were unique. Most scholars gain much from the instruction of others. In his "Education," the chapter (XX) covering his period of teaching (1871–1877) is headed "Failure," and tells us very little of his life at Harvard. It is to the record of this period that I may add something.

He was in the department of history when I first came in contact with him. The leading spirit in it at that time was the gracious, genial, and scholarly Dean Gurney (Adams's brother-in-law), probably the best-read man in the country, as well as a tactful and discriminating administrator. It was he who when met on Brattle Street, looking abjectly miserable,

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and asked if he was ill, said: "Oh, P——, you don't know what a bad lecture I gave this morning!" It was he who was considered for the presidency at Harvard at the time when Charles W. Eliot was chosen. He would have been a human and wise president, but he might not have been successful in getting large material gains. Phillips Brooks said of Harvard that it had flourished on the supply of monomaniacs who were willing to slave without recompense because of their absorption in some specialty.

While Gurney had the insight into human nature to tell a shy student that he might have a career in history, Adams had a genius for starting men to think. He stirred up a stagnant mind. In the classroom Adams was original, unexpected, and even explosive. His unconvential manner and his sense of humor attracted the students. When asked what exactly "transubstantiation" was, he exploded with: "Good Heavens! how should I know! Look it up." He was the first man in college to awake in me a real interest in learning. Later, when we were working more intimately in the seminar with him, he reverted to our examinations in his undergraduate courses, saying: "I could never understand how you fellows got such high marks. I know I couldn't myself have got sixty per cent on my own examination papers." He was so stimulating, even in the history of institutions, that he conveyed to one unconsciously the true concept of education as the power to think in a subject. That was something of a miracle, too, in a field where precise information has so long been worshipped as the only true education. However much he cast jocose ridicule on Harvard education in his own day, it was a virile education that he meted out to his students in our day. If Henry James was right in saying that education is a "point of view," Adams brought very much to the work of teaching, because of his challenge to the accepted points of view in education. At least he forced a reappraisal of them.

Throughout his career he constantly insisted that history had to be treated as an evolution. Without training in science he was early captivated by the geologist, Sir Charles Lyell, and thereafter we heard much of the *pteraspis* in Siluria, and the first beginnings of things. There was in his mind an *a priori* assumption that the actions of men followed certain laws, and if Adams could not state these laws or trace the expected evolution, he was unhappy. In the very face of the variety and multiplicity of men's acts, this pursuit was obviously destined to fall short of his anticipations. There could be no analysis and classification until enough facts had been collected; but facts bored Adams. And when he essayed to bring magnets, Venus, and X-rays into line with the *pteraspis* of Wenlock Abbey, the effect was not convincing to the literal-minded. Indeed, when it was not imaginative guesses at solutions, it became largely rhetorical decoration.

Since his death, he has been spoken of as a subtle or mysterious spirit. What might have given rise to this opinion was that he had a liking for unusual and tentative explanations of puzzling problems. But a robust and virile, rather than a subtle, mind was most prominent to us. Intellectual curiosity was ever in evidence. New points of view, new methods and originality appealed to him. His method of attack was direct, not subtle; as he himself described the American mind as one which "likes to walk straight up to its object and assert or deny something that it takes for a fact."

IV

It is much to be doubted if he has ever received proper credit for the initiation of research and seminar work in this country. At Harvard the graduate school had no real existence at that time. The degree of Ph.D. was a novelty. If my memory is correct the first winners of this degree were Professor Byerly and C. L. B. Whitney. But when Adams was in the preparatory stages of his "History of the United States," he was ploughing deeply in new ground. He went exhaustively into the study of early German, Norman, and Anglo-Saxon institutions. Into this new field he drew his few graduate students, Henry Cabot Lodge, now Senator from Massachusetts, Ernest Young, later professor of history at Harvard, and my-

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self. This was undoubtedly the first true seminar in this country. Those were busy but halcyon days when we dined at Adams's house on the Back Bay (91 Marlboro Street), and held our seminar meetings in his well-walled library with its open fire. We searched the early German codes of the Visigoths, Burgundians, and Salian Franks for the first glimmerings of the institutions which through the Normans and Anglo-Saxons formed the basis of English and, of course, of American legal development. The primitive communal holdings of the early Teutons turned up, persisting even through the feudal system, in our towns of Boston, Nantucket, or Salem. In this work each one of us was left very much to himself; but it was rather exciting at an occasional round-up to find out how our results would be appraised. As usual, however, each soon got so deep into his own subject that no other was competent to judge him. While we obtained our doctorates in 1876 for the contributions to "Essays in Anglo-Saxon Law" (published by Little, Brown & Co.), we had learned a lesson in scholarship never to be forgotten. Besides the early codes and the writings of Weitz, von Maurer, Sohm, and other Germans, we read and searched many times the whole collection of Anglo-Saxon laws, and ploughed through twenty-five thousand pages of charters and capitularies in mediæval Latin. Later, when once calling on Sir Henry Maine in Downing Street with Henry Adams, the former lamented that he could not expect English students to use German. In these days, led by the example of Haldane and others this is probably no longer true. Throughout all this adventure in research Adams was like a colt in tall clover. He was fattening himself for the next move on English constitutional history on the way to his important work on the "History of the United States."

After he had reaped the fruits of English institutional study, he turned these courses at Harvard over to Ernest Young and others, and assumed those in American colonial history, thus gradually approaching his large historical task. He was in close touch with John G. Palfrey, the historian of New England, then living on Oxford Street in Cambridge. Very soon, he must have felt that he was gaining little for his objective in further university work, so that he turned the colonial courses over to Cabot Lodge (who, it appeared, had some difficulty for a time in keeping a few jumps ahead of his class). While he was editor at this time of the *North American Review*, the memorial number of 1876 was a distinguished one, if only for Professor Dunbar's study on "Economic Science in America, 1776–1876." Yet Adams affected to belittle his work as editor. But this work of his was really good. His low opinion of it was due to the inevitable limitations of a heavy quarterly in reaching and influencing the thinking of Americans.

Having gone to Europe again and ransacked Spanish and other libraries for American material, he settled down in Washington to the actual writing of his "History of the United States" (1801–1817). To whet his style he said he had been reading Macaulay afresh; but certainly his own style was far different from that of Macaulay. While the introduction to his history (vol. I, chaps. I–VI) is an almost unequalled piece of masterly historical writing, the rest of the nine volumes was written in a style crammed too full of meaty thought to make it interesting reading. But for its period it will always remain authoritative. The history displays his genius for narration, besides being marked with many portraits of characters as perfect as miniatures. It came within an ace of being one of the great histories; but one is at a loss to say what it is that it lacks. From his own point of view, "he insisted on a relation of sequence," and if the facts in American history were so varied that they were not "rigorously consequent," it may be that his history suffered from the nature of his assumptions.

The care and patience shown in his methods of preparing his history are, I believe, unparalleled. There was the amazing excursion, already referred to, into the remotest origins of our institutions among the primitive Teutons. Then, also, when the manuscript of the whole nine volumes was completed, he set up two volumes in type, printed them with wide margins, and sent them out to

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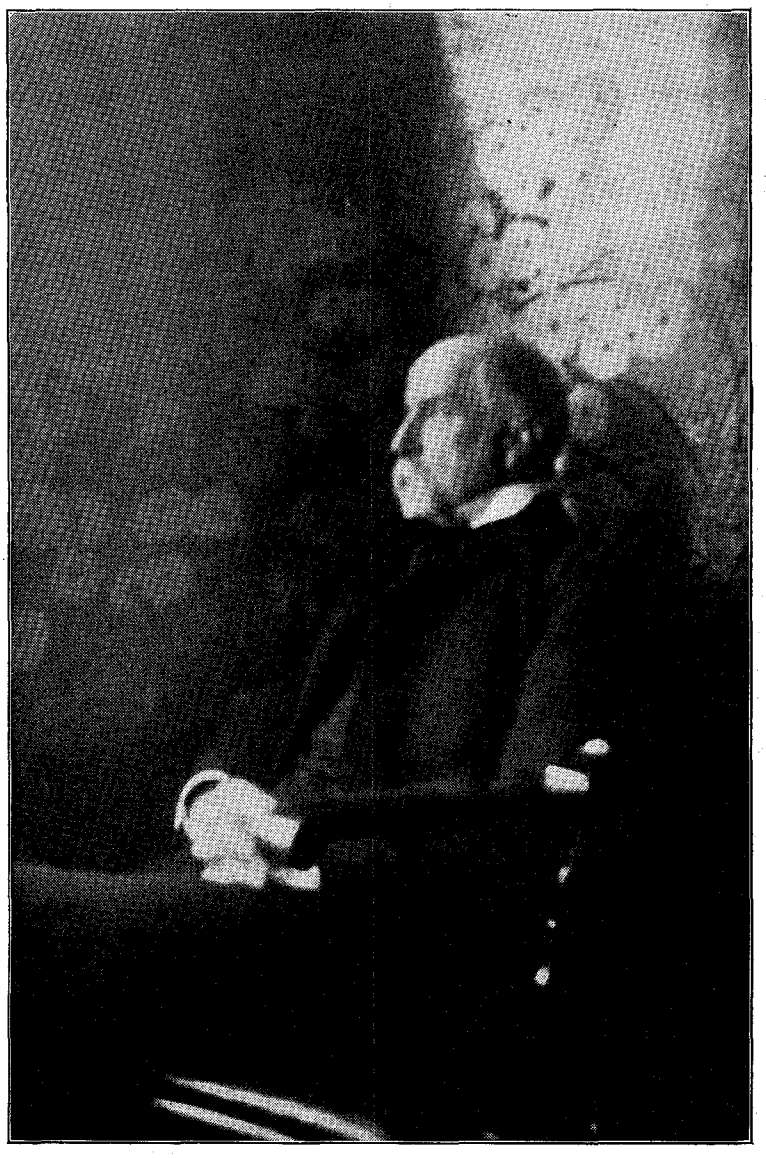

From a photograph of Henry Adams taken by himself in his study in Washington about 1903.
In the possession of Mrs. Ward Thoron.

a selected list of historians for criticisms and comments. When these copies were gathered in, he then rewrote them before final publication (during the years 1881–1891). No wonder he felt he could do no more and went off to the South Pacific with LaFarge, leaving the history to its own fate.

The "Education of Henry Adams," was treated in the same manner. It was privately printed with large margins in folio form, as is well known; but he wrote me in 1908 it was his intention to call in the copies with the comments of his friends on the margins, rewrite it, and reduce it to three-fourths its size. Fortunately, its piquancy was never destroyed by that process. I suppose others must have felt as I did, that a team of wild horses could not extract it from their

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possession. I used to read from it years ago to my advanced students in Chicago, to show what a life of cultivation and charm was possible to a scholar.

V

During this period Adams, after 1877, had an interesting environment while living in the houses in Washington, giving south on Lafayette Square—first in the old yellow Corcoran mansion and later in the house of his own building. It was suffused with the influence created by Mrs. Adams. She told me she had once stirred Henry into a spasm of work by reporting to him the number of candles Mr. Bancroft consumed while writing before breakfast. Also, she told me, when they were searching the archives in Europe, that, being a woman, she could make requests for permission which Henry was, she jestingly added, too shy to make.

As a *raconteur* Mrs. Adams was distinguished. She had charm, intelligence, vivacity, tact, readiness, and a keen mind. For a time it was reported in Washington that it was she who had written the anonymous novel "Democracy." She read with her husband Greek or Spanish in large daily quotas, and did it with gayety. In her daily intercourse with the world she showed a marked sense of humor. Before starting for Europe she had been given many cordial letters of introduction. These, she said afterward, were too flattering ever to be presented; but when she wished to cheer herself up she could lock her door, start a wood-fire, take out these letters and, before the cheerful blaze, read what a glorified being she really was. Certainly her Washington dinner-table was the most delightful one could find anywhere. At that table I have seen Adams in uproarious laughter, waving his napkin up and down, at the stories told him by a clever woman (then unmarried) who recounted her experiences on a ranch as a "sloper" (on the Pacific slope). When Mr. Bryce was in New York at that time, on expressing to Godkin and Schurz a wish to see the inside of the political machine in Washington, he was put into the hands of this same young woman (as well as of the Camerons). His satisfaction was such that he said it was worth crossing the Atlantic to meet such a woman.

The country house in Beverly had a peculiar charm. The air of happiness, congeniality, and comradeship was infectious. The "Hunting of the Snark" had not long been out, and the hairy little Scotch terrier was known as "Boojum." The love of animals was spontaneous. Henry Adams's discipline in reducing "Boojum Adams" to abject submission after a heinous crime was a chapter in comedy.

Just back from Europe they conveyed their experiences in art and literature to their friends. Arthur Hugh Clough's "Bothie of Tubernavuolich" was much discussed just then, when his promise was thought to be so great and before his star had begun to decline. The influence of Morris, too, on furniture and papers showed in a practical way, when Mrs. Adams induced a local cabinetmaker to manufacture pieces from new designs and obtained many orders for him. At that time—in the early seventies—it was the first movement toward an artistic development of interior decoration in this country. It was fitting that her memory should be associated with Saint Gaudens's greatest inspiration in the monument at Rock Creek.

VI

That Adams was deep and sensitive in his affections, and shy about their expression, has been evident in what he omitted from his chapter of "Twenty Years After," in his "Education." In this, his happy period, he did his "Life of Albert Gallatin" and his "History of the United States," the works likely to have a permanent value. After the loss of his wife he was seemingly a different man within. His latent tendencies became more pronounced. His pessimism had early shown itself, but rather as a pose and as a part of his love of paradox; but later "he was kept alive by irritation at finding his life so thin and fruitless," and was "convinced that the clew of religion led to nothing." In reality he was lonely and restless.

His shyness in this respect was not inconsistent with an attitude of confidence, or even of audacity, in his relations with the world. It was impossible that he should not have been unconsciously in-

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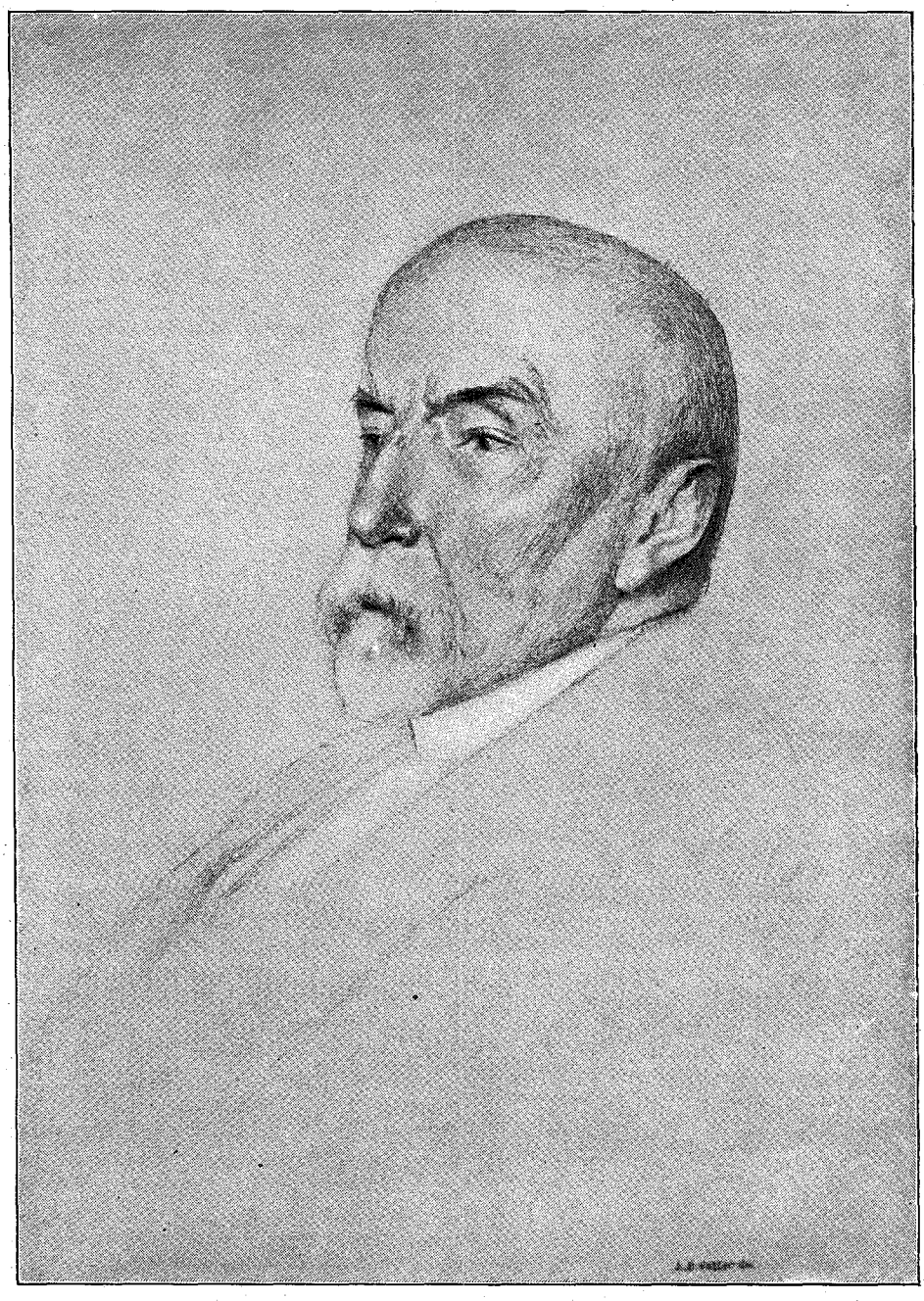

Henry Adams.

Drawn from life by John Briggs Potter, 1914.

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fluenced by being a member of a very distinguished family. He delighted in privately abusing its members, as a way of showing that they were above abuse. When Germany appeared, however, as "a grizzly terror," frightening England into America's arms, which "effected what Adamses had tried for two hundred years in vain . . . he could feel only the sense of satisfaction at seeing the diplomatic triumph of all his family, since the breed existed."

His disposition to try out all possible points of view led him to say extravagant and fantastic things which in others might have been regarded as preposterous and conceited. Many times his whimsical theorizing had no more than imaginative values. When he finds it his task to translate X-rays into faith, and relate it to the force of the Virgin felt at Lourdes one may regard it as a gesture of eccentricity. Yet, although condescending to be amused at "philosophy, which consists chiefly in suggesting unintelligible answers to insoluble problems," he was not to be taken too seriously; although Santayana's destructive criticism of German philosophy might have justified his position.

VII

Some of his best work was done in economics in his earlier years. His paper on the "Gold Conspiracy" in the days of Jay Gould and Jim Fisk was pointed and effective. So was the one on "Legal Tender," based on F. A. Walker's notes, and later printed in "Chapters of Erie." But, unless carefully trained in economics —as Adams was not—it is easy to fall into error. His disposition to drop into paradox served him poorly when trying to deal with the intricacies of credit in the panic of 1893. When "suspended over the edge of bankruptcy" and reasoning that "he had the banks in his power," if he did not pay up, it was diverting and very entertaining fooling about banking. Banks can foreclose on the assets of borrowers.

When he confessed that Cameron had made a deep impression on him on the question of silver, and when he actually believed that the support of the gold standard was "a submission to capitalism," he must be regarded as merely toying with a topic that excited his curiosity. He may have been influenced also by the arguments of the dilettante Moreton Frewen, but more likely by those of his brother, Brooks Adams. Being in this group may also account for Lodge's aberration on silver. Adams thought curiously enough that the country would make its decision solely according to interests. I myself happened to be in the midst of the silver fight at that time in the West. Bryan had tried to make the issue one of selfish interests, but he failed ingloriously. It was the moral appeal to the electorate that won the day; it was the disclosure of the cheating to be brought about by a change of standards that prevented Bryan from being elected President. It was not accurate to suggest that the bankers were loading the dice. They had in fact very little share in bringing about the defeat of silver.

One finds some sort of explanation for this position in Adams's preconceptions on socialism. He admitted he "could frame no sort of satisfactory answer to the constructive doctrines of Adam Smith, or to the destructive criticisms of Karl Marx." "He had studied Karl Marx and his doctrines of history with profound attention." To set off Adam Smith, however, against Karl Marx was like setting off a potato-digger against a stone-crusher: they were at work on entirely different fields. His adventure into socialism was no doubt prompted by curiosity, and did not go deep. Indeed, his dread of capitalism, because of financial experiences in the panic of 1893, was largely the usual point of view of the debtor in a crisis. But it is easy to make too much of these matters which never struck deep into Adams's thinking.

His economic diversions are the more interesting, because "with nobody did Adams form closer or longer relations than with Abram S. Hewitt," whom he regarded as "the most useful public man in Washington," and one who was "always wielding influence second to none." And yet, discussion with Hewitt should have been a quick corrective for all the fallacies of silver and socialism. He had a mind exceptionally fitted for economic analysis. Moreover, his knowledge of the electoral struggle of 1876 between Tilden and Hayes, Roosevelt's mayoralty

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campaign, and that of Cleveland for President was unequalled, for he was a large influence in them all. After acting as a university delegate to Woodrow Wilson's coronation at Princeton, I spent the week-end with Hewitt at Ringwood, his country-place near Tuxedo. He poured out to me the whole inside history of those critical days in 1876, and how General Sherman saved us from a *coup d'état*. Hewitt said Sherman announced that the army would obey Congress. In the papers of some Washington correspondent of that day (possibly George Alfred Townsend) will be found an account drawn up by Hewitt. If ever recovered, it would be unique.

VIII

Adams's Washington house was the resort of many men in public life. The following incident is the more interesting as illustrating Adams's own sizzling indictment of the corruption of our civil service in his day. After Garfield's death I happened to drop in on Adams, when he recounted to me what Wayne MacVeagh had reported of Garfield's Cabinet history. In its early meetings, the question of a certain nomination by Blaine (secretary of state) to the collectorship at Bangor came up as a test of civil-service reform. The incumbent was a highly satisfactory official, and the nominee was a poor type of the political henchman. So violent had been the attack on the nomination in New England that it had been hung up in the Senate. On the afternoon when MacVeagh had stopped at Adams's house for a cup of tea, he had just come from a stormy meeting of the Cabinet. The withdrawal of the Bangor nomination was raised, and quite to their surprise the reformers in the Cabinet (James, Lincoln, McCreary, Windom, etc.) discovered they were in a majority. They won against Blaine. Then, like good strategists, they pushed their victory by bringing in a resolution for the establishment of civil-service rules in all the departments of the government. A violent struggle ensued. It almost broke up the Cabinet. Blaine fought like a tiger; but he was beaten. Civil-service reform was achieved then and there.

The next day, according to the same authority, Blaine brought to Garfield a long list of nominations worse than any yet proposed, and the President nominated the whole of them. On the following morning, it was Blaine who rode to the Potomac station with Garfield, and entered arm in arm with the President when he was shot by Guiteau. By a mockery of fate, civil-service reform was lost by the assassin's bullet of a disappointed office-seeker.

IX

My recollections, of course, were mainly of Adams's earlier years, and I make no attempt here to give an exhaustive study of his long and active career (February 16, 1838–March 27, 1918). In his later years, however, I had visited him in his Washington library. There he had reverted to the one field which had most attracted him, the twelfth century, out of which had come his study on "Mont Saint Michel and Chartres." There is no doubt that in his own mind he believed he had here come upon the greatest work of his life. He wanted to measure progress in the science of history by a unit of motion from some fixed point. That point was the century, 1150–1250, "when man held the highest idea of himself." "Setting himself to the task, he began a volume which he mentally knew as 'Mont Saint Michel and Chartres: a study of thirteenth-century unity.' From that point he proposed to fix a position for himself which he could label: 'The Education of Henry Adams: a study of twentieth-century multiplicity.'" Thus in his mind these two works were connected as parts of a greater whole. In the later years of his life, with the aid of a younger and intimate friend, he went still deeper into the documents of the period of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, such as the manuscripts of Guillaume and Saint James. With these results he would have much modified his "Saint Michel" had he rewritten it. On these subjects his mind was dwelling in the later years when I occasionally visited him in Washington.

When I last saw Adams in Dublin only a few summers ago (1915), in spite of a previous stroke, he was as charming, genial, and alert as ever. On parting, as I said, "Good-by, magister," he retorted: "Here! here! no calling names!"

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SMELTED FROM THE SAME ORE

By Caleb Wrath

Illustrations by Clarence Rowe

THE lack-lustre light of a raw morning had already overspread the roofs and chimney-pots of the old city and was beginning to filter through the dusty panes of the *tabatières*—the little windows that open out like the lids of snuff-boxes on to the sloping roofs—when there came a knock at the door of Rupert Crocker's *grenier*.

In the half-light within the little garret all was silent, motionless confusion. An easel tilted drunkenly in one corner, and over the plain board table, the two chairs, the carpetless floor were strewn indifferently canvases, books, articles of clothing, with here and there a palette or a tumbler bristling paint-brushes.

Rap—rap—rap. . . . The knocking at the door came louder. This time the covers on the bed heaved slowly and a sensitive, dim-eyed young face emerged from beneath their edge. Shivering, the youth slipped from the bed, and in his pajamas tiptoed across the cold floor to the door.

It was the *concierge*.

"*Une dépêche, monsieur,*" she said, handing him the blue form. "*Elle vient d'arriver.*"

"*Merci, madame.*"

He closed the door and leaped back to the warmth of his bed.

"Who in thunder should be sending me a telegram?" he mused, for all his acquaintances lodged in the *quartier* bounded by the river and the Boulevard Montparnasse, by the Rue des Saints Pères and the Halle-aux-Vins—that is to say, within fifteen minutes of him.

"Rupert Crocker 19 Rue Valette Paris: Father seriously ill Please return: Mother"

Hm—a cablegram! . . . From home. . . .

For the first time in months his thoughts flew back to the crude little Pennsylvania mill town of his birth. He saw his father and the iron-foundry. It was impossible to think of them separately—his father's life had gone into "the works." So the old man was ill. . . . That was odd: square-shouldered and square-jawed, a great, deep-chested man of bone and muscle, he had always seemed as sturdy as a stallion. Suddenly the boy's nostrils dilated; his sensitive face grew hard, and the old passion of resentment toward his father blazed up in him again.

It was something he never had quite understood. He had never felt so toward his mother—*they* had understood each other. Yet, as a little boy, he had particularly craved the affection of his father. It was as if the blunt, rough-grained old manufacturer, himself insensible to the boy's more delicate nature, had scorned his "softness" and gruffly had withheld the affection that his son demanded. Rupert remembered bitterly that day when he was five years old and his father had taken him into the foundry at pouring-time. The molten metal had splashed headlong from the great vat to the sand moulds; and as the whimpering child had shrunk back terror-stricken, his disgusted father had cried out: "Stand up! By God, if ye had more of that iron in yer composition, we could make a man of ye!"

Rupert saw his father, too, as he had appeared on the occasion of that last scene between them. With gray eyes piercing, thick neck out-thrust, his coarse-skinned cheeks so red that even the little purple veins stood out in them and along the sides of his high nose, John Crocker's strong, blunt-fingered hands had tapped emphasis as he shouted:

"Whatever business ye take up, ye will not succeed in it without a period of apprenticeship. If yer mind is set on bein' an artist and ye think ye must go to Paris to study for it, I will not prevent ye, but

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will pay yer passage and give ye some money for a start. But if—as I have always hoped ye would—ye come into 'the works' with me, ye need not think ye will avoid the hard work either. I'll give ye six months' trainin' in the machine-shop and six months in the foundry. That will be less in all than I have spent in each of them; but I'm thinkin' it will be enough to show if ye are good for somethin' or are worthless. Now ye must make yer own decision."

Rupert had decided. Iron-founding and machinery were not for him. During adolescence his resentment of his father had come to include all that seemed most characteristic of the man: his iron-foundry; the drab, uncouth industrial town; its crass materialism. In a spirit of revolt against all this the boy had turned to art, and two years ago had come hopefully to Paris. He had worked desperately, spurred on not only by a love of painting, but by a desire to vindicate himself. Above all else, it was his father's scorn that goaded him to effort. He had achieved one small success—the interior of an iron-foundry, a picture born of boyhood recollections. The painting had attracted some attention in the *Salon*, and afterward he had sold it to a dealer.

The cablegram fell from Rupert's hand and he began to trace nervous little patterns in the dust upon the sloping wall above him. He did not want to go back to America. He was only beginning to make good; and at home he would find nothing but discouragement. He could imagine his father's cool contempt when he learned that his son had almost starved and that two years' work had netted him one insignificant success. He would ask how much Rupert had sold the picture for.—"Six hundred francs? . . . Eh, fine! That would be about the price of a ton of pig iron, wouldn't it? And for two years' work! Aye, boy, ye're doin' fine!"

With a shudder Rupert got out of bed and stood staring down into the fireplace. It yawned black and empty at him. He looked around for wood. There was none. His eye fell upon one of his old canvases. . . . Well, why not? He could not very well refuse to go home; and, if he were going, he would not take the pictures with him. They were of no value—apprentice work, at best. Savagely he wrenched the canvas from the wooden frame and stuffed it into the fireplace. The frame followed; then another and another. Soon two years' work began to roar behind the down-drawn fender; and Rupert, crouching on the hearth in his pajamas, lighted a cigarette and planned despondently for his return. —First, the steamship office; then he would send a cable to say when he was sailing. . . .

II

THE French Line steamer on which he secured passage had not yet left Le Havre before Rupert began almost to regret his decision to return. Just as, for two years, he had found in the art and Bohemianism of the Latin Quarter a complete escape from the things that mortified him in his father, so now, by the Americans on shipboard, he was reminded of them.

There were a lot of buyers on board returning from Paris with spring styles, and as he watched them promenading along the decks, he reflected scornfully: "America again—too little sense of art to create clothes for itself, so it comes to copy what Paris has created." Up and down the decks paced American business men, most of them berating France and interminably discussing exports, imports, dividends, and dollars. "That is what my father would be doing, if he were here," thought Rupert bitterly. After the first day, he shunned the other passengers and sought solitude behind a lifeboat on the upper deck.

One night after dinner he went into the smoking-room to sip a *liqueur* with his coffee. The place was filled with his loud-voiced countrymen bent on a final, inglorious orgy before they reached the land of prohibition. One cocktail after another they tossed off, drinking boastfully, provincially, like overgrown boys trying to be smart. Rupert remembered similar bouts in which his father had engaged. He never came there again.

At last, early one morning, they reached New York. On deck all was bustle and excitement: attendants carrying cabin baggage and passengers clus-

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tered ecstatically along the rail. Beside Rupert stood a heavy-jowled old gentleman, with blue, clean-shaven gills—apparently a business man of consequence. As the Statue of Liberty came in sight, the gentleman cleared his throat.

"God's own country, eh?" he wheezed. "The dear old U. S. A.!"

And he looked complacently at Rupert for approval.

"That's just what my father would say, sir," returned Rupert as he moved away.

An hour later, he was through the customs-house and seated, with his baggage, in a taxi. As he looked along the river front, he thought of the quiet *quais* beside the Seine where leisurely canal-boats drifted by and one could pore for hours over the contents of old bookstalls. But on either side of him New York's great office-buildings soon towered up, coldly splendid monuments to the commercial life of the nation. It was with a sigh of relief that he at last sank into a seat by the window in the train that was to bear him home. But even here an interminable succession of bill-boards harassed him. Between an announcement of silk hosiery and one of liver pills, he beheld a great sign-board proclaiming the single slogan, "God is Love."

"So they create a vogue for even their religion by national advertising campaigns," thought Rupert. The "they" was unconscious, for mentally he disassociated himself from America and thought of it as if he had been a foreigner. But if only he had known it, this pitiless notation of everything that was banal, soulless, or materialistic in America was but an unconscious effort to justify his estrangement from his father. For all these things he criticised in America, found, in his mind, their epitome in the life and character of his father. It was John Crocker's gruff rejection of the boy's early affection that had led Rupert, years ago, to repress his affection for his father and to resent all that suggested his father's cold, uncouth materialism.

Rupert changed trains once, and as he got nearer home, his thoughts turned toward it. He wondered what he would do when he got there. Likely enough he would find his father well again and back at work. He had half expected a telegram on his arrival in New York, but there had been none. Probably it had not occurred to his mother that she could send one to the boat. He began to think about her.

She was a slight, housewifely little body whose prevailing temper was one of mildly submissive sweetness. From her Rupert had inherited his small stature, the fine texture of his skin and hair, and his love of beauty. In her relations with him she had been thoroughly dominated by her husband; and Rupert knew in advance that her only means of welcoming him would be to prepare and timidly set before him all the dishes that as a child he had been fondest of. Poor, simple-minded mother: she could not realize that he no longer regarded the privilege of stuffing himself with ginger cookies as the highest attainable delight!

At last he reached his destination and got out. At the station he left orders for his baggage to be delivered, and set out on foot. The town was as he had remembered it: raw, unspeakably ugly with its dingy rows of workmen's houses and its factories belching smoke.

From the top of a little hill he looked down and saw the plant of "John Crocker & Company, Iron Founders and Machinists" sprawled over half a dozen acres. Smoke was rising from the chimneys, and through one of the great doors he caught the red glow from a stream of molten metal and knew that it was running into the sand moulds. That was the plant into which, year after year, the turbulent life of his father also had been poured, to become at last hard, like iron, and patterned to the needs of industry. What would his own life be, he wondered? Could he stick it out despite his father's disapproval—this long struggle for success in art? He turned abruptly and walked on.

On the outskirts of the town stood the Crocker house, three stories of stark brick, set back a little from the road. A woman who was looking out of an upper window noticed him and turned back into the room. Almost at once the front door opened and his mother came out onto the porch to meet him. She had a round, delicate face, with a patient, receding

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Drawn by Clarence Rowe.

Soon two years' work began to roar behind the down-drawn fender.—Page 587.

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mouth; and he noticed as he came toward her that she was pale and that there were bluish rings beneath her dark eyes. The next instant her arms were about him.

"Oh, Rupert, Rupert," she sobbed. "Yesterday—yesterday morning—your father died."

III

THE first shock of bad news, like the first shock of a heavy blow, rarely does more than stun. It is only afterward that one realizes the full disturbance it has caused. So, after a first, quick glance into his mother's face, Rupert had pressed his cheek against hers and held it there. Somehow he did not want to look into her eyes. For several minutes they remained so, Rupert with his arms about his mother while he stared blindly, dazedly out over her shoulder. After a while he realized that he was looking at something and saw that it was a neighbor's fat, gray hen that was wandering across their lawn, its head bobbing inquisitively as it foraged for food.

"Come, mother," he said simply at last, and silently followed her into the house.

The woman whom he had seen at the window met them in the hall. She had on her hat.

"Mrs. Crocker," she announced sympathetically, "I guess I'll not stay any longer, seein' as you've got your son home now. But I'll be over first thing in the mornin' to see if there's anything I can do for you."

"All right, Mrs. Doyle, thank you," returned his mother. "You've been very kind to come and stay with me."

The woman turned to Rupert and spoke gravely:

"'Tis a sad homecomin' you have, young man; and it's sorry I am for you to be losin' so fine a father." For the fraction of a second she paused; then she took his hand in a clasp that was firm, and in a lower voice she added: "Maybe you'll be needin' him some day."

When he had closed the door after her he stood with his hand upon the knob.

"You remember Mrs. Doyle, don't you, Rupert?" asked his mother. "She's lived next door since—since long before you went away."

"Yes, mother," he answered dully. He was wondering what she had meant by "Maybe you'll be needin' him some day." Did all the town think, with his father, that he was a weakling?

There followed an account of his father's illness and some queries about his own health. Then mother and son grew silent. They had strangely little to say to each other. . . . At last she announced that his room was ready for him and that she would go get supper. Silently he left her and went up-stairs.

His parents' room was on the second floor. Now the door to it was closed—significantly. He did not go in.

His own room was on the third floor. It had been his ever since he was old enough to sleep alone, and as he went up to it now he remembered how, in the mornings, his father had used to call him from the bottom of the stairs. Sometimes he had lain still, hoping vainly that he would be allowed to sleep; but when the second call had come he had answered. Somehow it seemed impossible that his father would never again call him from the bottom of the stairs. "Ho-o, son!" was what he had always called.

Supper was a dreary affair. His mother had made corn-muffins, which she knew he liked; and he choked forlornly over them while she, with food almost untasted, sat self-consciously across from him. When the meal was over he helped her carry the dishes into the kitchen. They had never had a maid; and, although the time was years past when financial considerations would have prevented them from doing so, Rachel Crocker preferred to do her own work, and in her house to rule as her husband ruled at "the works"—with none to contradict her. While she prepared the water for the dishes Rupert stood awkwardly by; and he was relieved when she turned to him and said:

"Rupert, I wonder if you would mind looking for a paper that ought to be in your father's desk. It is the title to the family lot at the cemetery. The undertaker was asking about it this morning."

He went to the little reading-room that had been his father's; and as he opened the door and switched on the light, the

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familiar objects in it seemed to leap at him, arousing memories that had been long forgotten. Everything was so suggestive of his father: it was the one room in the house his mother never tried to rearrange. There was the worn, old leather-cushioned chair before the desk—he could almost see his father sitting in it now—and upon the mantelpiece his father's battered corn-cob pipe. The clock upon the mantelpiece had run down; and he remembered that it had always been his father who had wound it.

As he opened the drawer of the desk he caught his breath. Inside everything was arranged with clumsy system and everything bespoke his father. There was a lot of fishing-tackle—and Rupert's mind leaped back to the Saturday afternoons when, as a boy, he had accompanied his father on fishing-trips into the country. That had been before their estrangement.

Then, there were a lot of letters, tied securely, but with masculine awkwardness, into a great bundle. He looked curiously at them. They were addressed to his father in his mother's handwriting; and as he glanced at the dates on some of the envelopes he calculated swiftly; they must have been written before his parents had been married! For the first time Rupert thought of his father's life before his own coming into the world, and of his parents' long comradeship. Aggressive, domineering, impatient of delay, his father had blustered and stormed among men—and he had treated his son as a man. Only with his wife—so calm and outwardly submissive—had he been clumsily and wonderingly tender. He had never understood her sensitive reserve; and for the same reason, perhaps, he had never quite understood his son. Grown men and iron and steel were more in his line!

Beneath the letters Rupert found a flat package wrapped in tissue-paper. Some vague half-memory made him open it. It contained a little sketch that he had done himself when he was scarcely eight years old. Now he recalled how he had borne it proudly home from school and presented it to his father for a birthday present. "Father," he had announced, "I'm going to be an artist. My picture was the best of anybody's in the class. . . . If you could be the best person in the world at anything, father, what would you like to be best at—the best shot, the best horseback rider, the best artist . . . ?" There had been a twinkle in his father's blue-gray eyes as he had critically held the childish sketch at arm's length. "I guess, son," he had replied, "that I'd like to be the best father." Then he had scowled furiously as if in disapproval of his own sudden and unprecedented display of sentiment. "But ye want to be an artist, eh?" he had added gruffly. "Well, we cannot make ye one; but we can give ye a chance."

Rupert realized with a little pang that his father had kept that promise.

At length he found the paper he was looking for and took it to his mother. She had not slept the night before and was worn out with a long period of nursing. The funeral was to be the next day.

When she kissed him good night, he thought she was going to say something to him; but she did not. The barrier of reserve was still between them and he was surprised to see how little she relied upon him. Instead she seemed to shrink back into herself and to her memories of the man who, for more than thirty years, had been her companion. After all, Rupert thought, he had been only an episode in that comradeship—like the young bird that is born, grows up, and flies away; his parents' comradeship had been before and had endured after him. But as he went up to his own room he wondered if his father had spoken of him before he died.

He lay awake a long time thinking about his father.

The next morning his mother did not call him, and it was late when he awoke. He dressed hurriedly and came downstairs to find her in the hall. She was just receiving a great floral design wrapped in wax-paper; and as she closed the door she turned to him. He noticed that her eyes were brimming.

"From the men at 'the works,'" she said. "Two of them just brought it. They asked if they could come sometime before the service to see your father. I

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told them any time after noon. You know the service isn't till three."

She stood as if waiting for him to say something. Then, indicating the floral offering, she asked:

"I wonder if you would arrange it? You know so much better about that than I. The undertaker's men have already been here and brought him down-stairs. Everything is ready in the parlor."

Rupert took the package and went into the room. He was surprised at the great masses of flowers that were already there. They must have come that morning from friends and relatives; but there were so many that it seemed as if every one in the town must have sent some. He went up to the casket and looked down into it. A long time he stood there as if he were striving indelibly to impress upon his mind the image of his father. The firm jaw, the bull-like neck, the bristling gray hair were as he had remembered them; only the laughing eyes were closed and the cheeks that had always been so ruddy now were white. He was surprised at the unfamiliar emotion that surged up in him, and he struggled against it. At length he turned to the floral design and began to remove its wrappings.

It was a huge abomination—a thing in wretched taste—of glass beads and gates of paradise ajar. Over the gates, in golden beadwork, was the word "Welcome."

A burst of indignant rage and he was about to hurl the thing out. Then it occurred to him that he might hide it behind the other flowers. His eye fell on a card attached to the design by a white ribbon; it bore the inscription: "John Crocker. From his men." Rupert hesitated, stayed by some impulse that was stronger than his sense of art. Then slowly, scarcely knowing why he did so, he placed the offending design conspicuously beside the casket.

IV

THAT day, for the first week-day in many years, "the works" were silent.

That day, too, almost a thousand of John Crocker's employees came to file solemnly past his casket. Of their own will they came, dressed awkwardly in their Sunday best. A little after twelve they began to arrive in groups of two or three, then in larger groups, until finally there was a constant stream of them coming in at the little gate, sedulously scraping their feet upon the mat, and with hats in hand walking gravely past the casket of the man whom many of them had known since childhood.

In his father's room up-stairs Rupert stood alone and listened to the muffled shuffling of their feet. He remembered that during the twenty years that his father had been superintendent of the firm there had been no strikes there. Labor troubles there had been; but the men had come to John Crocker frankly to present their grievances. Sometimes—for he had been a working man himself and had a sense of rough-and-ready justice—their demands had been granted. Sometimes he had refused, and then even the clerks in the outer office had quaked as his deep voice rang out in argument and his burly fists set the ink-wells on his desk to dancing. But it had been his father's proudest boast that, while strikes and lockouts had been frequent at other plants and the State constabulary had more than once been called out, he and his men had settled their own disputes in open argument and to their mutual satisfaction. Rupert pondered this as he listened to the muffled shuffling in the hall below. Would the procession never cease? American and Lithuanian, Russian and Pole, all had come with a single purpose—to honor the memory of the man they had worked for and respected.

The funeral service was short; and when the minister announced as his text, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth," Rupert had no feeling that it was inappropriate. All the little things about his father that he had so resented seemed now to dwindle into petty insignificance. He was acquiring a new vision, and, as the steady modulations of the minister's voice rose and fell, Rupert began to block in, as best he could, the gaunt outlines of his father's life. He saw in retrospect the long struggle that had been his father's. A mechanic of some ability, John Crocker

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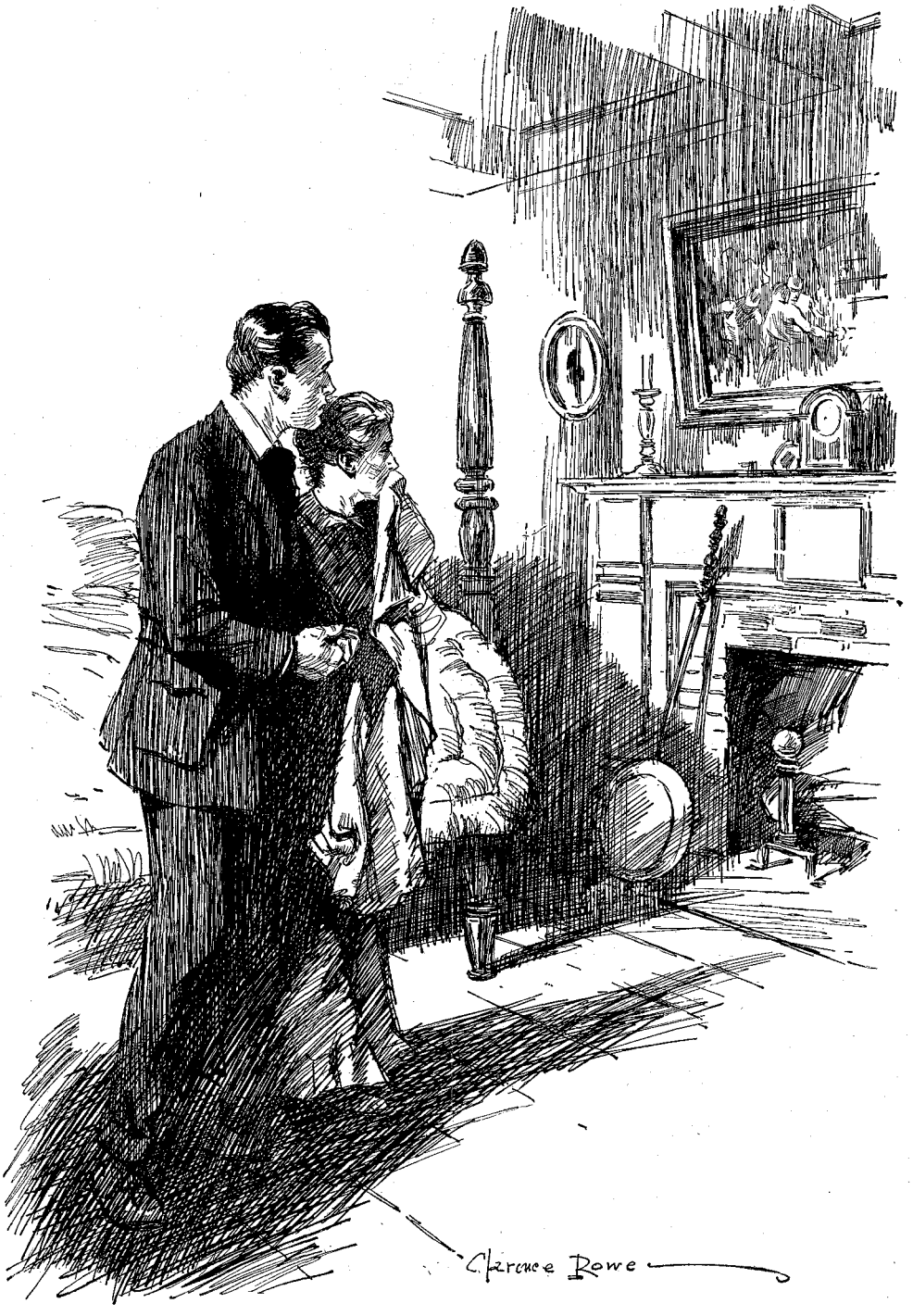

Drawn by Clarence Rowe.

His mother's words came slowly and with difficulty.—Page 594.

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had fought his way to success by unrelenting effort, shrewd common sense, and his unflinching honesty. Rupert recalled his sense of allegiance to business associates, his even-handed justice to the men who worked for him. He thought of his father's enduring love for one woman; and he realized the long years of hard work that had preceded the attainment of a position of importance in the industrial life of the community—and the responsibility that had come after. Viewed so, there was a rude dignity about his father's life—an element of rugged Americanism he had not realized before.

Still dry-eyed, Rupert drove with his mother to the cemetery. There, in a plot overlooking the plant that had been his life-work, the remains of John Crocker were laid to rest. Afterward mother and son returned to the house; and when their relatives and friends had gone sat silently together. After a while Rupert put his arm around her waist. He was wondering miserably if his father had spoken of him before he died; and the sense of their estrangement had become a crushing weight upon him.

At last his mother turned to him.

"Rupert," she said.

"Yes, mother?"

"There is something I have to tell you —about your father.

"The night before he died, I stayed with him till very late. Then, because he seemed to be sleeping comfortably, I went into the spare room to lie down. I slept longer than I meant to, for when I woke up it was getting light; and, Rupert—do you remember how your father used to call you? How, from the bottom of the stairs, he called you every morning—during all the years you lived here? . . . Well, that was what had wakened me. He had called you—'Ho-o, son!'—the way he used to; and I went out to find him standing in his nightshirt just as he had gotten out of bed. He was looking up the stairs as if he were waiting for you to answer. . . . 'But Rupert isn't there, John,' I said. He didn't seem quite to understand, for as I led him back he said: 'I only wanted to tell him about his picture. . . .'"

A sudden tightening in his throat, and Rupert looked up. Tears flooded his eyes and ran burning down his cheeks. His mother had risen and, with a sign for him to follow, she went into her own room. There on the wall, opposite his parents' bed, hung the picture he had done in Paris—the one picture that had been a success.

His mother's words came slowly and with difficulty:

"He saw a reproduction of it in some industrial magazine and wouldn't rest till he had bought the original. At first it hung over his desk at 'the works'; but when he was taken ill he ordered it brought here. He never talked about it; he just lay in bed and stared at it for hours at a time. . . . When I led him back to bed he seemed to draw himself together. 'Rachel,' he said, 'that's a great picture. Aye—and it would take John Crocker's son to paint it. Look at it, though: at the hot iron pourin' from the furnace and the puddlers stripped naked to the waist! Can ye not fairly *feel* the heat of it? Can ye not *smell* the sweat that's streamin' down their backs? Can ye not *hear* the clankin' of the cranes above and the din of the trip-hammer through it all? . . . Rachel, tell him—tell him I'm proud of him. He was finer metal than I thought —as fine metal as his father. Aye, we were smelted from the same ore; but the Founder cast us in different moulds.'"

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LORD DUNSANY—MYTH-MAKER

By Odell Shepard
Author of "The Paradox of Thoreau," etc.

FOR all practical American purposes, Irishmen may be divided into three sorts: policemen, politicians, and poets. One reason, apparently, why the present population of the island assays so large a proportion of poets is that the policemen and politicians mostly emigrate to America, while the poets remain at home. The chief bond of union in this third group is a vigorous detestation of the other two. Were it not for this common antipathy, there would scarcely exist anything recognizable as an Irish School. For there are Irish poets who, in defiance of Matthew Arnold, are not mystics and have no "natural magic"; there are others without a glint of humor; there are even some who do not affect a wilful obscurity; but there are few, if any, without an inborn horror of the hustings and the court. By their hates ye shall know them.

The reasons for this are obvious enough. From Hadrian to Viscount French, the Celts of the British Isles have been policed and governed and regulated to the verge of utter despair. Volatile, imaginative, ill-organized, they have fallen under the sway of a more phlegmatic race—a race clear-eyed, hard-hitting, and devoted to routine. Their history for these thousand years has been one of almost continuous flight, into the Highlands of Scotland, into the mountains of Wales, into Brittany, and across the Irish Channel. But they have never quite escaped from "those strong feet that followed, followed after." And now that there is no geographical refuge left, what can they do but take to the "viewless wings of poesy"? Now that these wild birds are finally caged, what can they do but sing? This is what has brought about the Neo-Celtic Revival. In order to understand an Irish poet, one should hold in mind the visual image of a pursuing policeman. To understand Irish poetry, one should see it as a tapestry woven by many hands to hide the gaunt outlines of the gallows and the jail. Erin's Harp, although it is already a most appropriate national emblem, might be significantly quartered with a shillelah.

The poetry of Ireland has always been a "poetry of escape." Even without the Romantic Movement it would have been that. But Romanticism is precisely that mood or frame of mind which is always seeking new and untried avenues of escape from the familiar into the unknown. Here, then, are two lines of force moving out of quite different sources but converging in the same direction. When these two impulses are brought to bear on one and the same individual, we may expect a noteworthy result. Lord Dunsany is such a result. Because the traits drawn from one line of his mental ancestry are so strongly corroborated by those drawn from the other, one may think of him either as the most Irish of Irish poets or as the most audaciously romantic of Romanticists. Perhaps he may be both.

Lord Dunsany has had a glimpse over one shoulder of two terrifying giants whose names are Here and Now. He does not stop, like Wordsworth and other greater poets, and try to convert them from cannibalism. He does not even stand, like Carlyle or Leopardi, and revile them from a distance. He simply runs away. And although it may be said without any disparagement of Irish courage that this is a very Irish thing to do, yet certainly no other of Erin's thousand poets has escaped so completely from these fearsome twins as Lord Dunsany, or built so impregnable a fortress against them. He leaves behind him both modern and ancient Ireland, and even that enchanted region of Old Irish legend in which so many of his fellows have lingered. He would not deny that some fine gold of fancy may be found there, but he thinks it too much cumbered with the

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baser metals of fact. The archæologist's pickaxe may any day unearth the palace of Conchobar or go crashing through the actual skull of Cuchullinn. As for Ossian and Fingal, are they not already half historic? Learning a sad wisdom from the experience of his people, he is determined to flee far enough, to gather miles and meridians enough about him, so as to be free for a lifetime from politicians and policemen and pedants, from bill-boards and yellow journalism and all the spreading stain of commercialized ugliness. There is one lobe of his brain that has known the muck and roil of modern life, and has brought him somehow through the stench and squalor of two great wars; but whenever he is free to choose his way he strides rapidly backward through history past Cæsar and Agamemnon, past Karnak and Heliopolis, to a still place behind the years "older than Always." The excellence of his plays and tales varies inversely as the square of their distance from anything he has ever known in the world of every-day. He seems to live for the most part in a glimmering land where only he has ever been, where all the wars were fought out long ago, where all the shadowy peoples dwell in peace together under the benignant tyranny of his imagination. Something like this is what Irish poets have always wanted. Lord Dunsany is the most Irish of them all.

As for the Romantic tradition, Lord Dunsany seems to close a vista there also. Delight in solitude, love of the remote in time and space, the "devotion to something afar from the sphere of our sorrow"—these are some main characteristics of the romantic poet which he illustrates and illumines. Pushing the frontiers of fancy always before it, the romantic imagination long ago exhausted available time and space. To the Elizabethan romanticists of action, mere voyages of discovery were sufficient. Richard Hakluyt was the Dunsany of their day. But now Lieutenant Peary and Captain Scott have reduced the dreams of Frobisher and Drake to prose. Coleridge's caravel of dreams came to earth in Xanadu, a place one could locate within a thousand miles on any good map. Since the explorations of Sir Francis Younghusband no poet goes there any more. Shelley discovered the sky for poetry and Keats the undersea. They lived before the aeroplane and the submarine. And so science has gone on crowding a certain kind of poetry off the edge of the world, not because the intrusion of fact need really be hostile to poetry but because a certain type of poet thinks it is. His habitual feeling is stated forever in Keats's words:

> "There was an awful rainbow once in heaven:
> We know her woof, her texture; she is given
> In the dull catalogue of common things."

Like the Irish poet, the Romanticist has been for a long time in retreat, not so much from Anglo-Saxons as from Philistines everywhere and from all that they mean by "modern improvements." And this is why Lord Dunsany is perhaps the most typical, as he is certainly the most extreme, of all Romanticists. He has done more successfully than any other what they have all tried to do, escaping beyond any pursuit into a land of his own dreaming where he can be forever alone and forever free.

In one way of looking at it, there are only two great classes of authors: those who help us to a clearer and fuller knowledge of the world we live in and those who lead us away from that world. Lord Dunsany belongs to the latter class. He has dreamed a complete cosmology of his own. Mighty mountain ranges are stretched along the borders of his dream and vast rivers are shining here and there within it, rolling down to perilous seas forlorn. Successive pantheons have conquered and ruled and been forgotten there, and there are many men and many idols. His dream is completely furnished with strange birds, trees, metals, flowers, and with jewels of incredible beauty and impossibly delectable names. Strange beasts prowl through its jungles—Tharagavverug with the heart of bronze, Wong Bongerok of the scorpion tail, and "dragons, griffins, hippogriffins, and the different species of gargoyle." It is not the strangeness or the beauty of the visions which astonishes so much as the profusion. The fancy of their creator seems as prolific as a tropical jungle. He has an inexhaustible and tireless invention.

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He strikes out forms and images with the cheerful ease and abandon of a young god in the experimental stages of creation. Ignoring the opinion of all the savants that the work of myth-making is ended forever and that it can be done only by the concerted and protracted effort of entire races, he sets about to people the forgotten past and the empty sky in just the serene and care-free way of the most ancient dreamers. He is, in fact, the foremost modern myth-maker, with Shelley as his nearest but far-away rival.

In the safe and sensible way of all the makers of myth, he stages his stories in the Long, Long Ago. So old are the cities and gods and men of which he writes that only he has ever dreamed of them, and even he "may not be sure that his dreams are true." The marble towers of Babbulkund have rested quietly under the drums and tramplings of many a conquest, and the wonderful sword of Welleran has long been rust. He deals with time as Milton did with starry space, moving freely in those boundless reaches of the past which only children and poets know. The most thrilling and significant figure in his tales is that of Time, destined devourer of worlds and gods—even of dreams. It is because this sinister protagonist is so constantly present to his mind that nearly all his plays and stories are tragedies. He is obsessed, like all the Romanticists, by the thought of evanescence and decay. Most of what he has written is a magical expansion of the thought and mood expressed in Nashe's magical lines:

> "Brightness falls from the air;
> Queens have died young and fair;
> Dust hath filled Helen's eye;
> I am sick, I must die—
> Lord, have mercy on us!"

For the description of his dream-world Lord Dunsany has struck out an art form and a style for which it is hard to find suitable names because they have so few analogues in literature. Maurice de Guérin's *Centaure*, the prose-poems of Turgenev, De Quincey's *Dream Fugues*, or such a thing as Poe's *Silence* may possibly have suggested the form, but only in the vaguest way. Dunsany's prose tales are not short stories and they are not fables, but something between. The basis of their technic lies in the psychology of dreams. The faults of that technic are lack of structure and cohesion and a too frequent failure in climax—and these, so to speak, are the technical faults of dreams also. But though the origins of his form and style may be obscure, the effects aimed at and secured in both his plays and his tales were clearly prophesied and foreshadowed in one of the most brilliant of all English critical essays, *The Decay of Lying*. One can imagine how Oscar Wilde would have gloried in the audacious mendacity of this last of the æsthetes. Lord Dunsany agrees with Wilde's assertion that "the only beautiful things are the things which do not concern us." He agrees that art should be "a veil rather than a mirror," and that its chief aim should be a sort of gorgeous prevarication.

In plays and tales which, on the side of form, are almost the latest literary novelty, Dunsany draws his readers and audiences back with him to the most ancient times. This is not solely due to his preference for the prehistoric in his choice of materials proper to myth-making but also to the fact that he centres attention upon the most primitive and fundamental emotions. Like a true ancient, he gives no exaggerated importance to the theme of love, and he treats it, if at all, in a way which seems to most readers cold and distant. Compassion is not to be found in his world, or any of the other altruistic emotions which owe their modern development chiefly to Christianity. His most characteristic effects are almost always connected in some way with the oldest emotion of all, which has been strangely neglected by modern poets. Fear, the most trenchant and overwhelming of the emotions, comes at last into its own in his prose-poems and plays. He brings before us the nightmare of Pestilence which prowls in darkness about the homes of men and then, growing bolder, snaps at their throats as they pass in broad daylight, until it has grown strong enough to leap into the air and bring down flying birds in its poisonous claws. He can suggest measureless deeps of horror by a single image: "Heavy two-footed creatures pad through the night

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on paws." He can terrify the imagination by a single word: "Sometimes some monster of the river *coughed*." Nearly always these effects are made by suggestion rather than by delineation, and he knows to a nicety the expressiveness of silence. When Leothric gazed for the first time upon the hostile fortress of Gaznak, there looked out at him from the windows, the poet says, "things of which I shall not speak."

But the pure and unsophisticated note of the primitive is a thing excessively rare which we need not expect to find even in an Irish poet. What we get from Dunsany is not the simple and naïve faith of the ancient myth-makers but something which, although it may be less satisfying, is certainly more interesting because more subtle and complex than that. The ancient dreamer used myth to explain the world about him, but this modern one uses it for escape from that world or as ironic comment upon it. Dunsany's myths are made by a mind half-way between asleep and awake, by a dreamer who can no longer be sure that his dreams are true. Thus the doubts and hesitations and scepticisms of the modern mind are thrown up very clearly against their background of childlike faith, making a total effect of exceptional richness and complexity for which the closest analogue is to be found, perhaps, in the writings of Lucian, who also stood "between two worlds, one dead, the other powerless to be born."

Aside from this complexity and scepticism, however, Dunsany makes almost entirely the effect of an ancient. It is not because one wishes to imply any equality of merit but because there is no modern writer like him that one must speak of him in connection with some of the most broadly simple writers of the earliest times. Although it is obviously a comparison of small things with great to say so, yet it is true that his fancies have the grandiose simplicity of Egyptian sculpture, that his irony and his view of Fate are Æschylean, and that Herodotus and the author of the Book of the Preacher are his nearest artistic congeners and contemporaries. Perhaps the most significant phase of what modernity he has is seen in his scorn of modern things. He exhibits in a virulent form the modern disease of agoraphobia, an intense hatred of great cities and all their works. In all the Land of Dunsany there is not one business man or bill-board or office-building, but "very small are all its pleasant cities, and the people thereof bless one another by name as they pass in the streets." In short, Lord Dunsany seems to turn history upside down, and his mind is that of an ancient poet with glints of modernity here and there showing through. His irony and his antipathy toward the hypercivilized are not ancient, but they show no preference in favor of the modern. Even his humor has always a slightly archaic flavor. In one of the most leisurely of his meandering tales he asks a dream sentinel why all the dwellers in a certain dream city are asleep, and receives the answer: "None may ask questions in this gate for fear they may wake the people of the city. For when the people of the city wake, the gods will die. And when the gods die, men may dream no more." In this beautifully vicious circle there is something Hibernian, to be sure, but the sarcasm is one of which Lucian himself might have been proud.

Although we live in an age of prose, it is probably a higher distinction nowadays to be the master of an excellent prose than it is to be able to write good verse. And it may be seen some day as Lord Dunsany's chief distinction that he has revived in a time of prose proletarians the aristocratic traditions of Landor and De Quincey. He writes a style which is at once unique and perfectly natural, idiosyncratic but not eccentric.

The most striking feature of Lord Dunsany's prose is its extremely subtle use of rhythm. His prose cadences are comparable only with the *cursus* of ancient orators and of the Roman Catholic ritual, but they have the advantage of seeming, if not of being, entirely instinctive and spontaneous. No patient analysis of the rhythms of Isocrates or Cicero or Jeremy Taylor ever gave the clew to such delicate verbal cadences as this: "And he commended my soul to the care of his own gods, to his little lesser gods, the humble ones, to the gods that bless Belzoond." When one has read these words three or four times, particularly if he reads them aloud, he has woven a charm about him-

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self from which he will not soon escape, for they will live in his memory, like a theme of Schumann's, long after their context is forgotten. There is a perfection of form, apparently casual and unsought, in this series of sounds, and an artistic triumph also, comparable to that which Swinburne achieved in one or two of his invented stanzas—say that of the "Garden of Proserpine." These prose rhythms often circle into eddies of scannable metre, as in the passage: "And apart from the things that were done there, the trees themselves were a warning, and did not wear the wholesome look of those that we plant ourselves." This sort of thing, of course, may easily be overdone, as Blackmore overdid it in *Lorna Doone*. There are some whole pages in Dunsany's later books which read as fairly regular hexameter. Usually, however, the metrical passage is so short as not to disturb the even flow of the prose, which loops smoothly out again into the current of slightly stressed rhythms. Many magical effects are secured by this mixture of plain prose, mere *sermo pedestris*, with rhythmed prose and with metre. All three are combined in the following passage, which is, however, one rhythmic unit: "When spring has fallen upon the days of summer, I carry away with mournful joy at night petal by petal the rhododendron's bloom. No lit procession of purple kings is nigh so fair as that. No beautiful death of well-beloved men hath such a glory of forlornness."

It is open to any pedant or purist who so pleases to assert that English speakers and English writers will do well to stop their ears against such Siren music as this, and one would understand very readily what he meant. There is indeed something exotic, something foreign to the best English tradition, possibly something a trifle meretricious in these cadences. The fact remains, however, that this music is, in its possibly poisonous way, supreme. There is little danger, either, of its becoming too prevalent in the writing of other men. Its defect in the writings of Dunsany is solely in its excess, and even this excess may have a beneficial effect upon the prose of the day, which can certainly not be said to err on the side of an undue attention to the musical potentialities of the language. Besides this, it may be said that Lord Dunsany's rhythms at their best show scarcely any excess whatever and are in harmony with the movement of the soundest English prose of the last two centuries and a half. One is as much delighted by the simplicity as by the richness in overtones of a passage such as this: "With a sound like tinkling bells, far off in a land of shepherds hidden by some hill, the waters of many fountains turned again home."

Probably we are far enough away from the æsthetes to make it safe to say that the poets who lead us away from reality belong to an order below that of those who help us to face and master life. The criticism which is to decide Lord Dunsany's exact position in that lower rank must keep in mind a certain monotony of total effect which is almost always felt when one reads several of his plays or tales in close succession. This monotony may be due to the narrow emotional range of his work—to that concentration upon fear and awe and terror and the consequent exclusion of the gentler emotions which has made him nearly incomprehensible to many women. No fair and even-handed criticism should ever fail to point out, however, that his greatest difficulty has been a sort of *embarras de richesse*, a temptation to load every rift with ore which comes directly from the great wealth of his fancy. However low his final position may be, it will be clear that few men of his time were given the chance to misuse such powers as his. It will be clear also that no other man of our day ever dreamt such dreams or did so much to bring about that renaissance of wonder in which, according to the prophecy of Oscar Wilde, "dragons will wander about the waste places and the phœnix will soar from her bed of fire." As though he saw in a vision the Land of Dunsany itself, the prophet goes on to say that in that day "we shall lay our hands upon the basilisk, and see the jewel in the toad's head. Champing his gilded oats, the Hippogriff will stand in our stalls, and over our heads will float the Bluebird singing of beautiful impossible things, of things that are lovely and that never happen, of things that are not and that should be."

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THE BETHANY STAGE

By Emma Lee Walton

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. RUMSEY MICKS

OUR village is unbelievably tiny, for we were left behind by the railroad years ago because Judge Pomeroy wouldn't yield on a point he claimed under the law, and we have all our communication with the outside world through the stage that makes six trips a day to Wolcott, where the railroad station is. I rather like the isolation myself, and was considerably dismayed when the city folks discovered us and bought up our old farms, and put fancy names on the new stone gate-posts. They called us "natives," and they insisted on an automobile fire-engine and a water system to be used in place of the old pump, but on the whole they were not so much of a nuisance as we had feared they might be. Of course, they did bother us some, trying to buy our old furniture and acting high and mighty about "old antiques," but we had some quiet laughs among ourselves about it and did not mind.

We are mighty choice about our old things though we say nothing, but in our village we can't understand why outsiders named Donnahue or Peggenstein want to snap up the old mahogany that has been owned for generations by Huntingtons or Leffingwells or Slocums, any more than they'd want our old shoes. Perhaps Millie Lane was the most tempted of any of us to sell. She used to come over—it's just across the street—and get what she called "backbone" put into her by my telling her that the old secretary in her living-room was the one her mother used to sit at when she wrote to Millie's father over in France on a scientific mission for the government, and where her grandmother's wedding certificate was signed the day she was married to Judge Blake. Probably, too, it was on the very lid of it that her great-grandfather Ennis wrote out his will that disinherited his own daughter Nancy because she ran off with the miller's son. Millie Lane though did need the money, land knows, and maybe we'd have forgiven her if she had given in and taken their tainted dollars.

Millie's father being brainy, with his head in the clouds, left nothing at all for his slip of a wife to live on when he died, and it was desperately hard sledding for years. When she died, tired out, she felt well content, however, because Millie was engaged to Sam Lane and thought he had an assured future, if there is such a thing in these uncertain times. He was a plausible young man who made friends, but that's about all that could be said for him. His father, over in Marlboro, had been that amphibious thing known as "a moderate drinker," and so when I found Sam Lane asleep on his own door-step in the early morning of a June day, I knew with a sinking heart that the end was coming. Millie excused him fiercely as we struggled to hurry him inside before the neighbors were up, but her incoherent remarks about overwork and nervousness would have been funny at any other time. We don't have nervous prostration in Bethany.

The old story worked out the usual way after that, and I noticed more than once that Millie was doing a washing. Millie's father, received in all the best homes of Europe, a lecturer in foreign colleges, honored by his country—and Millie taking in rich folks' washings because her silly husband chose to be what is known as a "good fellow"! Millie was so desperate in her defense that she felt Sam almost justified when she found that Mr. Slater had dismissed him from his place as cashier, it being such a shock to a man to lose his position that he's held for years. I don't think she said much to Sam himself about it, because she told me she thought most people used too many words about things, but she did her best to straighten Sam up and yet be gentle as she ought.

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I think it was Mr. Slater who got the job of stage-driver for Sam, though he didn't appear in it just then. It happened that the city folks didn't like Hal Done, because he did horseshoeing, and sometimes they had to wait for their mail or to get to town, and they complained to Washington to get him laid off for good. We felt it a good deal because we quite liked to stand around talking to Patty Done while Hal fed the chickens or fixed hinges for somebody, but the city folks they wanted their mail on the dot, and when they did take the stage, which was almost never on account of having automobiles, they didn't want to pay fifty cents and wait five minutes. Furtunately Hal and Patty fell heir to the old Grant farm that her father Dan Sampson left, and the place was ready for Sam Lane without any long legal fights such as we don't like in Bethany and don't have.

Perhaps Sam was the only man who could take it, because there aren't many in our village that will take a thing so uncertain without having a business to run along with it, the government being a master that gives the cold shoulder to anybody at the slightest complaint. Naturally I kept a still tongue about Sam's habits, and Colonel Slater was in Barton and he wouldn't have told anyhow. Six trips a day and the mail bags to keep track of might make a man of Sam if he had the making. All he had to do was to drive down to Wolcott and leave a sack of mail at Blake's Crossing on his way back, passengers, of course, were C. O. D. and interesting.

Millie seemed quite heartened up for a while, but business slacked up in the fall and Sam, morose and irritable, did not make a pleasant impression. The city folks stayed late that year because it was warm so long, and it was one of them that did the mischief just as he was packing up to go to the city. Some letters were late and Sam had missed three trains that month, and it did look pretty bad, so it wasn't surprising the complaint was heeded at Washington. Anyhow that night Doctor Leffingwell came after me to come over to Millie's, and I knew what had happened soon's I saw his face. It's the cowards like Sam Lane that make a mess of life and then slip away leaving everything in a mix-up. Doctor Leffingwell said he hated to bother me, but he was at his wits' end not knowing what to make of Millie's being so apathetic and quiet. The way it always does upset a doctor when folks don't act according to diagnosis and schedule! I knew it was all because she was reproaching herself that she was not broken-hearted, but I had sense enough not to tell him, and to help Millie keep it from the rest who wouldn't understand that a woman may not love or respect a man just because he happens to be her husband whether he's done anything to be loved for or not.

Well, I took her over to live with me and shut up the house across the way, and we looked for something for her to do. A needle in a haystack it was for easy finding in a village like Bethany where my maid Serepta and the minister's and judge's and off and on the doctor's are the only ones in town, folks doing everything themselves and having done so for generations. Then there came a letter from Washington offering Millie the driving of the stage, the neighbors having asked for her.

"Isn't Bethany dear?" she asked me with tears in her voice. "You can suffer here and you can sometimes rebel, but there's always a heart in our village that shows itself and makes you ashamed that you had hard thoughts."

Nevertheless, she shrank at first from taking the stage because of the curious stares of the passengers and the city folks going to Wolcott to shop, which they sometimes did. She had so much pride and she had had to humble herself so often that there were moments when this seemed just another bitter drop in her cup, but she took it though she seemed to change her very nature when she took the reins in her hands that first day. She sat up straight and haughty and drove with a dash that might have been the envy of the city folks, but her lips were compressed into a straight line and her eyes were bright with a fire undimmed by the color in her cheeks. Molly Winsted expressed it when she said "Millie Lane made up her mind she'd drive that stage if it killed her," and you knew that was true when you sat behind her and looked

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at the lines of her back. It wasn't that she was cross, because Millie never was, it was only that she was different, and I understood it only when I remembered her great-aunt Sarah, who was the sort of a queen-like woman that could have taken in back stairs to scrub and not lowered herself an atom, just setting her teeth and going to work.

It seemed to me, watching the weather so closely those days, that all the disagreeable times came at once, just as Millie Lane began to drive the Bethany stage. If it did not rain the wind blew up a dust-storm that inflamed one's eyes and made one feel very humanly irritated no matter how angelic one's usual temper, and then the snow came. It is one thing to sit in a warm steam-heated apartment in a city where the authorities shovel the snow out of sight and memory as though it were some evil or repulsive scourge, and another to try to drive a team through the deep drifts that the hill winds blow up in our valleys. From the sunny kitchen window the sparkling snow on a frosty morning is a very beautiful sight unless you know that you must beat a path to the barn where the hungry creatures await you, or unless you are forced to drive out in the teeth of a biting wind six times a day, sympathizing with your tired horses all the way as they struggle to stand on the slippery ice underneath the waist-deep snow. Morning after morning I saw Millie Lane go forth bundled to the neck in her old ulster topped by a fur collar I made her accept, her hands incased in three pairs of gloves, her knees well covered with robes and steamer rugs, yet feeling in every bone the penetrating chill of our bitter wind. She drove when a man would have stayed indoors, feeling that she must not fail because she was a woman and frail. One night she had to spend with Mrs. Slater in Wolcott because the snow was over the fences and there was no way to be sure of the road, but she afterward hated to speak of it, as if she had failed the government some way and was ashamed of her weakness.

It was some time in the fore part of February, just at our blizzard time, that Millie Lane brought across the first passenger she had happened upon for several days. I was busily intent working on a counterpane when Serepta, my little maid, called to me excitedly that the stage was stopping at my door. The wind was whirling great masses of snow against the windows, whistling shrilly as it passed my house and flew down the lane toward old Mrs. Dwiggins's cottage on King's Road, and I could scarcely believe that I had heard aright over the noise. When I saw a man step from the stage, suitcase in hand, my first thought was that my son had come over from New York, but it did not take a moment to show me that this man was a bit the older and rather heavier built. Serepta, wondering frankly, opened the door to his knock.

When he came in he seemed to fill my small old room, he was so tall, and I liked that and the way he bowed and looked so content and glad to be in.

"This is rather an unceremonious way to blow in, literally, my dear lady," he laughed pleasantly, companionably, "but your son is in part to blame. I have a letter asking you to take me in for the night since there are no hotels within hailing distance."

That was the way he came, my boy's old friend, but the way he stayed was stranger. He had planned to look up some of his own people on the records in Wolcott, and he thought it might not take more than a day or two.

"You may be bored to extinction by hearing about ancestors," he said that evening. "But mine mean a great deal to me and have since the days when they used to stand me up in the middle of the 'parlor,' and try to puzzle out where I got my brown eyes and from what forebear I inherited a most mortifying cowlick. I don't expect to find governors or major-generals in my stock, but I should like, you see, to know their names and what they were like."

So, in spite of the cold, John Draper went to Wolcott in the stage the next morning carrying with him a record book with its pages blank except for a few in the front where he had written all that he already knew of his people. He was gone all day, and when he came back he was thoughtful and quiet for a long time. Finally, as we sat by the fire in the living-

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She drove when a man would have stayed indoors, feeling that she must not fail because she was a woman and frail.—Page 602.

room and he was a little thawed out, he laughed softly to himself and told me what I was waiting to hear.

"I suppose when you've been away from New England for a couple of generations you get out of the way of things," he said. "You don't understand people as you would if you had stayed among them and had learned to make allowances. You did not tell me that the driver of the stage was such a chilly proposition as she is."

"I warned you she did not like men and I said I did not blame her."

"They talk about a big city being lonesome," he went on. "But where I live the people are at least human. If you are alone in a car with any one when anything of interest happens you will not be thought impertinent if you remark about it. It seems to be different here."

"I'm sorry," I said sincerely. "But Millie Lane thinks of herself as a machine in the employ of the government, and does not care for conversation."

"You see I feel as if I had come back home," he said boyishly. "And I just remarked that I understood that she descended from the Ennis family just as I do."

"What did she say?"

"She thought, she said, that descended was exactly the right word to use."

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"That was very rude of her," I said severely. "You were silent then, I suppose?"

"Why no," he confessed sheepishly. "I told her quite a lot, but she was as silent as the tomb all the rest of the way. Jove, I never felt such a deep silence!"

That evening Millie Lane slipped around to my back door and up to my room where Serepta told her I was. She looked thoroughly indignant.

"That man who's staying with you is trying to be masterful," she burst out. "He lorded it over me telling me we're cousins, and I just politely informed him that everybody in New England is cousin to everybody else except the scum of Europe that swarms over here."

"That wasn't exactly the way I heard about it."

"Well, those weren't my words, of course," she acknowledged. "But that was the sense of it."

"Oh," I said calmly. "I'm glad to hear there was sense to it."

It took longer than he thought to find some of his people, so, of course, I asked John Draper to stay with me for at least the week, not entirely an unselfish invitation as his company was very welcome those long cold evenings, and he accepted with a whimsical smile that I could not then interpret.

"I'd love to stay," he said. "But you must let me pay my board here as I should do at a hotel. Ah, yes," he interrupted my protest. "You can give it to the heathen if you like. I should like to feel I were helping some romantic Hottentot to buy a nose-ring for his bride, so that is settled, and I may stay a bit longer? Thank you a thousand times, my lady."

I looked forward to the evenings with pleasure then, for, though I am no longer young, I do not go to bed early, and the hours had often dragged for me. We had interesting bits of conversation always.

"I have found some entertaining data," he said one evening. "But I may as well be honest with you and say that it is not on account of my ancestors that I want to stay in Bethany."

"I am glad you like us as well as that," I smiled. "We have been called quite dull."

"I am certain of one who is not," he said with a short laugh. "I wish my doctor would prescribe a trip an hour in the Bethany stage."

In the dim firelight I could see he was smiling gently to himself, gazing into the coals, but it was a full minute before I caught my breath and realized what he had said.

"You see I told you she was different," he went on in a low voice. "Why, I have never seen any one like her. I have seen her swing those heavy bags she scorns to be helped with as if she were a man almost, and I have seen her face harden when she answered that impertinent woman down at the pump, but I did not know just what she was until to-day when she stopped to pick up a free passenger, a little girl who was floundering in the roadway. I never saw a face change as hers did, and I never heard a voice so sweet."

"You speak like a poet," I said gently. "But Millie Lane is worth the loving, and she has had little of happiness all her days."

"I think I know that from watching her so far," he said quietly. "I have seen her with a tired child to comfort, and I understand."

Of course the townsfolk commented on his presence, but we are not ill-natured in Bethany, and it grew to be nothing to marvel at that John Draper should take several trips a day on the stage. Molly Winsted was the only one who seemed to keep her curiosity alive.

"Man acts like he was half cracked is all I can say," she declared. "What sort of a creature is he to spend at least a half-hour of good time just chattering with the barber, Jim Hicks, who never had a sensible idea in his head that anybody ever heard of. He laughs, too, at the things Jim says, though everybody knows Jim has foolish notions. Folks that act so sort of general are up to something. Most men want something to do even if it ain't nothing but knocking a poor little ball round a yard."

He was so eager to help Millie financially that he made the mistake of taking too many trips on the stage and sending any number of useless boxes to me at all hours of the day. Of course, Millie protested through me.

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"He evidently thinks I am so poor he has to help me," she sputtered. "He sends you frozen French vegetables that Mr. Slater condemns and a lot of things that smell spoiled as well as all that fancy good stuff you can't use. Hereafter he's got to hire wagons to haul his stuff, for I'm not going to take things just to put money in my own pocket. Besides, he takes a lot of unnecessary trips, you know he does, to give me extra fares. I'll haul him up and down, but you must tell him he's got to take an automobile if he wants extra trips. He talks too much, anyhow, taking it for granted I'm interested in him and his old ancestors."

When I told John Draper, he was much annoyed with himself. "I just overdid it, like an idiot," he exclaimed. "And I was feeling so glad to know she's been able to buy herself some fur-lined gloves. How in the world can a mere man do anything for a woman, anyhow? Have I got to stand by and watch her suffer for the actual necessities of life when I've got so much? Why, I spend more on records for my phonograph than she does on her clothes and her table combined, lots more. If I asked her to marry me now she'd just laugh or make out she didn't hear, the way she does when I talk to her ordinarily."

It is hard being entertaining in an open stage with a high wind and a low thermometer, but if any one could be so it would be John Draper I am sure. I never held to the old-fashioned notion that a man can win a woman by just everlastingly sticking to it, because some people get on your nerves being always underfoot, but I must acknowledge that even if I could bring myself to hate a man like John Draper I should never get a mite tired listening to his voice. Yet he wasn't such a paragon that he was a trial, for he forgot sometimes to wipe off his shoes when he came in covered with snow, and he was very apt to fall to whistling if he woke up in the night and couldn't sleep.

The bitter cold got more and more penetrating. Such poor folks as we have in Bethany we moved to rooms over the town hall, and the Ladies' Aid kept busy looking after them. It wasn't the best way, but when people are freezing you can't wait to write to the Carnegie Institute to find out whether it's according to the latest discoveries or not. Millie Lane got grimmer and grimmer those awful days, and I knew that though she was not one to complain such a winter was almost more than flesh and blood could stand.

"It's enough to break your heart," John Draper said frantically. "Here I've gotten chilled just taking one trip, and she had to get in and out a dozen times while I sat cosey in the robes. My heavens, what a big difference there is in women!"

So things went till the day of the great storm. Folks still speak that way of it to-day. Millie Lane made two trips and then came over to my house and stood looking out from a scraped place on my frosted window.

"Seems almost as though one could stay home to-day," she said wistfully. "Peter Winsted says Washington will understand because they have a storm of their own."

So it didn't take much urging to get her to sit and have a cup of tea with me, while she kept one ear open to hear if the storm abated any. Then we got a telephone message relayed from Wolcott through Barton, and I was just answering that the stage wouldn't run that day when Millie took the phone herself and said she'd be in Wolcott as fast as she could get there.

"It isn't like anything ordinary," she defended herself. "It's little Dottie Winsted. She's gotten that far and is crying for homesickness. They telegraphed down for her to come right off on account of her mother being not expected to live through to-night. Do you think I can stay here and drink tea when that child's dying mother wants to see her and her father separated from them? You don't know me, that's all. Isn't this sheepskin coat the warmest thing, though!"

So she went out of my house wrapped up to her eyes in everything I could make her take, but coughing a bit with a cold she had picked up in spite of all my oversight. She took the extra covers I offered for the use of the child coming back, and smiled bravely to me over the high pile of them on her arm.

John Draper told me about it that

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night as we sat by the fire and watched the embers, wondering what the dawn would bring—and dreading it.

He had been standing in Slater's store talking to Fred Done, when, to his astonishment, a team drove up pretty well winded, and Millie Lane came in asking for Dottie Winsted, ignoring them all as if they had been mere pictures on the wall.

"It isn't rude from her," he said drolly. "And it is mighty effective. I don't think she saw me at all until I took the reins away from her when I got in the stage. She fought my driving, but I told her that I was through being bullied once for all, and I intended to drive that stage if she was to kill me for it. What was more she was to sit on the floor close to the back seat and wrap herself and the child in the rugs. It was as well she gave in," he added calmly. "Or we should never have reached here."

At Blake's Crossing they picked up Kurt Winsted waiting at the post-office door when she threw in the sack of mail, and his sigh of relief as he climbed in the front seat showed the strain he had been under for fear they might not come.

"Kurt's monologue was harder to bear than the storm," John Draper said with a sigh. "But I can tell you I was glad I had him when the straps broke at the top of Huntington Hill. Kurt's a cobbler and a wizard with leather, but even so we had to stop a dozen times and take turns bracing that harness. Once the stage nearly overturned and a minute later the bay horse fell. It was a regular nightmare standing in that wind getting him up again, especially when it began to get dark. I never saw such a darkness as fell out there on those hills. The horses were brave, but what could a mere horse do when he couldn't see the holes that tripped him and the snow was like needles in his eyes? And all the time Kurt kept talking, reproaching himself like a flagellant——"

"When people get married they don't know the patience they're going to need," Kurt had said over and over. "It was all my fault and God knows I have suffered hell. What a woman has to stand from a man it's no wonder she gets impatient and speaks sharp, but I got mad and quit. I went down to Wolcott to sort of hide, but there wasn't a day but what Millie Lane would drive by and stop at my door and speak a good word to me. I just couldn't drink when I knew what liquor did for her, could I? and then, too, she brought me cobbling from all around, and I couldn't fail to keep the promises she made to folks about having them done certain days. Then when my Abby got sick Millie Lane she told me how she was getting along, which wasn't at all. Do you think, sir, that God ever gives a man another chance and let's him start over? Do you think I'm going to be too late to see her now? Oh, maybe she won't even look at me and I don't blame her. Why, I've even kept the child away from her, and now she's dying—Abby, Abby!"

So through the darkness and the stinging wind they came to my door, the old bay horse drawing his breath with painful effort, his sides heaving, his mouth dripping icicles, while the little horse shivered in a chill, discouraged and broken. Kurt Winsted seized his child the instant they stopped and was off at once, but we had to carry Millie Lane in and lay her on the sofa.

John Draper gave her one look as I took off the heavy cap, and then he sprang to the telephone. He was calling desperately for Doctor Leffingwell's number when I touched his shoulder and reminded him the wires were down. He was out of the door like a shot declaring the team must take one more struggling journey before they were warmed and fed. Doctor Leffingwell would be hard to find when so many were sick.

The doctor did not leave my house all night. From time to time as the fierce storm abated John Draper would try to telephone, and along toward morning he succeeded in getting a message through to Wolcott with four relays. He offered a hundred dollars to the man who would get a professional nurse through to my door before noon, and he would have raised the offer if it had not been taken. He walked the floor until he knew they were under way and then he sat in front of my fire with his hands clasping the big arms of the chair so tightly that his muscles stood out like great cords.

Six horses drawing the town plough went ahead of the sleigh to which they

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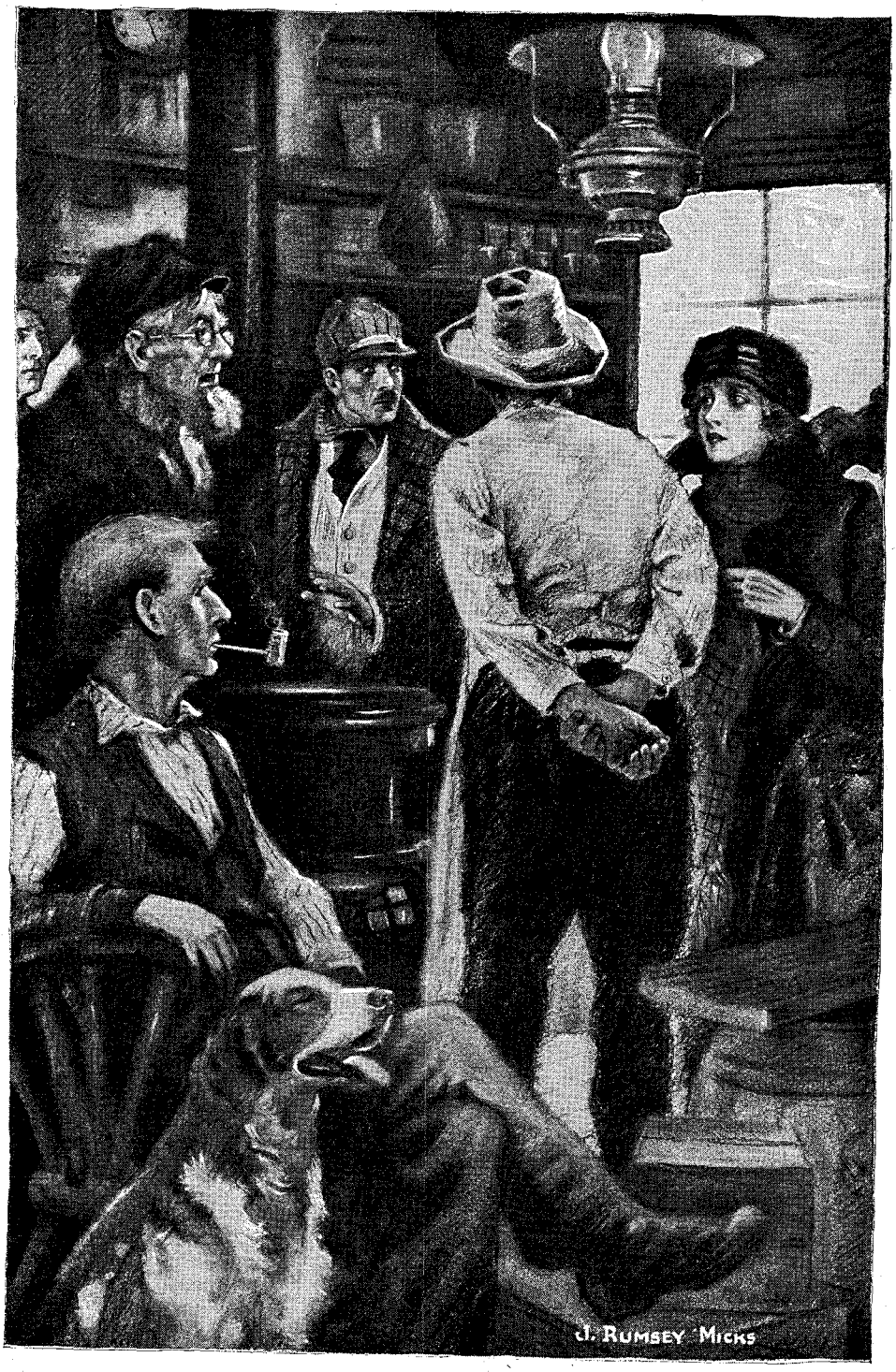

Millie Lane came in asking for Dottie Winsted, ignoring them all as if they had been mere pictures on the wall.—Page 606.

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had hitched four of the most powerful horses in Wolcott, so they came through inch by inch as it were. It was a strange sight and I never forgot the tribute it was to training and knowledge. Five men on the snow-plough and two in the sleigh, with ten horses for the two vehicles, all to bring to my house a slip of a woman in a blue and white dress, and the funny little cap that means so much. Although we knew that Millie Lane lay in the valley of the shadow with pneumonia, we felt comforted and strengthened when we caught sight of that bit of blue gown. Doctor Leffingwell packed his small bag again and, stopping only long enough for another cup of coffee, went out in haste to watch at the bedside of Abby Winsted with Kurt, the prodigal.

John Draper went out to the kitchen where Serepta was serving a breakfast to the seven men, holding in his hand a slip of paper still wet with the ink it takes to write out one hundred dollars, hesitating a little as to which man to give it to. Finally Eli Dwiggins held out his hand for it, and took it curiously in his big red grasp.

"Pay to Bearer?" he said slowly. "Guess I'll collect it for myself. Well, here goes, anyhow."

And with a quick motion he tore the check across and laid the pieces calmly on the edge of his saucer. John Draper looked at him a moment, and there was a something sufficiently commanding in his silence, as their eyes met, to cause Eli to vouchsafe a partial explanation that put John Draper sharply in his place as a rank outsider.

"You mean all right, sir," Eli Dwiggins said. "But we didn't do it for you, stranger. Millie Lane's ours hereabouts, and it's about time some man did something for her that isn't on the wrong side of the slate. We're obliged to you but there's things you can't take money for and this here is one of them."

The first few days of the grim waiting were the hardest to bear, but as the weeks wore on John Draper did not get used to the strain. Doctor Leffingwell said it all depended on whether Millie wanted to live, and he pointed to Abby Winsted's convalescence as evidence of his theory, but I told him that Millie was the niece of her great-aunt Sarah, and he knew as well as I did that that meant she would live. He was an understanding soul but he shook his head, not having known Great-aunt Sarah.

From the first John Draper was absent a good deal, but I did not give it a thought since he seemed always at hand when I needed him, and I did not question his disappearances until one morning when I saw him drive by in the stage holding the reins himself.

"Of course I took the stage," he answered me. "What else could I do? There isn't a person here and I know of no one in Wolcott who could take it as a substitute this way. I know a few people in Washington and it didn't take many telegrams to get it for me. Don't tell her, though, it would only trouble her."

"I don't like secrets," I protested. "And I am sure you can't stand driving that cold stage."

"Uncle Sam won't steam-heat it just for me," he laughed. "Don't you think I look bewitching in this great coat? I bought it at Slater's. He said he'd about given up selling it after having had it in stock six years, so he was glad I took it. By the way," he added seriously. "I've sent for a specialist and he'll be down this afternoon, but don't let her know."

He talked bravely, but I knew there was a gnawing fear at his heart that was worse than the bitter wind he drove through six times a day, even though that did freeze his ears and stiffen his legs pitifully. There was nothing we could do for her, and that was hard to bear. The two nurses we had then kept a close quarantine and left nothing for us noncombatants but a restricted area and a painful anxiety. Looking at the haggard line in John Draper's face I knew that if some change did not come he could not stand the strain much longer, and I prayed the more earnestly every hour.

The snow was beginning to melt in the sunny places when Millie Lane was pronounced out of danger, and I was allowed to look in at the door and smile to her as she lay, whiter than the pillow, too weak to move. Then little by little they let me in as though I were a great noise that must not break too sharply on a sensitive

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"You mean all right, sir, . . . But we didn't do it for you, stranger."—Page 608.

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ear, and I well remember the day I entered boldly without having to consider the consequences. Day after day we spoke more and more of things that had happened, but not one word did she say of the stage she had left so long before. Filled with gratitude and marvelling at the patience of John Draper I resented such indifference, and I tried in various ways in vain to lead her to speak of it. It was a conversation I had with John Draper that decided me to be bolder.

"To-morrow I am going back," he said as he stood pulling on his gloves. "My last trip to Wolcott will be to-night, and then I am going to hand it all over to that young clerk at Slater's who's anxious to try it. Tell her her salary's all deposited in the Loftis Bank in Wolcott. I shall let her pay Doctor Leffingwell because I think she'd rather, but the nurses and the specialist I called and so I have paid them. It wouldn't be fair to bother her any more, and I could not see her again without saying what she doesn't want to hear."

"You are a very foolish man."

"Maybe," he said smiling whimsically. "But you have been very patient with me, and I thank you."

So when I went up to Millie's room with her tray of milk toast and beef broth, I was grim with a determination to speak out. She looked so sweet and young in her light blue dressing-gown, her braids over her shoulders, that my heart almost failed me, but as I fed her the third spoonful I began my assault.

"It is almost spring," I said. "The snow is beginning to run off Huntington Hill and eight-mile creek is very high."

"I knew it by those crocuses," she said. "They are so sweet."

"Yes," I said fiercely. "Hothouse flowers at several dollars a petal. And you haven't the decency to ask about the man who sent them. Not one word about the stage either, though anybody else would have worried her head off about the work."

"Well, the very first minute I knew anything and the nurse was out of the room I looked at the stage," Millie said triumphantly. "I crept to the window and I saw a man go by driving it, and I thought it was one of the Dwiggins boys. The night nurse scolded the day nurse because my temperature was high that night."

"Dwiggins boy nothing!" I exclaimed. "He is the only man who would have had the courage to run it all winter and you know it."

Millie Lane raised herself on her elbow and I had to grab the tray to prevent a catastrophe.

"Do you mean—?" she gasped. "Do you mean he——?"

"He certainly did, and he's leaving to-night," I told her. "Your salary is piled in the bank, and he is going to slip away so as not to bother you. I'll take the tray down before those dishes get smashed."

I left her alone for a good half-hour and even then she had to ring the little tea-bell several times before I'd go in.

"Listen!" she burst out. "Did he really, in the sleet and the snow and the wind—that awful, awful wind? Every day? He couldn't trust anybody else for fear I'd lose the contract. Was that it?"

"Very much it. To-morrow he goes home."

"I wonder," she said, sitting up suddenly. "I wonder if you'll send him up here when he comes in, will you?"

It was harder to get him to go than I thought. "I told you I could not," he said patiently. "And I can't. I have bothered her enough."

But he went. She was sitting in the great-grandmother's chair with the "ears," and she smiled and lifted her hand from the blue and pink comfort that rested on her knees, but he stopped just within the door and waited.

"I don't believe I can find words to thank you," she said gently. "But I know you must understand. Yet you were going away without giving me a chance to say how sorry I am that I was so cross to you when you first came to town."

"You—you weren't cross," he said with a sort of gasp. "I was quite horrid, that's all, and I hope you'll forgive me."

"Forgive you?" she repeated. "With all these flowers and the nurses and the specialist—you didn't know I saw, did you?" she laughed softly. "He was such a big man, too! And you weren't going to give me a chance to thank you!"

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"I don't want to be thanked," he said fiercely. "I didn't do it because I wanted to be thanked."

"I know why you did it," she said softly, a light shining in her eyes that made me turn my back and look out of the window, unseeingly "But you see I was afraid—afraid to look at things straight after—after what had happened. I knew how it was going to end for me and I—I couldn't tell whether you were real. How could I?"

She ended with a little laugh that broke in the middle, and there was a quick movement from John Draper that made me turn about almost in alarm. Around the little figure in the great chair he had thrown his arms as he knelt before her, his head bowed against her knee, while she laid her thin white hand on his hair, murmuring little inarticulate things too sacred for my ears. Softly, forgetful of my duties as a nurse on watch, I turned with tear-dimmed eyes and left them.

THE VICTIM OF HIS VISION

By Gerald Chittenden

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY E. F. WARD

"THERE'S no doubt about it," said the hardware drummer with the pock-pitted cheeks. He seemed glad that there was no doubt—smacked his lips over it and went on. "Obeah—that's black magic; and voodoo—that's snake-worship. The island is rotten with 'em—rotten with 'em."

He looked sidelong over his empty glass at the Reverend Arthur Simpson. Many human things were foreign to the clergyman: he was uneasy about being in the *Arequipa's* smoke-room at all, for instance, and especially uneasy about sitting there with the drummer.

"But—human sacrifice!" he protested. "You spoke of human sacrifice."

"And cannibalism. *La chèvre sans cornes*—the goat without horns—that means an unblemished child less than three years old. It's frequently done. They string it up by its heels, cut its throat, and drink the blood. Then they eat it. Regular ceremony—the *mamaloi* officiates."

"Who officiates?"

"The *mamaloi*—the priestess."

Simpson jerked himself out of his chair and went on deck. Occasionally his imagination worked loose from control and tormented him as it was doing now. There was a grizzly vividness in the drummer's description. It was well toward morning before Simpson grasped again his usual certainty of purpose and grew able to thank God that he had been born into a very wicked world. There was much for a missionary to do in Hayti—he saw that before the night grew thin, and was glad.

Between dawn and daylight the land leaped out of the sea, all clear blues and purples, incomparably fresh and incomparably wistful in that one golden hour of the tropic day before the sun has risen very high—the disembodied spirit of an island. It lay, vague as hope at first, in a jewel-tinted sea; the ship steamed toward it as through the mists of creation's third morning, and all good things seemed possible. Thus had Simpson, reared in an unfriendly land, imagined it, for beneath the dour Puritanism that had lapped him in its armor there still stirred the power of wonder and surprise that has so often through the ages changed Puritans to poets. That glimpse of Hayti would remain with him, he thought, yet within the hour he was striving desperately to hold it. For soon the ruffle of the breeze died from off the sea, and it became gray glass, through which the anchor sank almost without a sound and was lost.

"Sweet place, isn't it, Mr. Simpson?"

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said Bunsen, the purser, pausing on his way to the gangway.

"So that," Simpson rejoined slowly—and because it was a port of his desire his voice shook on the words—"is Port au Prince!"

"That," Bunsen spat into the sea, "is Port au Prince."

He moved away. A dirty little launch full of uniforms was coming alongside. Until the yellow flag—a polite symbol in that port—should be hauled down Simpson would be left alone. The uniforms had climbed to the deck and were chattering in a bastard patois behind him; now and then the smell of the town struck across the smells of the sea and the bush like the flick of a snake's tail. Simpson covered his eyes for a moment, and immediately the vision of the island as he had seen it at dawn swam in his mind. But he could not keep his eyes forever shut—there was the necessity of living and of doing his work in the world to be remembered always. He removed his hand. A bumboat was made fast below the well of the deck, and a boy with an obscenely twisted body and a twisted black face was selling pineapples to the sailors. Simpson watched him for a while, and because his education had been far too closely specialized he quoted the inevitable:

> "Where every prospect pleases,
> And only man is vile."

The verse uplifted him unreasonably. He went below to pack his baggage. He said good-by to the officers, painfully conscious that they were grinning behind his back, and was rowed ashore by the deformed boy.

The boy said something in abominable French. He repeated it — Simpson guessed at his meaning.

"I shall stay a long time," he answered in the same language. "I am a minister of the gospel—a missionary."

The cripple, bent revoltingly over his oar, suddenly broke out into laughter, soullesss, without meaning. Simpson, stung sharply in his stiff-necked pride, sprang up and took one step forward, his fist raised. The boy dropped the oars and writhed to starboard, his neck askew at an eldritch angle, his eyes glaring upward. But he did not raise a hand to ward off the blow that he feared, and that was more uncanny still.

The blow never fell. Simpson's hand unclinched and shame reddened in his face.

"Give me the oars," he said. "*Pauvre garçon*—did you think that I would strike you?"

The boy surrendered the oars and sidled aft like a crab, his eyes still rolling at his passenger.

"Why should the maimed row the sound?" said Simpson.

He rowed awkwardly. The boy watched him for a moment, then grinned uncertainly; presently he lolled back in the stern-sheets, personating dignity. A white man was doing his work—it was splendid, as it should be, and comic in the extreme. He threw back his head and cackled at the hot sky.

"Stop that!" Simpson, his nerves raw, spoke in English, but the laughter jarred to a blunt end. The boy huddled farther away from him, watching him with unwinking eyes which showed white all around the pupil. Simpson laboring with the clumsy oars, tried to forget him. It was hot—hotter than it had seemed at first; sweat ran into his eyes and he grew a little dizzy. The quarantine launch with its load of uniforms, among which the purser's white was conspicuous, passed, giving them its wake; there was no sound from it, only a blaze of teeth and eyeballs. Simpson glanced over his shoulder at it. The purser was standing in the stern, clear of the awning, his head quizzically on one side and a cigarette in his fingers.

The rowboat came abreast of a worm-eaten jetty.

"*Ici*," said the cripple.

Simpson, inexpert, bumped into it bow on, and sculled the stern around. The cripple, hideously agile, scrambled out and held the boat; Simpson gathered up his bag and followed.

A Roman priest, black as the top of a stove, strode down the jetty toward them.

"You—you!" he shouted to the cripple when he was yet ten strides away. His voice rose as he approached. "You let the m'sieu' row you ashore! You—" A square, heavy boot shot out from beneath his cassock into the boy's stomach.

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"*Cochon!*" said the priest, turning to Simpson. His manner became suddenly suave, grandiose. "These swine!" he said. "One keeps them in their place. I am Father Antoine. And you?"

"Simpson—Arthur Simpson." He said his own name slowly as thought there was magic in it, magic that would keep him in touch with his beginnings.

"Simpson?" The priest gave it the French sound; suspicion struggled for expression on his black mask; his eyes took in the high-cut waistcoat, the unmistakable clerical look. "You were sent?"

"By the board of foreign missions."

"I do not know it. Not by the archbishop?"

"There is no archbishop in my church."

"In your church?" Father Antoine's eyes sprang wide—wide as they had been when he kicked the boatman. "In your church? You are not of the true faith, then?"

Pride of race, unchastened because he had not till that moment been conscious that it existed in him, swelled in Simpson.

"Are you?" he asked.

Father Antoine stared at him, not as an angry white man stares, but with head thrown back and mouth partly open, in the manner of his race. Then, with the unreasoned impetuousness of a charging bull, he turned and flung shoreward down the pier. The cripple, groaning still, crawled to Simpson's feet and sat there.

"*Pauvre garçon!*" repeated Simpson dully. "*Pauvre garçon!*"

Suddenly, the boy stopped groaning, swung Simpson's kit-bag on his shoulder, and sidled up the pier. His right leg bent outward at the knee, and his left inward; his head, inclined away from his burden, seemed curiously detached from his body; his gait was a halting sort of shuffle; yet he got along with unexpected speed. Simpson, still dazed, followed him into the Grand Rue—a street of smells and piled filth, where gorged buzzards, reeking of the tomb, flapped upward under his nose from the garbage and offal of their feast. Simpson paused for a moment at the market-stalls, where negroes of all shades looked out at him in a silence that seemed devoid of curiosity. The cripple beckoned him and he hurried on. On the steps of the cathedral he saw Father Antoine, but, although the priest must have seen him, he gave no sign as he passed. He kept to what shade there was. Presently his guide turned down a narrow alley, opened a dilapidated picket gate, and stood waiting.

"*Maman!*" he called. "*Ohê! Maman!*"

Simpson, his curiosity faintly stirring, accepted the invitation of the open gate, and stepped into an untidy yard, where three or four pigs and a dozen chickens rooted and scratched among the bayonets of yucca that clustered without regularity on both sides of the path. The house had some pretensions; there were two stories, and, although the blue and red paint had mostly flaked away, the boarding looked sound. In the yard there was less fetor than there had been outside.

"*Maman!*" called the boy again.

A pot-lid clashed inside the house, and a tall negress, dressed in a blue-striped Mother Hubbard came to the door. She stared at Simpson and at the boy.

"*Qui?*" was all she said.

The boy sidled nearer her and dropped the bag on the threshold.

"*Qui?*" she said again.

Simpson waited in silence. His affairs had got beyond him somehow, and he seemed to himself but the tool of circumstance. It did occur to him, though dimly, that he was being introduced to native life rather quickly.

The cripple, squatting with his back against the bag, launched into a stream of patois, of which Simpson could not understand a word. Gestures explained somewhat; he was re-enacting the scenes of the last half-hour. When he had finished, the negress, not so hostile as she had been but by no means friendly, turned to Simpson and looked at him a long time without speaking. He had all he could do not to fidget under her gaze; finally, she stood aside from the door and said, without enthusiasm:

"*B'en venu. C'est vo' masson.*"

Simpson entered automatically. The kitchen, with its hard, earth floor and the sunlight drifting in through the bamboo sides, was not unclean, and a savory smell came from the stew-pot on the ramshackle stove. In one of the bars of sunlight a mango-colored child of two

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years or so was playing with his toes—he was surprisingly clean and perfectly formed.

"*Aha, mon petit!*" exclaimed Simpson. He loved children. "He is handsome," he added, addressing the woman.

"Mine!" She turned the baby gently with her foot; he caught at the hem of her dress, laughing. But she did not laugh. "Neither spot nor blemish," she said, and then: "He is not yet three years old."

Simpson shuddered, recalling the pock-marked drummer on the *Arequipa*. That was momentary—a coincidence, he told himself. The woman was looking down at the child, her eyes softer than they had been, and the child was lying on its back and playing with her Mother Hubbard.

The woman lifted the lid from the pot and peered into it through the sun-shot steam.

"It is ready," she said. She lifted it from the stove and set it on the earthen floor. The cripple placed a handful of knives and spoons on the table and three tin plates; he thrust a long fork and a long spoon into the pot and stood aside.

"Seat yourself," said the woman without looking at Simpson, "and eat."

She explored the pot with the fork, and stabbed it firmly—there was a suggestion of ruthlessness about her action that made Simpson shudder again—into a slab of meat, which she dropped on a plate, using a callous thumb to disengage it from the tines. She covered it with gravy and began to eat without further ceremony. The cripple followed her example, slobbering the gravy noisily; some of it ran down his chin. Neither of them paid any attention to Simpson.

He took the remaining plate from the table and stood irresolute, with it in his hand. He was hungry, but his essential Puritan fastidiousness, combined with that pride of race which he knew to be unchristian, rendered him reluctant to dip into the common pot or to eat on equal terms with these people. Besides, the sun and his amazing introduction to the island had given him a raging headache: he could not think clearly, nor rid himself of the sinister suggestion of the town, of the house, of its three occupants in particular.

The child touched a finger to the hot lip of the pot, burned itself, and began to cry.

"*Taise*," said the woman. Her voice was low but curt, and she did not raise her eyes from her plate. The child, its finger in its mouth, stopped crying at once.

Simpson shook himself; his normal point of view was beginning to assert itself. He must not—must not hold himself superior to the people he expected to convert; nothing, he insisted to himself, was to be gained, and much might be lost by a refusal to meet the people "on their own ground." Chance—he did not call it chance—had favored him incredibly thus far, and if he failed to follow the guidance that had been vouchsafed him he would prove himself but an unworthy vessel. He took up the long fork—it chattered against the pot as he seized it—and, overcoming a momentary and inexplicable nausea, impaled the first piece of meat that rolled to the surface. There were yams also and a sort of dumpling made of manioc. When he had filled his plate he rose and turned suddenly; the woman and the cripple had stopped eating and were watching him. They did not take their eyes away at once but gave him stare for stare. He sat down; without a word they began to eat once again.

The stew was good, and once he had begun Simpson ate heartily of it. The tacit devilry fell away from his surroundings as his hunger grew less, and his companions became no more than a middle-aged negress in a turban, a black boy pitifully deformed, and a beautiful child. He looked at his watch—he had not thought of the time for hours—and found that it was a little after noon. It was time that he bestirred himself and found lodgings.

"Is there a hotel?" he asked cheerfully. He had noticed that the islanders understood legitimate French, though they could not speak it.

"There is one," said the woman. She pushed away her plate and became suddenly dourly communicative. "But I doubt if the *propriêtaire* would find room for m'sieu'."

"Has he so many guests, then?"

"But no. M'sieu' has forgotten the priest."

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"The priest? What has he to do with it?"

"My son tells me that m'sieu' offended him, and the *propriétaire* is a good Catholic. He will close his house to you." She shaved a splinter to a point with a table knife and picked her teeth with it, both elbows on the table and her eyes on Simpson. "There is nowhere else to stay," she said. "Unless—here."

"I should prefer that," said Simpson—quickly, for reluctance and distrust were rising in him again. "But have you a room?"

She jerked a thumb over her shoulder at a door behind her.

"There," she said. Simpson waited for her to move, saw that she had no intention of doing so, and opened the door himself.

The room was fairly large, with two windows, screened but unglazed; a canvas cot stood in one corner, a packing-box table and a decrepit chair in another. Like the kitchen it was surprisingly clean. He returned to his hostess, who showed no anxiety about his intentions.

"How much by the week?" he asked.

"Eight *gourdes*."

"And you will feed me for how much?"

"Fifteen *gourdes*."

"I will take it." He forced himself to decision again; had he hesitated he knew he would have gone elsewhere. The price also—less than four dollars gold—attracted him, and he could doubtless buy some furniture in the town. Moreover, experienced missionaries who had talked before the board had always emphasized the value of living among the natives.

"*B'en*," said the negress. She rose and emptied the remains from her plate into a tin pail, sponging the plate with a piece of bread.

"I have a trunk on the steamer," said Simpson. "The boy—can he——"

"He will go with you," the negress interrupted.

The cripple slid from his chair, scraped his plate and Simpson's, put on his battered straw hat and shambled into the yard. Simpson followed.

He turned at the gate and looked back. The child had toddled to the door and was standing there, holding on to the door-post. Inside, the shadow of the woman flickered across the close bars of bamboo.

II

BUNSEN was standing on the jetty when they reached it, talking excitedly with a tall, bowed man of fifty or so, whose complexion showed the stippled pallor of long residence in the tropics.

"Here he is now!" Bunsen exclaimed as Simpson approached. "I was just getting anxious about you. Stopped at the hotel—you hadn't been there, they said. Port au Prince is a bad place to get lost in. Oh—this gentleman is our consul. Mr. Witherbee—Mr. Simpson."

Simpson shook hands. Witherbee's face was just a pair of dull eyes behind a ragged mustache, but there was unusual vigor in his grip.

"I'll see a lot of you, if you stay long," he said. He looked at Simpson more closely. "At least, I hope so. But where have you been? I was getting as anxious as Mr. Bunsen—afraid you'd been sacrificed to the snake, or something."

Simpson raised a clerical hand, protesting. His amazing morning swept before his mind like a moving-picture film; there were so many things he could not explain even to himself, much less to these two Gentiles.

"I found lodgings," he said.

"Lodgings?" Witherbee and Bunsen chorussed the word. "Where, for heaven's sake?"

"I don't know the name of the street," Simpson admitted. "I don't even know the name of my hostess. That"—indicating the cripple—"is her son."

"Good God!" Witherbee exclaimed. "Madame Picard! The *mamaloi!*"

"The—the what?" But Simpson had heard well enough.

"The *mamaloi*—the *mamaloi*—high priestess of voodoo."

"Her house is fairly clean," Simpson said. He was hardly aware of his own inconsequence. It was his instinct to defend any one who was attacked on moral grounds, whether they deserved the attack or not.

"Ye-es," Witherbee drawled. "I dare say it is. It's her company that's unsavory. Especially for a parson. Eh? What's the matter now?"

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Simpson had flared up at his last words. His mouth set and his eyes burned suddenly. Bunsen, watching him coolly, wondered that he could kindle so; until that moment he had seemed but half-alive. When he spoke his words came hurriedly—were almost unintelligible; yet there was some quality in his voice that compelled attention, affecting the senses more than the mind.

"Unsavory company? That's best for a parson. 'I come not to bring the righteous but sinners to repentance.' And who are you to brand the woman as common or unclean? If she is a heathen priestess, yet she worships a god of some sort. Do you?" He stopped suddenly; the humility which men hated in him again blanketed his fanaticism. "It is my task to give her a better god—the only true God—Christ."

Bunsen, his legs wide apart, kept his eyes on the sea, for he did not want to let Simpson see him smiling, and he was smiling. Witherbee, who had no emotions of any sort, pulled his mustache farther down and looked at the clergyman as though he were under glass—a curiosity.

"So you're going to convert the whole island?" he said.

"I hope to make a beginning in the Lord's vineyard."

"Humph! The devil's game-preserve, you mean," Bunsen suddenly broke in.

"The devil's game-preserve, then!" Simpson was defiant.

"The ship calls here every other Saturday," was all Bunsen said to that. "You may need to know. I'll send your trunk ashore."

He stepped into the cripple's boat and started for the ship. Witherbee did not speak; Simpson, still raging, left him, strode to the end of the pier, and stood there, leaning on a pile.

His gust of emotion had left him; a not unfamiliar feeling of exaltation had taken its place. It is often so with the extreme Puritan type; control relaxed for however brief a moment sends their slow blood whirling, and leaves them light-headed as those who breathe thin air. From boyhood Simpson had been practised in control, until repression had become a prime tenet of his faith. The cheerful and generally innocent excursions of other men assumed in his mind the proportions of crime, of sin against the stern disciplining of the soul which he conceived to be the goal of life. Probably he had never in all his days been so shocked as once when a young pagan had scorned certain views of his, saying: "There's more education—soul education, if you will have it—in five minutes of sheer joy than in a century of sorrow." It was an appalling statement, that—more appalling because he had tried to contradict it and had been unable to do so. He himself had been too eager to find his work in life—his preordained work—ever to discover the deep truths that light-heartedness only can reveal; even when he heard his call to foreign missions—to Hayti, in particular—he felt no such felicity as a man should feel who has climbed to his place in the scheme of things. His was rather the sombre fury of the Covenanters—an intense conviction that his way was the only way of grace—a conviction that transcended reason and took flight into the realm of overmastering emotion—the only overmastering emotion, by the way, that he had ever experienced.

His choice, therefore, was in itself a loss of control and a dangerous one, for nothing is more perilous to sanity than the certainty that most other people in the world are wrong. Such conviction leads to a Jesuitical contempt of means; in cases where the Puritan shell has grown to be impregnable from the outside it sets up an internal ferment which sometimes bursts shell and man and all into disastrous fragments. Until old age kills them, the passions and emotions never die in man; suppress them how we will, we can never ignore them; they rise again to mock us when we think we are done with them forever. And the man of Simpson's type suffers from them most of all, for he dams against them all normal channels of expression.

Simpson, standing at the pier-end, was suffering from them now. His exaltation—a thing of a moment, as his fervor had been—had gone out of him, leaving him limp, uncertain of his own powers, of his own calling, even—the prey to the discouragement that precedes action, which

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is the deepest discouragement of all. Except for himself and Witherbee the pier was deserted; behind him the filthy town slept in its filth. Four buzzards wheeled above it, gorged and slow; the harbor lay before him like a green mirror, so still that the ship was reflected in it down to the last rope-yarn. Over all, the sun, colorless and furnace-hot, burned in a sky of steel. There was insolence in the scorched slopes that shouldered up from the bay, a threatening permanence in the saw-edged sky-line. The indifference of it all, its rock-ribbed impenetrability to human influence, laid a crushing weight on Simpson's soul, so that he almost sank to his knees in sheer oppression of spirit.

"Do you know much about Hayti?" asked Witherbee, coming up behind him.

"As much as I could learn from books." Simpson wanted to be angry at the consul—why he could not tell—but Witherbee's voice was so carefully courteous that he yielded perforce to its persuasion and swung around, facing him. Suddenly, because he was measuring himself against man and not against nature, his weakness left him, and confidence in himself and his mission flooded back upon him. "As much as I could get from books." He paused. "You have lived here long?"

"Long enough," Witherbee answered. "Five years."

"You know the natives, then?"

"Can't help knowing them. There are quite a lot of them, you see, and there's almost no one else. Do you know negroes at all?"

"Very little."

"You'd better study them a bit before you—before you do anything you have it in mind to do—the Haytian negro in particular. They're not like white men, you know."

"Like children, you mean?"

"Like some children. I'd hate to have them for nephews and nieces."

"Why?"

"We-ell"—Witherbee, looking sidelong at Simpson, bit off the end of a cigar—"a number of reasons. They're superstitious, treacherous, savage, cruel, and—worst of all—emotional. They've gone back. They've been going back for a hundred years. The West Coast—I've been there—is not so bad as Hayti. It's never been anything else than what it is now, you see, and if it moves at all it must move forward. There's nothing awful about savagery when people have never known anything else. Hayti has. You know what the island used to be before Dessalines."

"I've read. But just what do you mean by West Coast savagery—here?"

"Snake-worship. Voodoo." Witherbee lit the cigar. "Human sacrifice."

"And the Roman church does nothing!" There was exultation in Simpson's voice. His distrust of the Roman church had been aggravated by his encounter with the black priest that morning.

"The Roman church does what it can. It's been unfortunate in its instruments. Especially unfortunate now."

"Father Antoine?"

"Father Antoine. You met him?"

"This morning. A brute, and nothing more."

"Just that." Witherbee let a mouthful of smoke drift into the motionless air. "It's curious," he said.

"What is?"

"Father Antoine will make it unpleasant for you. He may try to have you knifed, or something."

"Impossible!"

"Not at all. Human life is worth nothing here. No wonder—it's not really worth living. But you're safe enough, and that's the curious thing."

"Why am I safe?"

"Because your landlady is who she is." Witherbee glanced over his shoulder, and, although they were the only people on the pier, from force of habit he dropped his voice. "The *mamaloi* has more power than the church." He straightened and looked out toward the ship. "Here's her idiot with your trunk. My office is the first house on the left after you leave the pier. Don't forget that."

He turned quickly and was gone before the cripple's boat had reached the landing.

III

THE town, just stirring out of its siesta as Simpson followed the cripple through the streets, somehow reassured him. Men like Bunsen and Witherbee, who smiled at his opinions and remained cold to his

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rhapsodies, always oppressed him with a sense of ineffectuality. He knew them of old—knew them superficially, of course, for, since he was incapable of talking impersonally about religion, he had never had the chance to listen to the cool and yet often strangely mystical opinions which such men hold about it. He knew, in a dim sort of way, that men not clergymen sometimes speculated about religious matters, seeking light from each other in long, fragmentary conversations. He knew that much, and disapproved of it—almost resented it. It seemed to him wrong to discuss God without becoming angry, and very wrong for laymen to discuss God at all. When circumstances trapped him into talk with them about things divine, he felt baffled by their silences and their reserves, seemed to himself to be scrabbling for entrance to their souls through some sort of a slippery, impenetrable casing; he never tried to enter through their minds, where the door stood always open. The trouble was that he wanted to teach and be listened to; wherefore he was subtly more at home among the ignorant and in such streets as he was now traversing than with educated men. He had been born a few decades too late; here in Hayti he had stepped back a century or so into the age of credulity. Credulity, he believed, was a good thing, almost a divine thing, if it were properly used; he did not carry his processes far enough to realize that credulity could never become fixed—that it was always open to conviction. A receptive and not an inquiring mind seemed to him the prerequisite for a convert. And black people, he had heard, were peculiarly receptive.

The question was, then, where and how to start his work. Hayti differed from most mission fields, for, so far as he knew, no one had ever worked in it before him. The first step was to cultivate the intimacy of the people, and that he found difficult in the extreme. He had one obvious channel of approach to them; when buying necessary things for his room, he could enter into conversation with the shopkeepers and the market-women, but this he found it difficult to do. They did not want to talk to him, even seemed reluctant to sell him anything; and when he left their shops or stalls, did not answer his "Au revoir." He wondered how much the priest had to do with their attitude. They had little also that he wanted—he shopped for a week before he found a gaudy pitcher and basin and a strip of matting for his floor. Chairs, bureaus, bookcases, and tables did not exist. He said as much to Madame Picard, and gathered from her growled response that he must find a carpenter. The cripple, his constant companion in his first days on the island, took him to one—a gray old negro who wore on a shoe-string about his neck a pouch which Simpson thought at first to be a scapular, and whom age and his profession had made approachable. He was garrulous even; he ceased working when at length he understood what Simpson wanted, sat in his doorway with his head in the sun and his feet in the shade, and lit a pipe made out of a tiny cocoanut. Yes—he could build chairs, tables, anything m'sieu' wanted. There was wood also—black palm for drawer-knobs and cedar and mahogany and rosewood, but especially mahogany. An excellent wood, pleasant to work in and suave to the touch. Did they use it in the United States, he wondered?

"A great deal," answered Simpson. "And the San Domingo wood is the best, I believe."

"San Domingo—but yes," the carpenter said; "the Haytian also—that is excellent. Look!"

He led Simpson to the yard at the rear of his house and showed him half a dozen boards, their grain showing where the broad axe had hewed them smooth. Was it not a beautiful wood? And what furniture did m'sieu' desire?

Simpson had some little skill with his pencil—a real love for drawing was one of the instincts which his austere obsessions had crushed out of him. He revolved several styles in his mind, decided at length on the simplest, and drew his designs on a ragged scrap of wrapping-paper, while the carpenter, leaning down from his chair by the door, watched him, smoking, and now and then fingering the leather pouch about his neck. Simpson, looking up occasionally to see that his sketch was understood, could not keep

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his eyes away from the pouch—whatever it was, it was not a scapular. He did not ask about it, though he wanted to; curiosity, he had heard, should be repressed when one is dealing with barbarians. But he knew that that was not his real reason for not asking.

"But it is easy," said the carpenter, picking up the paper and examining it. "And the seats of the chairs shall be of white hide, is it not?"

Simpson assented. He did not leave the shop at once, but remained seated on the threshold, following his usual policy of picking up acquaintances where he could.

"M'sieu' is a priest?" the old man asked, squinting at him as he filled the cocoanut pipe again and thrust it between his ragged yellow teeth.

"Not a priest. A minister of the gospel."

"*Quoi?*" said the carpenter.

Simpson saw that he must explain. It was difficult. He had on the one hand to avoid suggesting that the Roman church was insufficient—that denunciation he intended to arrive at when he had gained firmer ground with the people—and on the other to refrain from hinting that Haytian civilization stood in crying need of uplift. That also could come later. He wallowed a little in his explanation, and then put the whole matter on a personal basis.

"I think I have a message—something new to say to you about Christ. But I have been here a week now and have found none to listen to me."

"Something new?" the carpenter rejoined. "But that is easy if it is something new. In Hayti we like new things."

"No one will listen to me," Simpson repeated.

The carpenter reflected for a moment, or seemed to be doing so.

"Many men come here about sunset," he said. "We sit and drink a little rum before dark; it is good against the fever."

"I will come also," said Simpson, rising. "It is every evening?"

"Every evening." The carpenter's right hand rose to the pouch which was not a scapular and he caressed it.

"Au revoir," said Simpson suddenly.

"'Voir," the carpenter replied, still immobile in his chair by the door.

Up to now a walk through the streets had been a nightmare to Simpson, for the squalor of them excited to protest every New England nerve in his body, and the evident hostility of the people constantly threatened his success with them. He had felt very small and lonely, like a man who has undertaken to combat a natural force; he did not like to feel small and lonely, and he did not want to believe in natural forces. Chosen vessel as he believed himself to be, thus far the island had successfully defied him, and he had feared more than once that it would do so to the end. He had compelled himself to frequent the markets, hoping always that he would find in them the key to the door that was closed against him; he had not found it, and, although he recognized that three weeks was but a fractional moment of eternity, and comforted himself by quoting things about the "mills of God," he could not approach satisfaction with what he had accomplished so far.

His interview with the carpenter had changed all that, and on his way home he trod the Grand Rue more lightly than he had ever done. Even the cathedral, even the company of half-starved conscripts that straggled past him in the tail of three generals, dismayed him no longer, for the cathedral was but the symbol of a frozen Christianity which he need no longer fear, and the conscripts were his people—his—or soon would be. All that he had wanted was a start; he had it now, though he deplored the rum which would be drunk at his first meeting with the natives. One must begin where one could.

Witherbee, sitting in the window of the consulate, called twice before Simpson heard him.

"You look pretty cheerful," he said. "Things going well?"

"They've just begun to, I think—I think I've found the way to reach these people."

"Ah?" The monosyllable was incredulous, though polite. "How's that?"

"I've just been ordering some furniture from a carpenter," Simpson answered. It was the first time since the day of his

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arrival that he had seen Witherbee to speak to, and he found it a relief to speak in his own language and without calculating the result of his words.

"A carpenter? Vieux Michaud, I suppose?"

"That's his name. You know him?"

"Very well." The consul tipped back his chair and tapped his lips with a pencil. "Very well. He's a clever workman. He'll follow any design you give him, and the woods, of course, are excellent."

"Yes. He showed me some. But he's more than a carpenter to me. He's more —receptive—than most of the natives, and it seems that his shop is a gathering-place—a centre. He asked me to come in the evenings."

"And drink rum?" Witherbee could not resist that.

"Ye-es. He said they drank rum. I shan't do that, of course, but one must begin where one can."

"I suppose so," Witherbee answered slowly. The office was darkened to just above reading-light, and the consul's face was in the shadow. Evidently he had more to say, but he allowed a long silence to intervene before he went on. Simpson, imaging wholesale conversions, sat quietly; he was hardly aware of his surroundings.

"Don't misunderstand what I'm going to say," the consul began at length. Simpson straightened, on his guard at once. "It may be of use to you—in your work," he added quickly. "It's this. Somehow—by chance perhaps, though I don't think so—you've fallen into strange company—stranger than any white man I've ever known."

"I am not afraid of voodoo," said Simpson rather scornfully.

"It would be better if you were a little afraid of it. I am—and I know what I'm talking about. Look what's happened to you. There's the Picard woman—she's the one who had President Simon Sam under her thumb. Did you know he carried the symbols of voodoo next his heart? And now Michaud, who's her right hand and has been for years. Looks like deep water to me."

"I must not fear for my own body."

"That's not what I mean exactly, though I wish you were a little more afraid for it. It might save me trouble—possibly save our government trouble—in the end. But the consequences of letting voodoo acquire any more power than it has may be far-reaching."

"I am not here to give it more power." Simpson, thoroughly angry, rose to go. "It is my business to defeat it—to root it out."

"Godspeed to you in that"—Witherbee's voice was ironical. "But remember what I tell you. The Picard woman is subtle, and Michaud is subtle." Simpson had crossed the theshold, and only half heard the consul's next remark. "Voodoo is more subtle than both of them together. Look out for it."

Witherbee's warning did no more than make Simpson angry; he attributed it to wrong motives—to jealousy perhaps, to hostility certainly, and neither jealousy nor hostility could speak true words. In spite of all that he had heard, he could not believe that voodoo was so powerful in the island; this was the twentieth century, he insisted, and the most enlightened country in the world was less than fifteen hundred miles away; he forgot that opinions and not figures number the centuries, and refused to see that distance had nothing to do with the case. These were a people groping through the dark; when they saw the light they could not help but welcome it, he thought. The idea that they preferred their own way of life and their own religion, that they would not embrace civilization till they were forced to do so at the point of benevolent bayonets, never entered his head. His own way of life was so obviously superior. He resolved to have nothing more to do with Witherbee.

When he returned to the carpenter's house at about six that evening he entered the council of elders that he found there with the determination to place himself on an equality with them. It was to his credit that he accomplished this feat, but it was not surprising, for the humility of his mind at least was genuine. He joined in their conversation, somewhat stiffly at first, but perhaps no more so than became a stranger. Presently, because he saw that he could not refuse without offending his host, he conquered prejudice and took a little rum and sugar

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and water. It went to his head without his knowing it, as rum has a habit of doing; he became cheerfully familiar with the old men and made long strides into their friendship—or thought he did. He did not once mention religion to them at that first meeting, though he had to exercise considerable self-restraint to prevent himself from doing so.

On his way home he met Father Antoine not far from Michaud's door. The priest would have passed with his usual surly look if Simpson had not stopped him.

"Well?" Antoine demanded.

"Why should we quarrel—you and I?" Simpson asked. "Can we not work together for these people of yours?"

"Your friends are not my people, heretic!" Father Antoine retorted. "Rot in hell with them!"

He plunged past Simpson and was gone down the darkling alley.

"You are late, m'sieu'," remarked Madame Picard as he came into the kitchen and sat down in a chair near the cripple. Her manner was less rough than usual.

"I've been at Michaud's," he answered.

"Ah? But you were there this morning."

"He asked me to come this evening, when his friends came, madame. There were several there."

"They are often there," she answered. There was nothing significant in her tone, but Simpson had an uneasy feeling that she had known all the time of his visit to the carpenter.

"I met Father Antoine on the way home," he said.

"A bad man!" She flamed into sudden violence. "A bad man!"

"I had thought so." Her loquacity this evening was amazing. Simpson thought he saw an opening to her confidence and plunged in. "And he is a priest. It is bad, that. Here are sheep without a shepherd."

"*Quoi?*"

"Here are many people—all good Christians." Simpson, eager and hopeful, leaned forward in his chair. His gaunt face with the down-drawn mouth and the hungry eyes—grown more hungry in the last three weeks—glowed, took on fervor; his hand shot out expressive fingers. The woman raised her head slowly, staring at him; more slowly still she seated herself at the table that stood between them. She rested her arms on it, and narrowed her eyelids as he spoke till her eyes glittered through the slits of them.

"All good Christians," Simpson went on; "and there is none to lead them save a black—" He slurred the word just in time. The woman's eyes flashed open and narrowed again. "Save a renegade priest," Simpson concluded. "It is wrong, is it not? And I knew it was wrong, though I live far away and came—was led—here to you." His voice, though it had not been loud, left the room echoing. "It was a real call." He whispered that.

"You are a Catholic?" asked Madame Picard.

"Yes. Of the English Catholic church." He suspected that the qualifying adjective meant nothing to her, but let the ambiguity rest.

"I was not sure," she said slowly, "though you told the boy." Her eyes, velvet-black in the shadow upcast by the lamp, opened slowly. "There has been much trouble with Father Antoine, and now small numbers go to mass or confession." Her voice had the effect of shrillness, though it remained low; her hands flew out, grasping the table-edge at arms' length with an oddly masculine gesture. "He deserved that! To tell his *canaille* that I—that we—! He dared! But now—now—we shall see!"

Her voice rasped in a subdued sort of a shriek; she sprang up from her chair, and stood for the fraction of a second with her hands raised and her fists clinched. Simpson, puzzled, amazed, and a little scared at last, had barely time to notice the position before it dissolved. The child, frightened, screamed from the floor. "*Taisez-vous—taisez-vous, mon enfant. Le temps vient.*"

She was silent a long time after that. Simpson sat wondering what she would do next, aware of an uncanny fascination that emanated from her. It seemed to him as though there were subterranean fires in the ground that he walked on.

"You shall teach us," she said in her usual monotone. "You shall teach us—

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preach to many people. No house will hold them all." She leaned down and caressed the child. "*Le temps vient, mon petit. Le temps vient.*"

Under Simpson's sudden horror quivered an eerie thrill. He mistook it for joy at the promised fulfilment of his dreams. He stepped to his own doorway and hesitated there with his hand on the latch.

"To many people? Sometime, I hope."

"Soon." She looked up from the child; there was a snakiness in the angle of her head and neck. "Soon."

He opened the door, slammed it behind him, and dropped on tense knees beside his bed. In the kitchen the cripple laughed—laughed for a long time. Simpson's tightly pressed palms could not keep the sound from his ears.

IV

EACH night the gathering at Vieux Michaud's became larger; it grew too large for the house, and presently overflowed into the yard behind, where Michaud kept his lumber. Generally thirty or forty natives collected between six and seven in the evening, roosting on the piled boards or sitting on the dusty ground in little groups, their cigarettes puncturing the blue darkness that clung close to the earth under the young moon. There were few women among them at first and fewer young men; Simpson, who knew that youth ought to be more hospitable to new ideas than age, thought this a little strange and spoke to Michaud about it.

"But they are my friends, m'sieu'," answered Michaud.

The statement might have been true of the smaller group that Simpson had first encountered at the carpenter's house; it was not true of the additions to it, for he was evidently not on intimate terms with them. Nor did he supply rum for all of them; many brought their own. That was odd also, if Simpson had only known it; the many *cantinas* offered attractions which the carpenter's house did not. That fact occurred to him at length.

"They have heard of you, m'sieu'—and that you have something new to say to them. We Haytians like new things."

Thus, very quietly, almost as though it had been a natural growth of interest, did Simpson's ministry begin. He stepped one evening to the platform that overhung the carpenter's back yard, and began to talk. Long study had placed the missionary method at his utter command, and he began with parables and simple tales which they heard eagerly. Purposely, he eschewed anything striking or startling in this his first sermon. It was an attempt to establish a sympathetic understanding between himself and his audience, and not altogether an unsuccessful one, for his motives were still unmixed. He felt that he had started well; when he was through speaking small groups gathered around him as children might have done, and told him inconsequent, wandering tales of their own—tales which were rather fables, folklore transplanted from another hemisphere and strangely crossed with Christianity. He was happy; if it had not been that most of them wore about their necks the leather pouches that were not scapulars he would have been happier than any man has a right to be. One of these pouches, showing through the ragged shirt of an old man with thin lips and a squint, was ripped at the edge, and the unmistakable sheen of a snake's scale glistened in the seam. Simpson could not keep his eyes from it.

He dared to be more formal after that, and on the next night preached from a text—the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us." That sermon also was effective: toward the end of it two or three women were weeping a little, and the sight of their tears warmed him with the sense of power. In that warmth certain of his prejudices and inhibitions began to melt away; the display of feelings and sensibilities could not be wicked or even undesirable if it prepared the way for the gospel by softening the heart. He began to dabble in emotion himself, and that was a dangerous matter, for he knew nothing whatever about it save that, if he felt strongly, he could arouse strong feeling in others. Day by day he unwittingly became less sure of the moral beauty of restraint, and ardors which he had never dreamed of began to flame free of his soul.

He wondered now and then why Madame Picard, who almost from the first

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had been a constant attendant at his meetings, watched him so closely, so secretly—both when he sat with her and the cripple at meals and at the carpenter's house, where he was never unconscious of her eyes. He wondered also why she brought her baby with her, and why all who came fondled it so much and so respectfully. He did not wonder at the deference, almost the fear, which all men showed her—that seemed somehow her due. She had shed her taciturnity and was even voluble at times. But behind her volubility lurked always an inexplicable intensity of purpose whose cause Simpson could never fathom and was afraid to seek for. It was there, however—a nervous determination, not altogether alien to his own, which he associated with religion and with nothing else in the world. Religiosity, he called it—and he was not far wrong.

Soon after his first sermon, he began little by little to introduce ritual into the meetings at Michaud's, so that they became decorous; rum-drinking was postponed till after the concluding prayer, and that in itself was a triumph. He began to feel the need of hymns, and, since he could find in French none that had associations for himself, he set about translating some of the more familiar ones, mostly those of a militant nature. Some of them, especially "The Son of God goes forth to war," leaped into immediate popularity and were sung two or three times in a single service. He liked that repetition; he thought it laid the groundwork for the enthusiasm which he aroused more and more as time went on, and which he took more pains to arouse. Nevertheless, the first time that his feverish eloquence brought tears and incoherent shoutings from the audience, he became suddenly fearful before the ecstasies which he had touched to life; he faltered, and brought his discourse to an abrupt end. As the crowd slowly quieted and reluctantly began to drift away there flashed on him with blinding suddenness the realization that his excitement had been as great as their own; for a moment he wondered if such passion were godly. Only for a moment, however; of course it was godly, as any rapture informed by religion must be. He was sorry he had lost courage and stopped so soon. These were an emotional and not an intellectual people—if they were to be reached at all, it must be through the channels of their emotions. Thus far he thought clearly, and that was as far as he did think, for he was discovering in himself a capacity for religious excitement that was only in part a reflex of the crowd's fervor, and the discovery quickened and adorned the memory of the few great moments of his life. Thus had he felt when he resolved to take orders; thus, although in a less degree, because he had been doubtful and afraid, had he felt when he heard the Macedonian cry from this West Indian island. He had swayed the crowd also, as he had always believed that he could sway crowds if only the spirit would burn in him brightly enough; he had no doubt that he could sway them again, govern them completely perhaps. That possibility was cause for prayerful and lonely consideration, for meditation among the hills, whence he might draw strength. He hired a pony forthwith and set out for a few days in the hinterland.

It was the most perilous thing he could have done. There is neither sanctity nor holy calm in the tropic jungle, nothing of the hallowed quietude that, in northern forests, clears the mind of life's muddle and leads the soul to God. There lurks instead a poisonous anodyne in the heavy, scented air—a drug that lulls the spirit to an evil repose, counterfeiting the peacefulness whence alone high thoughts can spring. In the north nature displays a certain restraint even in her most flamboyant moods: the green fires of spring temper their sensuousness in chill winds, and autumn is rich in suggestion not of love, but of gracious age, having the aloof beauty of age and its true estimates of life. The perception of its loveliness is impersonal and leaves the line between the æsthetic and the sensuous clearly marked. Beneath a straighter sun, the line is blurred and sometimes vanishes: no orchid-musk, no azure and distant hill, no tinted bay but accosts the senses, confusing one with another, mingling all the emotions in a single cup, persuading man that he knows good from evil as little as though he lived still in Eden. From such stealthy influences the man of rigid con-

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victions is often in more danger than the man of no convictions at all, for rigid convictions rather often indicate inexperience and imperfect observation; experience, therefore—especially emotional experience—sometimes warps them into strange and hideous shapes.

Simpson did not find in the bush the enlightenment that he had hoped for. He did, however, anæsthetize his mind into the belief that he had found it. Returning, he approached Port au Prince by a route new to him. A well-beaten trail aroused his curiosity, and he followed it into a grove of ceiba and mahogany. It was clear under foot, as no tropic grove uncared for by man can be clear; in the middle of it lay the ashes of a great fire, and three minaca-palm huts in good repair huddled almost invisible under the vast trees. The ground, bare of grass, was trodden hard, as though a multitude had stamped it down—danced it down, perhaps—and kept it bare by frequent use.

"What a place for a camp-meeting!" thought Simpson as he turned to leave it. "God's cathedral aisles, and roofed by God's blue sky."

His pony shied and whirled around; a long snake—a fer-de-lance—flowed across the path.

The desire to hold his services in the grove remained in his mind; the only reason he did not transfer them there at once was that he was not yet quite sure of his people. They came eagerly to hear him, they reflected his enthusiasm at his behest, they wept and praised God. Yet, underneath all his hopes and all his pride in what he had done ran a cold current of doubt, an undefined and indefinable fear of something devilish and malign that might thwart him in the end.

He thrust it resolutely out of his mind.

V

"I HAVE told your people—your *canaille*," said Father Antoine, "that I shall excommunicate them all."

The priest had been graver than his wont—more dignified, less volcanic, as though he was but the mouthpiece of authority, having none of it himself.

"They are better out of your church than in it," Simpson answered.

Father Antoine trembled a little; it was the first sign he had given that his violent personality was still alive under the perplexing new power that had covered it.

"You are determined?" Simpson nodded with compressed lips. "Their damnation be on your head, then."

The priest stood aside. Simpson squeezed by him on the narrow sidewalk; as he did so, Antoine drew aside the skirts of his cassock.

From the beginning Simpson had preached more of hell than of heaven; he could not help doing so, for he held eternal punishment to be more imminent than eternal joy, and thought it a finer thing to scare people into heaven than to attract them thither. He took an inverted pleasure also in dwelling on the tortures of the damned, and had combed the minor prophets and Revelation for threatening texts to hurl at his congregation. Such devil-worship, furthermore, gave him greater opportunity for oratory, greater immediate results also; he had used it sometimes against his better judgment, and was not so far gone that he did not sometimes tremble at the possible consequences of its use. His encounter with the priest, however, had driven all doubts from his mind, and that evening he did what he had never done before—he openly attacked the Roman church.

"What has it done for you?" he shouted, and his voice rang in the rafters of the warehouse where a hundred or so negroes had gathered to hear him. "What has it done for you? You cultivate your ground, and its tithes take the food from the mouths of your children. Does the priest tell you of salvation, which is without money and without price, for all—for all—for all? Does he live among you as I do? Does he minister to your bodies? Or your souls?"

There was a stir at the door, and the eyes of the congregation turned from the platform.

"Father Antoine!" shrieked a voice. It was Madame Picard's; Simpson could see her in the gloom at the far end of the hall and could see the child astride of her hip. "Father Antoine! He is here!"

In response to the whip of her voice there was a roar like the roar of a train in a tunnel. It died away; the crowd

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eddied back upon the platform. Father Antoine—he was robed, and there were two acolytes with him, one with a bell and the other with a candle—began to read in a voice as thundering as Simpson's own.

"*Excommunicabo*——"

The Latin rolled on, sonorous, menacing. It ceased; the candle-flame snuffed out, the bell tinkled, there was the flash of a cope in the doorway, and the priest was gone.

"He has excommunicated you!" Simpson shouted, almost shrieked. "Thank God for that, my people!"

They faced him again; ecstatic, beside himself, he flung at them incoherent words. But the Latin, mysterious as magic, fateful as a charm, had frightened them, and they did not yield to Simpson immediately. Perhaps they would not have yielded to him at all if it had not been for Madame Picard.

From her corner rose an eerie chant in broken minors; it swelled louder, and down the lane her people made for her she came dancing. Her turban was off, her dress torn open to the breasts; she held the child horizontally and above her in both hands. Her body swayed rhythmically, but she just did not take up the swing of the votive African dance that is as old as Africa. Up to the foot of the platform she wavered, and there the cripple joined her, laughing as always. Together they shuffled first to the right and then to the left, their feet marking the earth floor in prints that overlapped like scales. She laid the baby on the platform, sinking slowly to her knees as she did so; as though at a signal, the wordless chant rumbled upward from the entire building, rolled over the platform like a wave, engulfing the white man in its flood.

"Symbolism! Sacrifice!" Simpson yelled. "She offers all to God!"

He bent and raised the child at arm's length above his head. Instantly the chanting ceased.

"To the grove!" screamed the *mamaloi*. She leaped to the platform, almost from her knees it seemed, and snatched the child. "To the grove!"

The crowd took up the cry; it swelled till Simpson's ears ached under the impact of it.

"To the grove!"

Doubt assailed him as his mind—a white man's mind—rebelled.

"This is wrong,"—he said dully; "wrong."

Madame Picard's fingers gripped his arm. Except for the spasms of the talons which were her fingers, she seemed calm.

"No, m'sieu'," she said. "You have them now. Atonement—atonement, m'sieu'. You have many times spoken of atonement. But they do not understand what they cannot see. They are behind you—you cannot leave them now."

"But—the child?"

"The child shall show them—a child shall lead them, m'sieu'. They must see a *théâtre* of atonement—then they will believe. Come."

Protesting, he was swept into the crowd and forward—forward to the van of it, into the Grand Rue. Always the thunderous rumble of the mob continued; high shrieks flickered like lightning above it; the name of Christ dinned into his ears from foul throats. On one side of him the cripple appeared; on the other strode the *mamaloi*—the child, screaming with fear, on her hip. A hymn-tune stirred under the tumult—rose above it.

"Le fils de Dieu se va t'en guerre
Son drapeau rouge comme sang."

Wild quavers adorned the tune obscenely; the mob marched to it, falling into step. Torches came, flaming high at the edges of the crowd, flaming wan and lurid on hundreds of black faces.

"Il va pour gagner sa couronne
Qui est-ce que suit dans son train?"

"A crusade!" Simpson suddenly shouted. "It is a crusade!"

Yells answered him. Somewhere a drum began, reverberating as though unfixed in space, now before them, now behind, now, it seemed, in the air. The sound was maddening. A swaying began in the crowd that took on cadence, became a dance. Simpson, his brain drugged, his senses perfervid, marched on in exultation. These were his people at last.

The drum thundered more loudly, became unbearable. They were clear of the

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town and in the bush at last; huge fires gleamed through the trees, and the mob spilled into the grove. The cripple and the *mamaloi* were beside him still.

In the grove, with the drums—more than one of them now—palpitating unceasingly, the dancing became wilder, more savage. In the light of the fire, the *mamaloi* swayed, holding the screaming child, and close to the flames crouched the cripple. The hymn had given place to the formless chant, through which the minors quivered like the wails of lost souls.

The scales fell from Simpson's eyes. He rose to his full height and stretched out his arm, demanding silence; there was some vague hope in him that even now he might guide them. His only answer was a louder yell than ever.

It took form. Vieux Michaud sprang from the circle into the full firelight, feet stamping, eyes glaring.

"La chèvre!" he yelled. "La chèvre sans cornes!"

The drums rolled in menacing crescendo, the fire licked higher. All sounds melted into one.

"La chèvre sans cornes!"

The *mamaloi* tore the child from her neck and held it high by one leg. Simpson, seeing clearly as men do before they die, flung himself toward her.

The cripple's knife, thrust from below, went home between his ribs just as the *mamaloi's* blade crossed the throat of the sacrifice.

"So I signed the death-certificate," Witherbee concluded. "'Death at the hands of persons unknown.'"

"And they'll call him a martyr," said Bunsen.

"Who knows?" the consul responded gravely. "Perhaps he was one."

IN IRISH RAIN

By Martha Haskell Clark

THE great world stretched its arms to me and held me to its breast,
They say I've song-birds in my throat, and give me of their best;
But sure, not all their gold can buy, can take me back again
To little Mag o' Monagan's a-singing in the rain.

The silver-slanting Irish rain, all warm and sweet that fills
The little brackened lowland pools, and drifts across the hills;
That turns the hill-grass cool and wet to dusty childish feet,
And hangs above the valley-roofs, filmed blue with burning peat.

And oh the kindly neighbor-folk that called the young ones in,
Down fragrant yellow-tapered paths that thread the prickly whin;
The hot, sweet smell of oaten-cake, the kettle purring soft,
The dear-remembered Irish speech—they call to me how oft!

They mind me just a slip o' girl in tattered kirtle blue,
But oh they loved me for myself, and not for what I do!
And never one but had a joy to pass the time of day
With little Mag o' Monagan's a-laughing down the way.

There's fifty roofs to shelter me where one was set before,
But make me free of that again—I'll not be wanting more.
But sure I know not tears nor gold can turn the years again
To little Mag o' Monagan's a-singing in the rain.

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REINTERPRETED BYGONES

By Richard F. Cleveland

THE fortunes of international enterprise have brought England and America into a vis-à-vis relationship which demands a far deeper and more active understanding than was ever required for the vague friendliness of pre-war days. Hitherto we have made shift to be pleasant on informal occasion, and to talk the high words of officialdom when we have encountered each other via the Washington-Dover Street route; but now the choice is no longer with either one of us, for we have been through too much of soul-welding struggle to permit the sharpest reaction to sever the combination. It is accordingly opportune that we examine our national store-houses, and observe what materials exist for a conscious effort to build soundly, not only for passive toleration, but for constructive co-operation in the years ahead. We need to get at the bottom of the business, for on the surface there are infinite petty misconceptions which tax the patience if given attention.

If generalization were possible, it would be strictly true that the original rift in the Anglo-American alliance comes from class differentiation. And this comes nearer to a universal application than is at first apparent. In England a man is born into one of three general social categories, he is a laborer, a middle-class social mediocrity, or a gentleman. He may improve his position inside his own class, but barring the intervention of the ballot, or other fickle manifestation of fate, ambition is a stranger to him, and he must settle down to the drab proposition of being one of the millions of inert Britons, loyal subjects to his gracious majesty, morally orthodox, universally uninteresting. In America on the other hand, we resent the merest implication that an American as such, all other things being equal, may not rise to the commanding top of whatever endeavor he has chosen. Our national ideal expressed in three words would be, I take it, improvement of position, and does not altogether cease with those in highest seats. Our pride thrives on the multitude of men in public life, in business, and in the professions who have said to the trials that beset them, "I'll get you," and have forthwith proceeded to "get" them. We likewise repudiate with democratic ardor the proposition that one can be born a gentleman; we never fail to act on the theory that only the man who so acts is entitled to the respect due a gentleman. This vital difference in social valuations cannot be overestimated; it explains nearly all our little troubles with the Britisher, and if rightly regarded is the point of departure for a mutual increase of respect. Too often citizens of both nations have passed rapid judgment, none too fair or flattering, because we do not measure up to each other's standards. We are so much alike that we both want to make the whole lot fit into the same gauge, and finding it impossible, have damned each other straight to the depths of undesirability, all because the rules of the game are different, and neither would give in to the other.

This matter of rules is at the heart of English civilization. I recently heard English life likened to cricket, a game most shocking to our sensibilities, but possessing virtues of a sort, and in the abstract most admirable. The match must proceed in orderly fashion, quite calmly above all things, for a period of two or three days before completion. A player's impulse to smite fiercely at a tempting ball is stayed by the necessity of conserving energy for the hours ahead. When a batter is put out the game rests for several minutes until the new batter can buckle on his pads and saunter casually on the field—whereupon fielders again get on their feet and play is resumed. An American at a cricket match is fairly entertained for a few hours at the novelty of it, and is intrigued by the apathy of the spectators, but soon chafes

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at delays and painstaking casualness, and, as soon as may politely be, dashes abruptly off with anguish at his heart, longing to scream aloud and do all manner of execution with bass drums and variable fanfare. But when it came to walking into destruction behind a slow creeping barrage, cricket and other crisis-worshipping sports served the British army from Tommy to Marshal, as well, I fancy, as sport served any other troops to be observed on the battle-fields of the continent.

Rules, moreover, are the heart of the social antics of England. If you are one of us, and if you have been presented in due form and technically correct, we will be glad to do our unreserved utmost to make you enjoy yourself; or if you are obviously not one of us, we will of course step down and help you, as that is expected—but if you are just a person, and presume to establish human relationships with us, God help you, we won't. When an American takes that attitude, which he may occasionally in a fit of forgetfulness do, hot words are sure to follow—for we acknowledge no divine or natural right to gentility. On every side the Briton is protected by compartments into which he may withdraw whenever the world is too much with him; but I venture to say that the American would be largely educated to look into those retreats, and find them full of the most selfless devotion to friends and family, unimpeachable honor in private and public affairs, and deep culture, intensive culture, which our universities dreamt of but faintly, and now on all sides repudiate. This same degree of difference may otherwise be illustrated by that familiar household adjunct, the trick dog, who sees exhibited before him the morsel destined to be the reward and goal of a superior rehearsal of his repertoire. Our American dog would see no reason why he might not have the prize straight off and thus an end to ceremony, while the English animal prides himself on the deliberateness of the performance of well-learned capers, and eventually takes the biscuit with possibly great inward palpitation, but admirable outward unconcern.

In us Americans the danger is that we see only the dull side of the picture, and have not the patience—for that it requires—to see the virtues of our man. We expect him to be measured by our tape, and he above all nationals on earth takes pains to be as unpleasant as possible under examination. When we cease to look for a Britisher to act as we do, we shall have gone a long way toward the established reign of good feeling. When by the same token our friends across the Atlantic shall honor us by appreciating how universal are our talents, and how free our sympathies and interests to go wherever they are called by the exigency of the moment, then they will know that there are some "nice Americans." In going to work of a morning, I like to speak in the same tone to the newsboy, the clerk in the outer office, and the prosperous president in his sanctum; while the Englishman under the same circumstances would have a different mode of address for each one of them. With me it is not lack of dignity which permits discussion of the new administration with the newsboy, and it is not snobbishness that forbids it to the Englishman.

The backbone of the British system is maintained by the training the "gentlemen" receive; the lower orders realize that their place is secondary, and without any rancor, rearrange into a vacuous microcosm the crumbs from their masters' tables. A gentleman is a graduate of either Oxford or Cambridge, going up from a large public school, for which he is orginally primed at a preparatory institution. Sent from home at the tender, inoffensive age of nine or eleven years he is irrevocably weaned from dependence on his parents, and is gradually formed into that indescribable complexity and perfection, the English gentleman. When he leaves Eton, Harrow, Winchester, or what-not public school, he is supposed to have assimilated the written and unwritten rules of the game; to wit, the correct air to assume in any sort of drawing-room at tea, the correct way of folding trousers, holding a cricket bat, speaking to servants, disregarding hardship, drinking, meeting strangers, dancing—the opinion of American girls to the contrary notwithstanding—and God knows what all infinitesimal "don'ts" and "do's," that are the perplexity and embarrass-

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ment of the American who sallies forth among them armed only with natural courtesy and exuberant good-will, of which the exuberance is specifically unwelcome. At the university of his forefathers our student reads himself into a large store of culture, performing prodigies with "greats" and "tripos," which, once the A. B. hood donned, become a pleasant memory, the excuse for much well-considered conversation over a comfortable cup of tea or mug of sturdy ale. Unless he join the brotherhood of wandering clerics, he is fitted for nothing else specific, only to take his place in the allotted niche for gentlemen, a place he adorns thereafter with more grace than we see in one out of fifty of our own college graduates. Of all the things he learns, I judge humbly that the greatest of these is the use of leisure. He makes of it a veritable art, and as material he must set aside each day enough leisure to fashion—from which nothing can prevent him, nor business, nor battles, nor any other creature. Look well at this fellow, you may not approve of him, as I do not, but he is a type with whom we will have much dealing in the future, and we must admire him for the beautiful institution he is.

For our part, we insist that education shall, as far as it is pursued, fit us for a useful, vigorous part in the nation's activities. Some false prophets would eliminate from our training any but vocational studies, crying out in a loud voice that colleges ruin youngsters for business—that they must be taught all over again once graduated. While this is an extreme view, we nevertheless know that our place under heaven is maintained by our power within, by no artificial aristocracy to which we are attached willy-nilly by the fortune of birth. Starting in a local high school, an American youth presses on to a preparatory school, bound by regulations in all cases less rigid than is the fate of an English lad. If he is indeed fortunate, and guided by wise and trusting parents, he tastes the life of his country reproduced at a school for reliance like Exeter or Andover. Thence, or straight from high school, he is popped into college, and follows the bent of his aptitude for four years, coming out trained, theoretically at least, to turn his hand to self-supporting occupation. We must own that education sits light on American youth, and often does him no great strokes beyond providing lifelong associates and friends, and a sense of executive responsibility from the editorship of some campus publication or similar weighty enterprise. The majority, however, profit even more than they know, and though it be unconsciously, have before them steadily the strong desire to improve their position as soon as may be.

Catch an Englishman out of familiar circumstances, and heaven help you if he does not act strangely and rudely in all probability; in some cases he will not act at all. He really is shy with strangers—surely shyness is a charitable conclusion, for of all men who travel, next to the German the Briton is the most boorish. I have often been moved to a desire for violence at the indifference of them in all classes of society. I have been many times forced almost bodily from a judiciously selected seat in a coach, and I know of ladies who have stood for hours in the seated presence of well-fed, able-bodied Englishmen, who forsooth had paid for their seats and did not know the lady. Had they known her, no one could have been more civil and solicitous than they. Shyness I have called it, but I am mindful of many compatriots less charitable, and whatever it is, it annoys us. The easy informality that comes second nature to us on such occasions, and makes us share the comforts of travel with any stranger, is repulsive to the Briton, bound fast by convention and dehydrating canons of respectability. This is all very strange to us, but it is not a serious cause for international dislike.

The peerage and the court of His Majesty seem to us a totally silly and illogical system. We could not much love any one who spoke of "my subjects," however graciously. The spectacle of a few hundred affable ladies and gentlemen consciously dominating the country socially by the right of birth alone moves us to contempt. It is too obvious that in America no such distinction could fairly be made, but with England it is highly salutary. Distinction carries with it

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recognized responsibilities; the principle of *noblesse oblige* rules England. It is a waste of time to try to have us come together on these things, for two theories so divergent cannot be reconciled. One may fish for brook trout with worms or with a fly, but not even a "city feller" would want to put a worm on a fly-hook.

Common sense and tolerance are the chief requisites to a friendly era between the two English-speaking nations such as has never before existed. Americans must stop trying to solve the Irish problem. It is easy for Irish-American journals on this side to rant about the oppression of Ireland, for the average American has no conception of the infinite intricacies that make the problem well-nigh insoluble, granted all the good-will in the world toward Ireland. The press is not very helpful. The London *Times* is the sole sheet in that country which seems to make any effort to give its readers a clear sight into American affairs and difficulties. Other dailies print the most palpable rot about moving-picture actresses and spectacular murder cases, appearing to regard us more as a source of freak news than a grown-up international entity in trousers. The average Englishman (if there is any average man anywhere) does not for instance understand that an American president may not negotiate a treaty as independent plenipotentiary—so that our part of the Versailles débâcle is still a mystery to him, which he bears rather politely under the circumstances.

As individuals the British are self-conscious, we are naïve. Examine what has here been said and all available data about the Englishman; watch all his movements, through them his thoughts, and see if every act is not rounded out by conscious, forehanded speculation. It keeps him from uncertain venture, it makes him stolid and legalistic; he has no buoyant response; no care-free pagan exultation or luxurious despair is possible to him. Self-consciousness explains him to us. Now look at us Americans, unconventional, ritual-smashing band; see how innocent we are of incidental calculations—we drive ahead with blinders on, and if we see an emotion going in our direction, we hop on and enjoy the ride. We are young and they are mature, even their landscape is minutely detailed, while our hills and fields and woods are a blurred impressionistic mass —Messonier to the moderns.

We are two separate and distinct nationalities, and between us difference of opinion may plausibly exist, but there is no longer room for misunderstanding.

THE TOLL-GATE HOUSE

By John Drinkwater

THE toll-gate's gone, but still stands lone,
In the dip of the hill, the house of stone,
And over the roof in the branching pine
The great owl sits in the white moonshine.
An old man lives, and lonely, there,
His windows yet on the cross-roads stare,
And on Michaelmas night in all the years
A galloping far and faint he hears. . . .
His casement open wide he flings
With "Who goes there," and a lantern swings. . . .
But never more in the dim moonbeam
Than a cloak and a plume and the silver gleam
Of passing spurs in the night can he see,
For the toll-gate's gone and the road is free.

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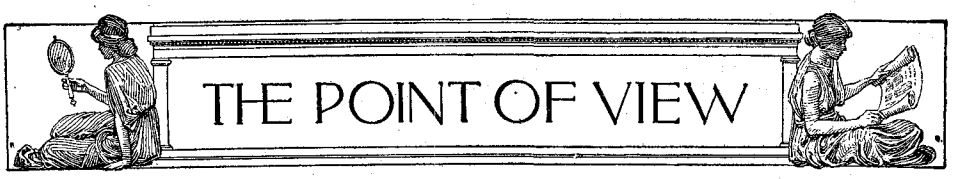

I DON'T know whether or not the Gentle Reader is addicted to back numbers of magazines. I am. I like them because I can skip the timely articles and consider only those of a more permanent interest. So it was that I happened the other day on a back number containing an essay with the startling suggestion that language is going out of fashion. The writer explained that by language he meant "the total body of arbitrary signs employed by a people in its spoken, written, and printed discourse." He asserted that in most of our magazines and newspapers the printed matter "is subsiding into a sort of gloss (more or less superfluous) on the illustrations." He called attention to the increasing importance of action, gesture, and facial expression in our modern theatre with its picture-frame stage. And he triumphantly pointed to the moving picture, "wherein language survives much as the vermiform appendix survives in the human body."

Is Language Useless?

After defining a scientist "as a man who thinks with things instead of words," and who therefore employs signs and symbols of his own, the militant essayist turned to the language of every-day life; and even in this "we talk, not by words, but by the light in the eye, the expression of the face, the tone of the voice, the gestures of the hand, yes, the movements of the whole body." And he ventured to ask whether the art of music is not "a protest against language, an attempt to evolve a higher mode of expression"? All these heretical opinions were brought together most ingeniously to buttress the assertion that language "is being abolished," and that its abolition is going on around us "with increasing rapidity." Pushing this whimsical contention still further, the linguistic iconoclast asserted that "this is a paradox only for prosaic minds"; and who of us all is willing to admit that his mind is prosaic?

The paper struck me as ingenious and amusing, but—well, it would be a waste of effort to break a paradox on the wheel. Language is in no peril, and music is not a higher mode of expression; our periodicals are not really transforming themselves into picture-books, and the drama is not less dependent on language than it was. None the less the reading of this essay suggested a question: Is language able to do the work for which it has been developed? Now it is a fact that language, written and spoken, is more or less insufficient, and that this was discovered long ago by artists in words, who had struggled vainly with the vocabulary, and who could not count on making it convey exactly the message they were trying to deliver. In one of Hawthorne's "American Note-Books" he had a petulant outbreak which testified to his own verbal difficulties: "Language—human language—is, after all, but little better than croak or cackle of fowls and other utterances of brute nature—sometimes not so adequate." And Professor Shaler, in his stimulating study of "The Individual," told us that language affords at best an imperfect means of communication; "for words are but signs that depend for their significance on the interpretation that each out of his own experience gives them. Shape them into phrase as we may, so that the separate units help to the fuller thought, they remain inadequate to convey more than a part of the meaning we would have them bear. The more individual the feeling we seek to express, the greater the difficulty of transmission." But although language may not be an instrument of precision even when used by the most expert of our literary artists, it is now nearer to this state of perfection than it ever was in the past.

LANGUAGE serves three purposes, sometimes intermingled and sometimes separate. It serves to convey information, to express emotion, and to clothe thought; and it is necessary only to the last of these three. We cannot clothe thought without words; but we can convey information by signs, and we can express emotion by sounds, by all manner of inarticulate ejaculation. The researches of the anthropologists have made it fairly certain that when

Where Language Is Necessary

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our probably arboreal ancestor let himself down from the family-tree by the aid of the prehensile tail he was soon to lose, he was able to manifest his sentiments and to inform his family about the few things they needed to be informed before he had attained to articulate speech.

The sign-language of the American Indian is admirably adapted to its purpose; and, strictly speaking, it is not a language at all, since its signs represent not the names of things, but the things themselves, both objects and actions. In his account of his voyage to the islands of the Pacific, Stevenson recorded the ability of the natives of the Marquesas to communicate at short distances "with conventional whistling"; and no doubt these signals were as completely sufficient for their purpose as are the tootings of the steam-craft in New York harbor according to a code arbitrarily agreed upon as a means of avoiding collision.

But because the tug-boat captains of the Hudson River, the naked islanders of the South Seas, and the untutored savages who once roamed the Western wilds could convey information without the aid of actual words, we are not justified in concluding that these three human groups are agreed in abolishing language. Certainly the tug-boat captain, at the very moment when he is signalling most emphatically, feels the need of speech to relieve his superheated feelings; he insists on using words, articulate and damnatory.

These fiery utterances need not be articulate, however. The irate master of the towboat may dance on the deck of his vessel, shaking his fists and emitting shrieks of rage, thereby relieving pent-up feelings even more emphatically than he could by the aid of oral objurgation. He can use either mode of expression or even employ both at once. And the Indians of the plains can talk, even though they cannot write, and therefore have to make use of their ingenious code of symbols when they are called upon to convey information to their distant friends.

The writer of the article in the back number shrewdly remarked that "the soul of intercourse in the intimacies of life is much more a matter of motion and of music than it is of language. The parents glance across the table at each other—and suddenly the daughter's face becomes crimson. The brother's eye turns by an insuperable degree—and presto! the sister passes him the salt. The baby's under-lip begins to go down, and like a flash the mother has leaped into the breach." But he went too far when he said that the soul of intercourse is much more a matter of motion and of music than it is of language; sometimes, no doubt, it may be a matter of motion and of music, but is generally a matter of language. And he went altogether too far when he implied or asserted that there is any evidence of increasing disuse of language, of an impending atrophy. There is nothing novel in the expression of emotion by motion and music, since that means of expression must have preceded the development of articulate speech.

Yet the paradoxical paper was a useful reminder of a fact often overlooked—that the invention of an improvement does not prevent the use of the method employed before the new invention had established itself. The broad highway was later than the footpath, as that was later than the blazed trail, and the railroad is the latest of the four, which all continue to exist side by side, each of them satisfactory for its special purpose. So language followed the use of signs and groans and glances and gestures; but it did not cause them to fall into innocuous desuetude. It was the superior implement, no doubt—and it served the loftier occasions of life. But glances and gestures did not cease to be useful, and they survived the evolution of language and accompanied and illustrated talk to intensify it, and sometimes even to make it clearer.

And the loftier the occasion the more do we rely upon language unaccompanied by the earlier and more primitive implements, the gesture and the groan. These may be more or less adequate for the conveying of the simplest information or for the expression of superficial emotion. To transmit thought we need all the resources of the vocabulary if we wish to be completely understood; and when we are essaying this feat, we cannot profit by any of the ruder devices which were sufficient for primitive man, whose cogitations were probably as primitive as he was himself. The caveman did not woo his bride with soft words; he seized her and slung her over his shoulder and bore her away to his cavern, regardless

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of her protests in motion and in music. But Demosthenes and Cicero, Daniel Webster and Abraham Lincoln, when they sought to persuade and to convince, relied upon the appeal of their words.

e Monotony eaching"

A CERTAIN editor recently remarked of a contributor: "She varies the monotony of teaching by writing articles for our magazine." A fine bit of irony! Writing articles for the magazines may be monotonous, but teaching school is a three-ring circus—you can never keep up with the whole show.

Superintendents warn teachers not to "get into ruts." I long for a chance to get into ruts. When I leaned over the desk at the Alfalfa Female Seminary, the stars in my hair were seven; I taught Latin, French, physics, geology (which I had never studied), elocution, piano, and penmanship. The next year I taught something else. Every year since either the place or the subject or the text-book has changed. Twice a year now my pupils change, because they are promoted; and in the desperate struggle to get something out of my head into theirs, my methods shift like glass in a kaleidoscope.

Three years ago in the "English" high school, I *fitted* boys and girls for college. (I had some of the fits.) To-day we are, if you please, the "High School of Commerce." The click-click of typewriters replaces the drone of Latin declensions, a bank and a museum have been installed, salesmanship and advertising do for Milton and Chaucer. I am teaching, at present, commercial arithmetic, with a key, and the History of Our Own State, without a text-book. (I am writing one as I go along.) For the last half-year I have directed a physical drill for the first three minutes of each period, because the school committee passed a law that we must have twenty minutes of exercise daily, and this is the only way we can get it in.

Twice a year a hundred new personalities arrive before I have sized up the others. How do I know what the newcomers will do? Some flocks of girls celebrate freak-day by piling up their hair and powdering it, some by hanging it in pigtails down their backs. Some boys smoke cigarettes in the basement and some fasten cats to the roof. Some let mice loose in the schoolroom; some, june-bugs; so that I must find out quickly whether to tuck my feet up in my chair or to throw a dust-cloth over my head. Some freshman classes bring lollypops and expect me to join them in sucking; some bring the solemnity of Solomon and are shocked at my jokes.

When the rascals turn from sport to work they still entertain me. Their very spelling is full of pleasant surprises. The farmer raises *veghitibles;* Ulysses turned his boat and *roared* to shore; Balboa waved a sword in one hand and a *banana* in the other (it was a banner); the pilgrim fathers re-embarked and *cursed* up and down the coast!

The mistakes in recitation fill me with secret delight. I like to hear that the Lady of Shalott froze to death, that the Ancient Mariner wore the albatross around his neck as a souvenir, that Burns wrote "spirituous" poems. (I don't know a more spirituous poem than "Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Maut.") There is an agreeable shock to me in the statements that Tennyson lived in the reign of Henry the Eighth, and that Roger Williams went to school with Addison and Thackeray. I am told that Julius Cæsar was a Catholic, and I find in the text-book that he "gave attention to the *masses*." I am informed that "we get our best germs from Egypt," and I discover, on page 14, that they were "germs of civilization." When I "correct" a batch of compositions, life for me, as for Stevenson, is full of a number of things: When the heroine smiles, she shows two *sets* of pearly teeth; John succeeds in *smuggling* the fire; women are now *illegible* to vote; *hospitables* for all sorts of diseases are built. Examinations give me many an "enjoyful" hour: An abbess is the wife of an abbot; a suffragette is a woman who is suffering for the want to vote; Achilles and Briseis became belovers; Chapman reformed Homer; her "midnight hair" is "hair not combed."

To prevent monotony, a teacher should be a little weak in discipline, in order that pupils may develop personality. Make them good and you'll be happy, but you'll miss lots of fun. And they come out just as well in the end without your interference. Watch this gawky freshman who cleans his finger-nails with a lead-pencil and changes his collar on Sunday. Within two years he has discovered girls, and wears necktie and

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hose that match, turning up his trousers so the purple symphony may be heard. I take no credit for this. When my worst little devil turns angel for my colleague, I feel a chastened interest in his improvement, but I liked him better before. He was less monotonous.

A teacher is kept humble in unexpected ways. Benny slouches in, late, every day, and never knows where the lesson is. I hurl sarcasm at him. In a private conference I assure him that he is preparing for a worthless existence. The next day he brings a Stradivarius to school and plays to us in the hall like Kreisler—plays beautiful things, of his own composition, which have been published. We listen with moist eyes. He promises to compose music for the songs of Burns we are studying, and soon he fills our classroom with a wild, proud, heart-broken melody that means "McPherson's Farewell."

Benny is a genius, but every pupil can do something I can't do. My aim in life is to discover what it is. Daisy, who never can answer a question, teaches dancing; Caroline, who passes not one of my mild examinations, has played Little Eva, with Uncle Tom, on the real stage; Myrtle, the whisperer, leads our basket-ball team to victory. Giggling Annette remembers the dates of all the kings and all the battles on one reading, while I, for the tenth time, have to peep into my book to make sure. A boy in short trousers describes a toy airship he has built, and I can't even understand how he got it together. A slip of a girl does the cooking for a family of six.

With my young people I have adventures in friendship. In walks a young man of twenty-five, a Russian fugitive, to join our fifteen-year olds in the study of Macaulay. He has lost an arm, but he makes up for it in mind. He wants to be a lawyer. His stammering eloquence, his conquest of Macaulay's long words, his brave story of persecution, of bold flight, of misfortunes patiently met in America give me faith in his ambition.

Sometimes a tragedy stirs me. A stunted Jewish boy, with intelligent dark eyes, chooses me for his confidante. His father, a rag-man, his mother illiterate, to use his own word, have no sympathy with his longing to learn. He keeps on at school against their wishes, but, to relieve them of the burden of his support, works in a junk shop afternoons and eats as little as may be. His scanty food is salted with their taunts. If he can only win the composition medal to show to them, they may respect him. But he misses the medal, and in his despair he swallows poison. His life is saved, and his parents are remorseful; but the boy has lost his spirit and leaves school. And I can't help.

Emilia, on the contrary, brings me joy. When I ask hopelessly in sophomore English if anybody has ever heard a skylark, brown eyes sparkle and a soft voice answers: "In Italy. My father and I were in a field together, and he pointed up to the sky, where some birds were singing. He told me to look, because they were skylarks." In the senior year Emilia finds that she wants college, but she is not prepared. For a while she is dejected, but comes eagerly one day to ask whether the college will accept Italian instead of French. All winter she has been reading Dante in the original with her father. Now I often meet Emilia on College Hill, radiant.

I am glad that I teach in a public school; a private school might be monotonous. I am glad that I know the children of the people, for so I come nearer to understanding the people themselves. Perhaps Jo's reason is mine. Jo was the fastest runner in the school league, a tall, rangy fellow with an honest pug-nose. Wishing the class in Roman history to feel the difference between patrician and plebeian, I asked Jo, as it happened, which he had rather be. He thought a little, and then, to my surprise, said: "A plebeian." "Why?" I asked. He thought some more, and smiled at me. "I suppose because I always have been," he said.

He was right. It is for us plebeians that life climbs forever up and on.

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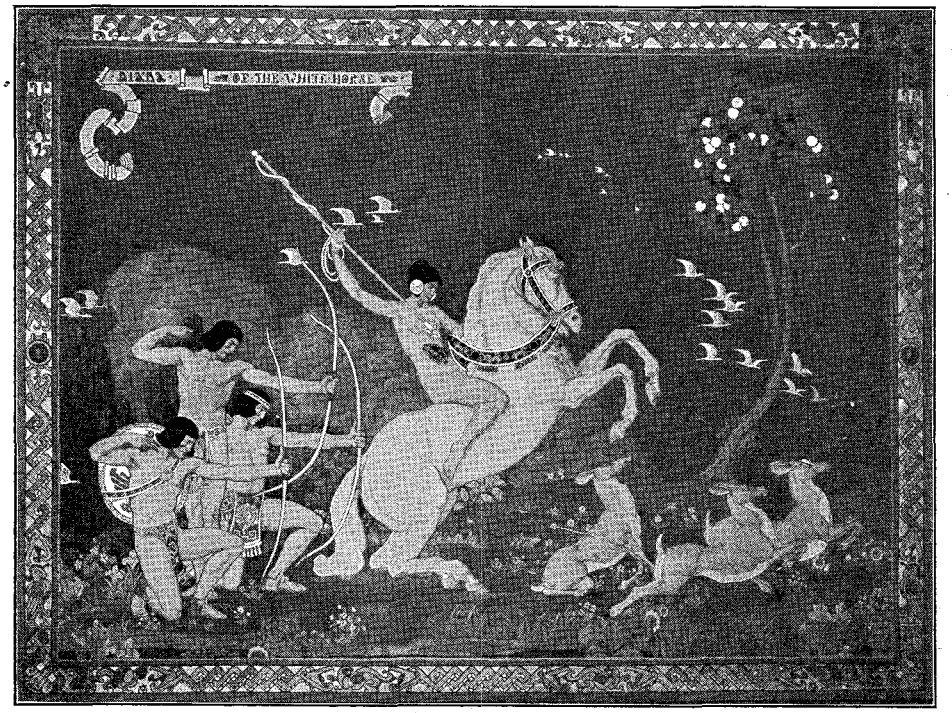
THE FIELD OF ART



Mural decoration, "Diana of the White Horse," by Arthur Crisp.

THE FUTURE OF MURAL PAINTING IN AMERICA

By Ernest Peixotto

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM EXAMPLES OF RECENT WORK

MURAL painting in America, it would seem to me, has come to a parting of the ways. Our mural painters of the passing generation were chiefly concerned with the decoration of public edifices —state-houses, court-houses, exposition buildings, city halls, and the like—or of semi-public buildings like hotels and theatres. They planned their canvases on a large scale, and for this scale chose serene and well-balanced compositions, adapted to great surfaces, either allegorical in character, with cold figures moving in a formal, unreal world, or historical pictures whose figures were posed in realistic backgrounds. This type of mural painting will, of course, persist (and it is sincerely to be hoped that it will persist), but many of our younger architects have, I fear, tired of it, and have ceased to count it among the necessities in the decoration of their buildings.

In its place there are now definitely springing into existence other forms of mural decoration, more amusing, more

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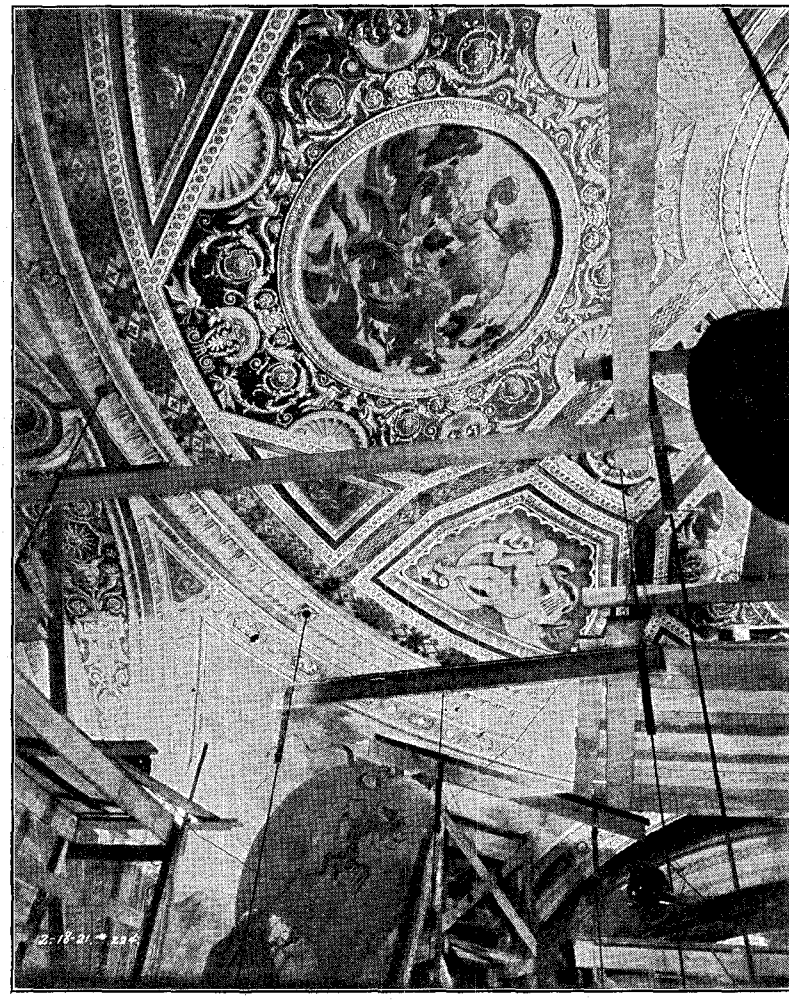
stimulating, more imaginative and romantic in character, decorative panels that are designed to find place in our living-rooms, in our business buildings and small assembly-halls—to become, in short, a part of our intimate daily life.

rooms decorated with fanciful landscapes, romantic and appealing, filled with castles and quaint old ships, with ruins and high-arched bridges, and all the varied detail dear to Vernet and Zuccarelli. And this sort of decoration is particularly in accord



Cunard Building—A section of the dome showing the work in progress, by Ezra Winter.

And this, I think, is quite as it should be. We have heard too much of mural painting spoken of in hushed whispers and raised to a dignity that has placed it above the reach and the comprehension of most people. When we think of the delightful little Italian villas that have inspired so many of our best architects of to-day in the designing of our country houses, we recall also the charming little painted rooms within them, with the Italianate or Hispanic type of American house and with the furniture that goes in it. I know that tapestries have been used to gain these effects of harmony of color and romantic design, but tapestries seldom exactly fit the spaces in which they hang, and are, besides, becoming more and more difficult to find. Their places may very well be taken by panels designed after the tradition of Hubert Robert, whose beau-

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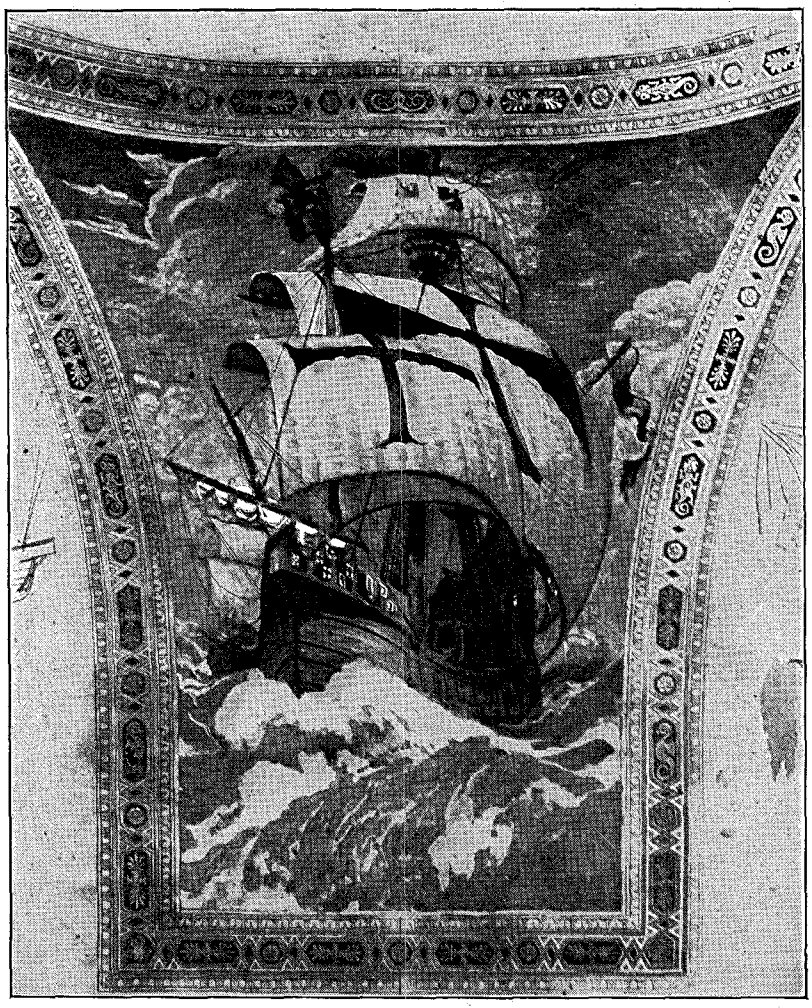
tifully balanced compositions marry so well with their architectural surroundings. Such panels, too, form admirable overdoors and overmantels in rooms of French character. We have become accustomed to pay exorbitant prices for old decorative paintings of



Cunard Building—One of the pendentives of the dome, by Ezra Winter.

this description, and yet I am sure that, with a little encouragement, our painters could produce modern compositions of equal charm and even better suited to rooms of to-day and to the spaces in them that they are to occupy.

Several rooms that I recall have been embellished with paintings of this character. Barry Faulkner, in a room that he painted for the E. O. Holter house at Mount Kisco, has admirably solved this sort of problem, basing his designs on motives that are reminiscent of beautiful Persian miniatures with their gilded cloud forms, their fantastic and highly elaborated distances, and the quaint personages with which they are peopled. This is frankly a painted room, all the spaces between and around its doors and windows being decorated. Jules Guerin, on the other hand, in a room that he has painted for Mr. Philip Goodwin, has used a series of formal panels on which to depict, in his well-known style and coloring, eight or ten views of the châteaux of France. Barry Faulkner is now painting two decorative maps—one of Bermuda and one of

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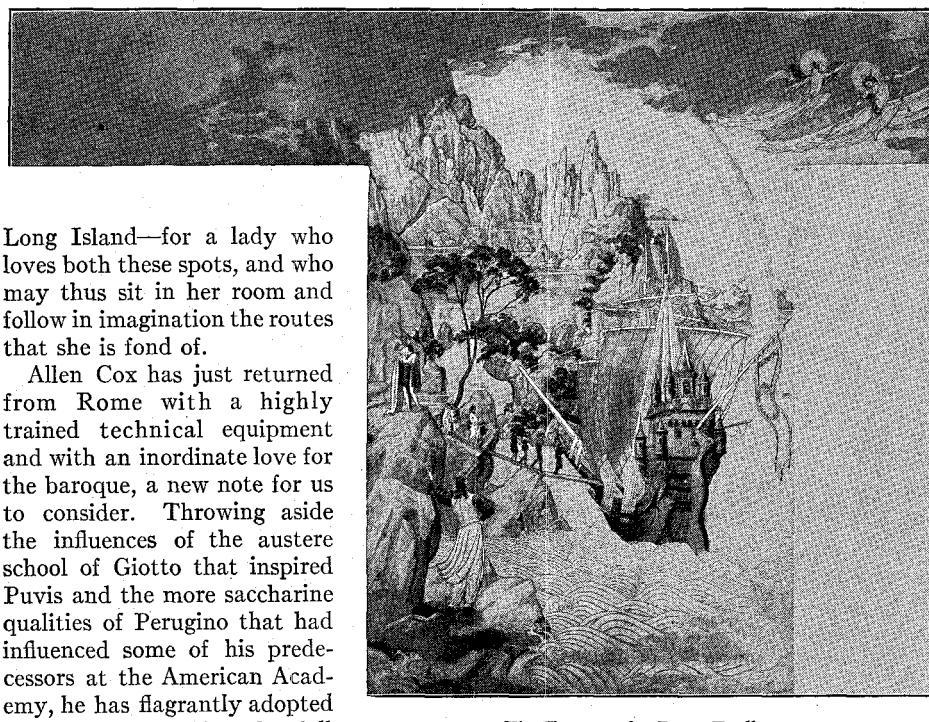

The Tempest, by Barry Faulkner.
Decoration in the house of E. O. Holter, Esq., Mount Kisco, N. Y.

Long Island—for a lady who loves both these spots, and who may thus sit in her room and follow in imagination the routes that she is fond of.

Allen Cox has just returned from Rome with a highly trained technical equipment and with an inordinate love for the baroque, a new note for us to consider. Throwing aside the influences of the austere school of Giotto that inspired Puvis and the more saccharine qualities of Perugino that had influenced some of his predecessors at the American Academy, he has flagrantly adopted a style inspired by the full pagan exuberances of the Carracci and of Tiepolo, a style, by the way, that may be made to fit into the rich schemes of some of our more ornate American homes.

There is another group of our younger painters who are turning their attention to decorations intended for more practical uses. These men believe that the attractiveness of our shops and banks can be greatly enhanced by means of pictures, and their point of view has met with very real success.

Arthur Covey, for example, has painted a series of decorative panels for one of the most exclusive of the Fifth Avenue department stores—panels that depict the various activities connected with its trade: the weaving of rugs in the Orient, the making of its silks and woollens, the ships that transport its merchandise across the seas, and a variety of other subjects. Blond and delicate as they are, these panels harmonize perfectly with the travertine walls on which they are placed. Mr. Covey is at present working on a larger group of paintings, much more brilliant in color, for a store in Boston, pictures with figures over life size, depicting the history of dress in America, as well as on sketches for a Crippled Children's Ward in an Orthopedic Hospital—paintings to be done directly upon the wall and covering its entire surface, depicting animals both wild and tame moving in a springlike landscape, gay and light in color and naïve and simple in drawing. It may thus be seen that Mr. Covey is intensely interested in widening the sphere for mural work and in creating new fields for his activities. For the Wichita Public Library he has painted a frieze in which he has utilized more realistic motives, welding together various Western types, such as farm-workers, pioneers, and the cattlemen of the prairies, to form Brangwynesque compositions that are rich and powerful both in color and design.

Another man who has worked along similar lines is Fred Dana Marsh, who has made a specialty of painting industrial workers: the man in the mills, the brawny riveter poised in mid-air on a steel girder, or the sweating fireman laboring half-naked at the forges. Henry Reuterdahl has also painted some fine panels of this description, but usually with ships and docks as their backgrounds.

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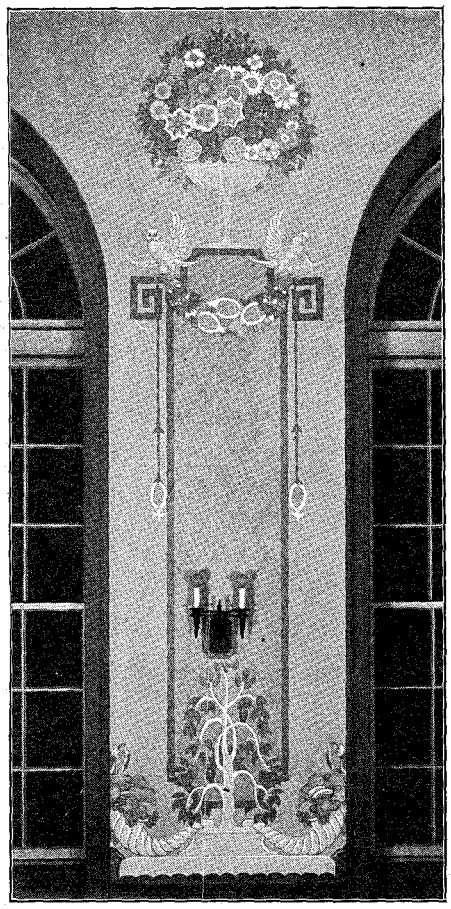
Of all our younger mural painters, Arthur Crisp has probably the greatest quantity of work to his credit. His earlier efforts, such as his panels for the Belasco Theatre and his lunettes in the Playhouse, were painted in a pictorial manner that he afterward forsook and for which he has substituted a flatness of effect, with the third dimension almost eliminated, that is more in accord with the prevailing idea of mural painting. In this style are his charming decorations in the auditorium of Greenwich Settlement House, painted in gay colors directly upon the plaster walls. In this manner also, and influenced more or less by Persian designs, are the batik hangings that he has made for the Hotel Dupont in Wilmington and for Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney.



Panel in the Greenwich Settlement House, by Arthur Crisp.

But the fine flower of Mr. Crisp's work thus far was the beautiful "Diana of the White Horse" that was to be exhibited last year at the Architectural League, but which, unfortunately, was burned, with a great many other things, in the fire that took place just before that exhibition opened. For this great panel he received the League's Medal of Honor, a fine recompense surely, but a meagre compensation for all that he had lost. He is at present engaged upon six large panels for the Commons Reading-Room in the new Canadian Houses of Parliament.

Two of the young men who have recently returned from the American Academy in Rome, Eugene F. Savage and Ezra Winter, have already done some very noteworthy work. The work of both is distinguished by an elegance of design, a finish and a science of craftsmanship that bid fair to make them of particular value to the development of mural painting in America.

Ezra Winter, at the present writing, is busily engaged upon quite the largest commission that, as far as I know, has been awarded in recent years in this country, and certainly the most important that has ever been given by a commercial enterprise: the dome and ceilings for the new Cunard Building in lower Broadway, New York. Within the limits of the present article I can no more than hint at the scope of this great undertaking or at the beauty of its designs and ornament, all of which are painted *a secco* direct upon the plaster surfaces, but I can safely say, from the cartoons and the completed portions of the work that I have seen, that these decorations are bound to make a deep impression and mark an epoch in the history of mural painting in this country. There is a unity established between the architecture, the sculptured ornament, and the paintings that is particularly worthy of notice, for all of the work above the main cornice line was left by the architect entirely in Mr. Winter's hands, so that, as in the Stanze of Raphael or the Borgia Apartments, he has been able to employ his own draftsmen, modellers, and painters to execute his frescos and his moulded and painted ornament.

And so I might mention a number of

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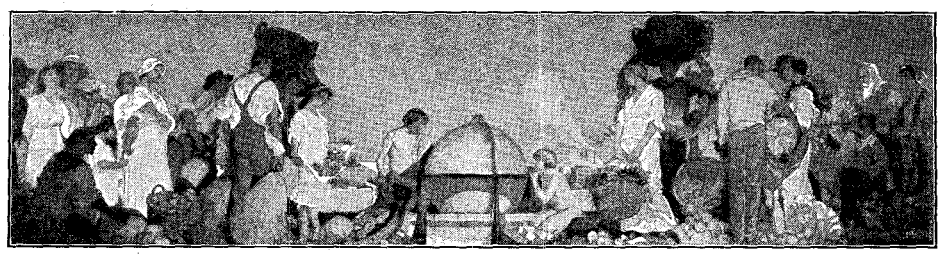

Mural panel, "Fruition," by Arthur Covey.
Wichita City Library.

other men who have been trained in the American Academy in Rome, in the ateliers of Paris, and in the excellent schools of our own country, and who stand ready and eager to execute commissions in mural decoration. With their interest kindled in their art and their varied influences at work, it would seem as if we could enter upon a real renaissance, a new phase of the art of mural painting in this country.

The dark and windowless Riccardi Chapel was lighted with the fancy of Gozzoli's genius and made a joy for future generations; the corridors of the Farnesina have served many an artist as models. No room or hallway is too mean, no shop too prosaic, to be enhanced by the decorator's art. For one success there may be, as there always have been, a number of failures or half-successes, but it is only by trying themselves out on large surfaces that our younger painters can develop the technical assurance, the knowledge requisite to produce worthy wall-paintings. There has already been a gap, and a wide one, between the work that was done by the artists of the passing generation who were producing a decade or more ago and their younger comrades. Let us hope that this gulf will not be widened, for, if it is, our seriously minded young men who might contribute their effort to the growth of mural painting in America will be forced into other more lucrative and more commercialized fields, and all the encouraging progress made will have gone for naught.

If our architects would give the matter their serious attention and help, wherever and whenever possible, our painters, as they have done our sculptors, by putting commissions in their hands or influencing their clients to do so, excellent results, I feel sure, would follow, and our painters, I am certain, would co-operate by basing their remuneration on a scale that would permit a more general use of their work.

With our genius for building and for creating cities, we have now more white walls than ever before were at the disposal of the painters of any country. Wall-papers, at best, look cheap; putty-colored walls are "safe" and have a certain charm; tapestries are becoming very great luxuries; let our rooms and our buildings be enlivened once more by the painter's brush.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 7.

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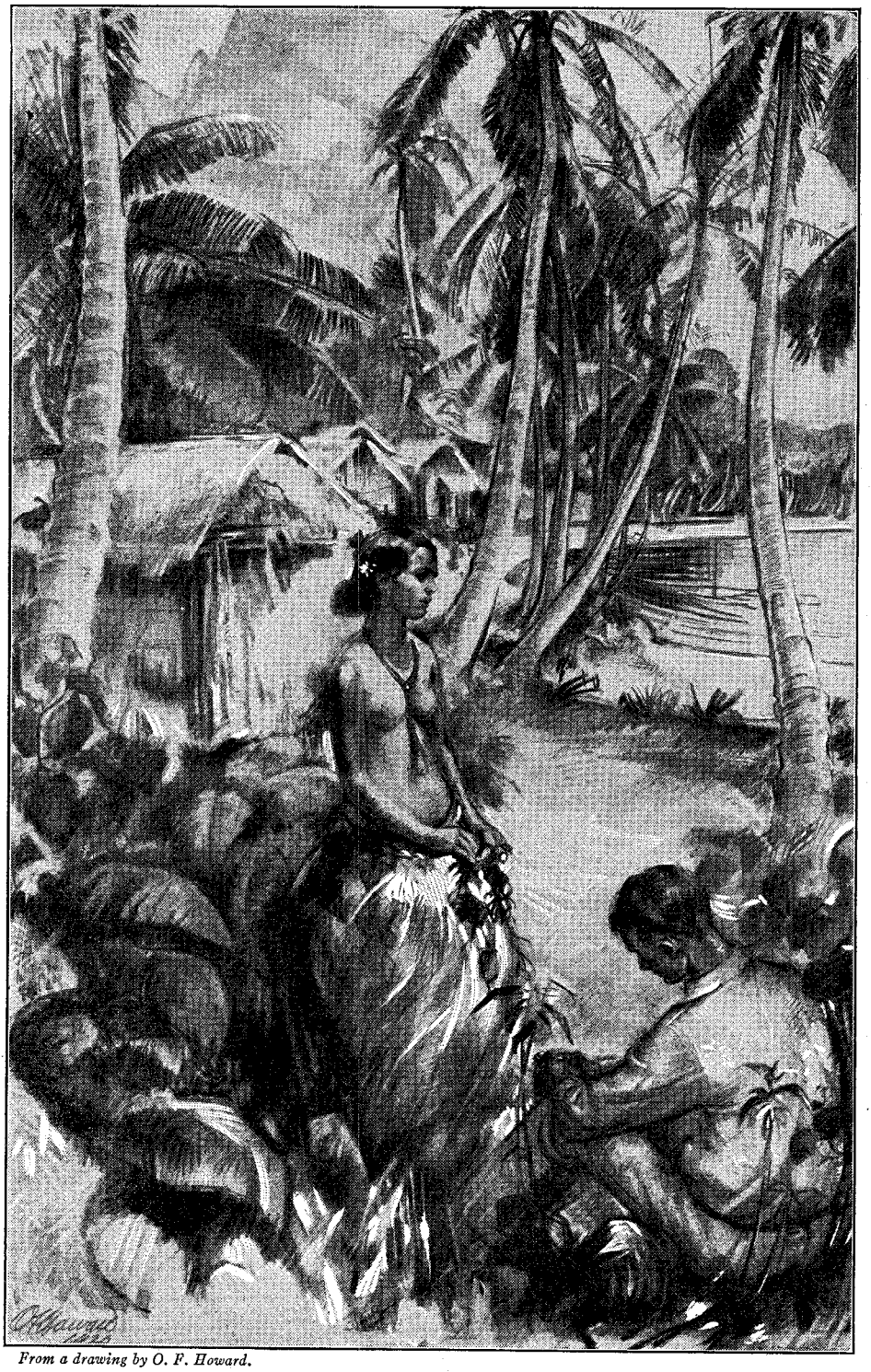

From a drawing by O. F. Howard.

"CAN'T YOU SUGGEST *SOMETHING?*"

—"Laninii," page 711.

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